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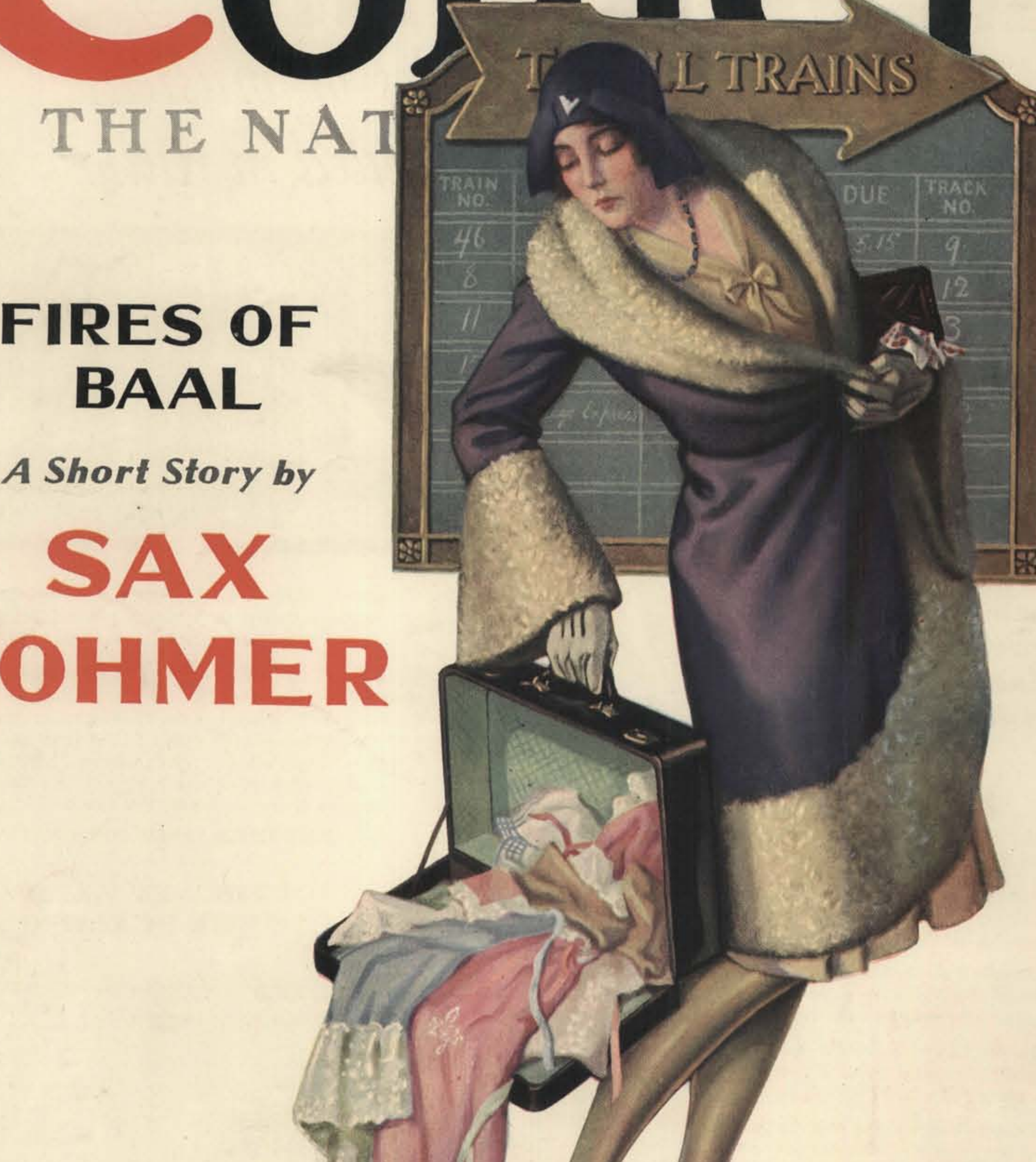
November 9, 1929

Collier's

THE NAT Y ★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FIRES OF BAAL

A Short Story by

SAX ROHMER

Cover by Revere F. Wistehuff

More than 2,000,000 Ci

Nov. 9, 1929

Now come living personalities
OVER THE AIR! ▼ ▼ ▼

Through delicate shades of musical feeling never before reproduced in radio

An Amazing Improvement that increases your enjoyment of every type of music

Unbelievable at first—just as Radio was—there comes today a new way of reproducing music. Through a new Stewart-Warner discovery we feel now for the first time in radio the influence of the artist's personality.

We feel the cultural effect of music that authorities agree is the greatest known force in our emotional lives.

Yet only when music is absolutely true and faithful to the original can it give these effects. Old methods of radio reproduction could never do it.

So Stewart-Warner set out to build a radio on utterly new principles. We spent 5 years in research. We made and tested 141 designs.

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Thus every station you tune to comes in under perfect conditions. You hear music many times more refined than of old. You hear more than sound. You hear the delicate overtones. You hear the soul of the music. You actually live the emotional experience that the artist is translating to you in music.

For a thrill unlike any you have known—hear this new and improved Stewart-Warner Radio—The Set with the Punch. Hear the Punch that brings distant stations booming in with all the strength of a local. Hear the Punch that gives volume, selectivity and realism of tone as never before. See the nearest Stewart-Warner dealer for this new delight.

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Views show sliding doors open and closed

17th Century English Period Console

Approved cabinet No. 47. Of antique finished American walnut; with carved ornamentation. Sliding doors; enclosed back. With the new Stewart-Warner AC Radio Receiver and built-in Stewart-Warner *Electro-Dynamic* Reproducer. Built-in aerial—plug-in for television—plug-in for phonograph. 60 cycle and 25 cycle AC and DC models.

$154.50*

less tubes

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STEWART-WARNER RADIO
Screen Grid Circuit or Balanced Bridge Circuit

Pocket Ben
The Westclox Watch
Built by the makers of Big Ben
Westclox
Big Ben

Big Ben—Daddy of the Westclox family

AS though *conscious* of the fact that he has earned the public's confidence, Big Ben *lives up* to his reputation for reliability—protecting and perpetuating the honor of a good name by *continuously* rendering that trustworthy service which has made him famous for years and years.

His loyalty has won and kept legions of friends in every land. Preaching punctuality . . . aiding the ambitious . . . urging and enabling millions to be *on time,* his cheery good morning call is heard around the world.

Big Ben's mellow toned back gong rings steadily or repeats—whichever you prefer. His sturdy 32-hour movement is precision built and it's dust-proof . . . an exclusive and important Westclox feature that safeguards timekeeping efficiency and insures a long life of usefulness.

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Big Ben has kept step with modern style. In addition to the familiar standard model there's a handsomely designed de luxe model . . . stalwart, graceful and securely built on an artistic felt-cushioned base that lessens the likelihood of tipping. A reliable alarm and an attractive timepiece . . . in lustrous nickel finish or beautiful shades to harmonize with the color note of any room in the home.

Baby Ben is identically the same as Big Ben only of smaller stature. There are many other Westclox . . . a wide variety of alarms . . . pocket watches, auto clocks . . . all with plain or luminous dials. Westclox prices range from $1.50 to $5.00.

[Westclox alarms in color, Old Rose, Green or Blue, are priced exactly the same as nickel finish.]

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Westclox
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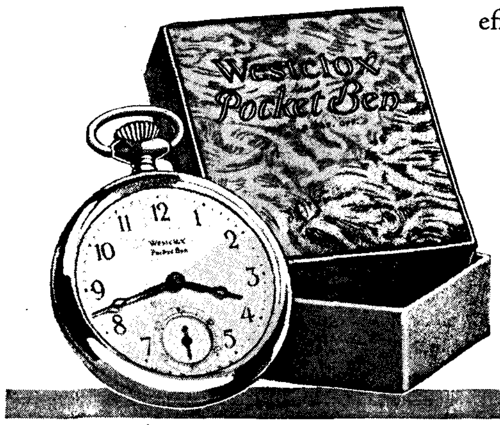
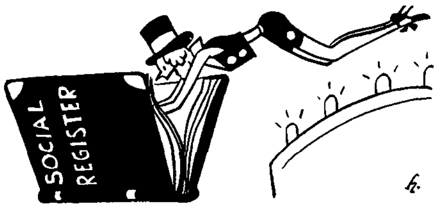


Pocket Ben
$1.50

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

YOUNG hearts encased in bodies of all ages will be aflutter with the appearance of next week's issue. It contains the first chapter of Arthur Somers Roche's new novel, "The Age of Youth." The theme, as if you didn't know, is love. The scenes are in the houses, restaurants and equipages of that gay world where money is plentiful and therefore of no consequence. If we were to call Arthur Roche a society man we'd have to run for it. But the fact remains that he lives in Newport in "the season," works at Palm Beach while we are looking for a heavier overcoat, and in between times can be found at one of New York's snootier hotels. To such lengths are artists driven when they seek color and will accept no substitute.



DO YOU know of a prescription guaranteed to prevent blushing? Miss Ann De Costa was troubled that way. She went through life looking like an October sunset. She still does, in fact, for she hasn't been cured yet. She thought of turning bandit, in a nice way, of course. She did shoot at an actor, but it didn't seem to help her much. Read "The Girl Who Blushed," by George Weston. Anything you can do will be appreciated.

—

WHAT is Uncle Sam doing for the veterans of the Great War? How much money, to mention something specific, has he given them? How much more will he give them? Where will it end, if ever? Where's the money coming from?

You don't have to answer these questions. We're only showing off anyway, because the answers, and a lot more, are in William G. Shepherd's article "Doughboys' Dough." It's an appropriate thought for Armistice Day.

—

JEROME BEATTY gets to be a habit if you don't watch out. His love stories are gay and have that delightfully intimate touch which makes you feel like one of the principals—either one. Take "Tommy Gets the Breaks," for instance. We knew that boy would get Arabella sooner or later, but she liked baseball and he was a golf nut. It looked pretty hopeless for a while. But everything turns out all right. You'll be as happy about it as we were.

AND Marie Beynon Ray's article, "Bob Right," which shows what amazing things can be done with one set of features and one head of hair; the Short Short Story; Zane Grey's novel; the thrilling conclusion of "The Prince's Darling;" John B. Kennedy's article about Libby Holman, the young blues singer who stops the show; Grantland Rice; John W. Heisman; Dr. Slosson; E. Phillips Oppenheim; The Gentleman at the Keyhole—but why go on?

THIS WEEK

November 9, 1929

Cover—Revere Wistehuff

Page 7—Sax Rohmer

Fires of Baal: Mystery; love; shivers; thrills.

Page 10—Owen P. White

Setting Them Up in Ohio: Shut-eye, to say the least, in the Buckeye.

Page 12—John B. Kennedy

Behind Closed Doors: In the jury-room, to be plain about it.

Page 14—F. W. Bronson

The Shoestring Marriage: A love story, gay and smart.

Page 16—Roark Bradford

The Rambling Rouster: Bugaboo Jones helps a friend.

Page 18—Zane Grey

The Yellowjacket Feud: Millions like it.

Page 21—John W. Heisman

Rough Humor: A great football coach reminisces.

Page 22—George R. Preedy

The Prince's Darling: The Elector executes an offender.

Page 26—Betty Thornley

The Long and the Short of It: About skirts, if you must know

Page 28—Joe Humphreys

The Rickard I Knew: The announcer talks for publication.

Page 30—Grantland Rice

The Heavy Mystery: Prizefighting à la mode.

Page 32—Jeffery Farnol

Tomorrow: The short short story.

Page 38—Word Hunt

Get out your dictionary.

Page 40—Milton C. Work

How Would You Play It? Bridge by the master.

Page 42—Colliergraphs

Page 56—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

Master Magician

Page 66—Editorial

Any Week

WE WANT Mr. Laurence Luke of Butler, N. J., to understand that we mightn't have published this letter if he the writer, hadn't added a postscript demanding that we do so. Mr. Luke read, with mingled feelings, Peter B. Kyne's story "Let Freedom Ring" in Collier's for October 12th, and instantly dashed into ink.

"In regard to your story published in October weekly intitled 'Let Freedom Ring,'" wrote Mr. Luke, "I must state that I am surprised that your publisher would except a story of that discription. The very radical and unfounded religion intolerance spoke for itself.

"In regard to the Klan their views and the platform of that organization: I dare say are law-abiding and above reproach."

And we thought that "Let Freedom Ring" was a good story! And so, apparently, does Mr. Gustav Anjou of West New Brighton, N. Y., who writes: "Please reprint 'Let Freedom Ring' in book form. I want twenty-five copies, if you do, for distribution."

—

MR. HOLLIN A. THOMAS of Denver reads in Collier's that the latest fashions will fetch the hem of a girl's skirt closer to her ankles.

"Skirts, I notice," writes he, "are longer, for which I am very glad. These short ones made me unkneesy."

Others print puns as bad as that (as if a pun could be good), but we're proud we have the courage to condemn Mr. Thomas' as awful. How can a man let himself go like that? How could anybody publish it?

HEAVEN knows how many times we've been asked: "How did So-and-so get the idea for that story?" We have never been able to answer until now.

We were looking over the lighter side of life the other evening with one of our favorite writers (naturally we're not going to mention his name and get ourselves assassinated).

"I think," said he, "it would be a swell idea to have a writer get a job in a great popular department store and, after a time, write a series of articles—"

"That's not startlingly original," we replied. "It would take him a long time to rise to a high place in the organization and he wouldn't be able to write a comprehensive story until he had gone up and up until—"

"Stop!" commanded our bright friend. "Say no more. That," said he, "is darned near inspiration. Young fellow goes into department store basement bent on learning business so that he can write the great department store story. Young fellow, to great surprise of discouraged friends, is a wow at commerce. In no time becomes general manager. Quits reading all magazines and views all writers and editors with disdain forever after. Sold?"

"Well," we replied cautiously and a bit doubtfully, "you might write it and we'll read it. Then—then—we might buy it. MIGHT, mind you."

—

WE OUGHT to know better, by this time, than to go gadding about with favorite authors.

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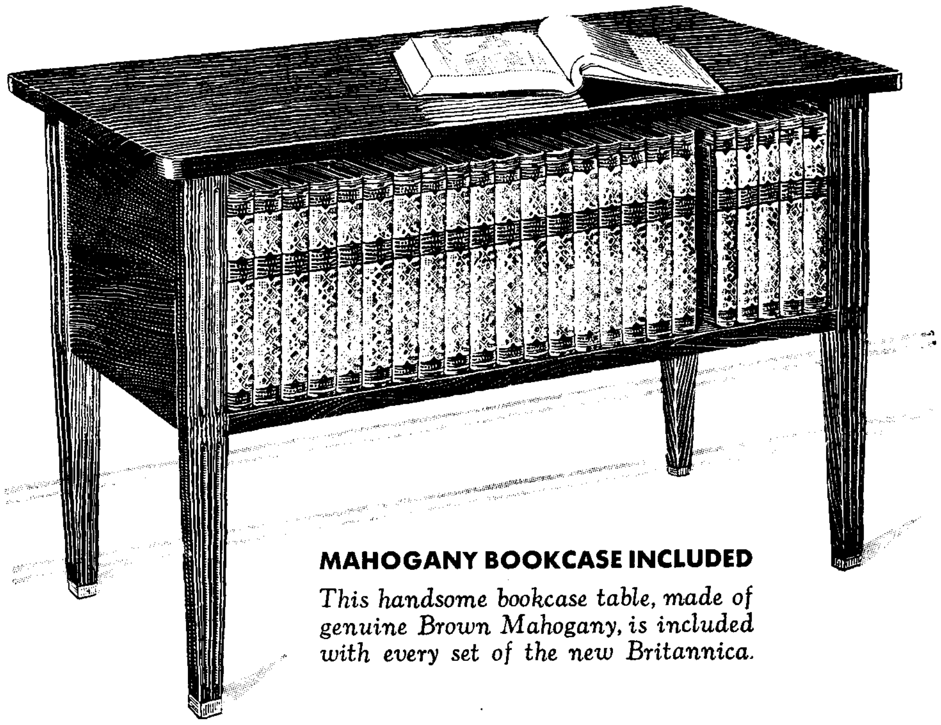

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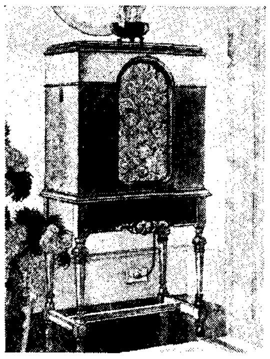
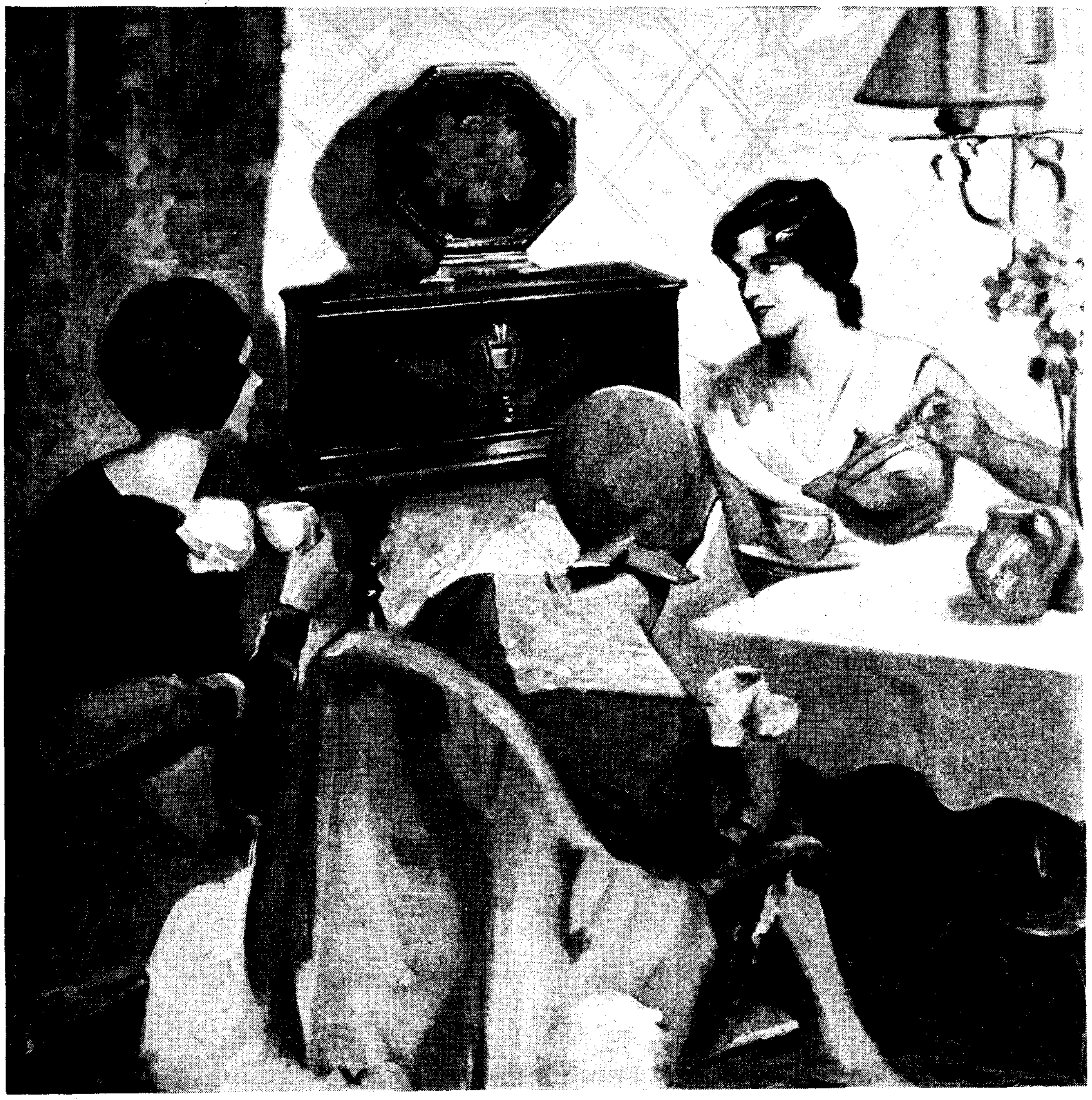


RCA RADIOLA 46—Console cabinet model of the new Screen-Grid Radiola 44, with RCA Electro-Dynamic Speaker $179 (less Radiotrons).

RCA RADIOLA 47—Combination. *The newest RCA "all-electric" development in Screen-Grid radio combined with the phonograph. "Music from the air or record." $275 (less Radiotrons).*

THE SENSATION OF THE RADIO YEAR



RCA RADIOLA 44—Radio receiver utilizing Screen-Grid Radiotrons—high amplification and great selectivity. Alternating current operation from house circuit. Table cabinet of walnut veneer. $110 (less Radiotrons).

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 103—For use with Radiola 44, $22.50.

In addition to Screen-Grid Radiolas there are eight other models of Radiolas and Radiola Phonograph combinations ranging in price from $54.00 to $690.00. Any of these instruments may be purchased through RCA Radiola Dealers on the convenient RCA Time Payment Plan.

RCA has set a new standard of radio enjoyment in the new Screen-Grid Radiolas! Designed and built by the same RCA engineers who developed the Screen-Grid Radiotrons and Screen-Grid Circuit, they are the sensation of the radio year.

Never before have radio instruments of so few tubes offered such marvelous, well-rounded tonal beauty —such astounding volume without distortion—such balanced reproduction of both high and low notes.

Radiolas 44 and 46 utilize only five tubes—yet give you the performance of sets employing a far greater number. Three of these tubes are the amazing Screen-Grid Radiotrons—an RCA achievement. Included also is a new power amplifying Radiotron capable of tremendous volume without distortion.

In these great Screen-Grid Radiolas you get the freedom from distorting noises and electrical hum without the costly sacrifice of loss in fidelity and tone range... without that weakening of power and dulling of low and high notes which owners of ordinary radio sets must suffer when hum is reduced in defiance of electrical research and experience.

Radiola 44 (table model) is in a compact, two-tone walnut veneer cabinet of charming and graceful design. The console model, Radiola 46, makes use of the finest of all reproducers, the famous RCA Electro-Dynamic Speaker, an integral part of the assembly.

Radiola 47 offers the outstanding combination of Screen-Grid Radiola and Electro-Dynamic Speaker, and newest type of phonograph for the electrical reproduction of records! "Music from the air or record."

Visit your RCA dealer today. See and hear these marvelous Screen-Grid Radiolas—designed and built by the creators of the Screen-Grid Radiotron and the Screen-Grid Circuit.

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SAX ROHMER'S

weird story of love in a land where many things still happen which cannot be explained

Fires of Baal

"YES!" Duval nodded, smiling at Beckford across the little round-topped table. "I told you she was a beauty."

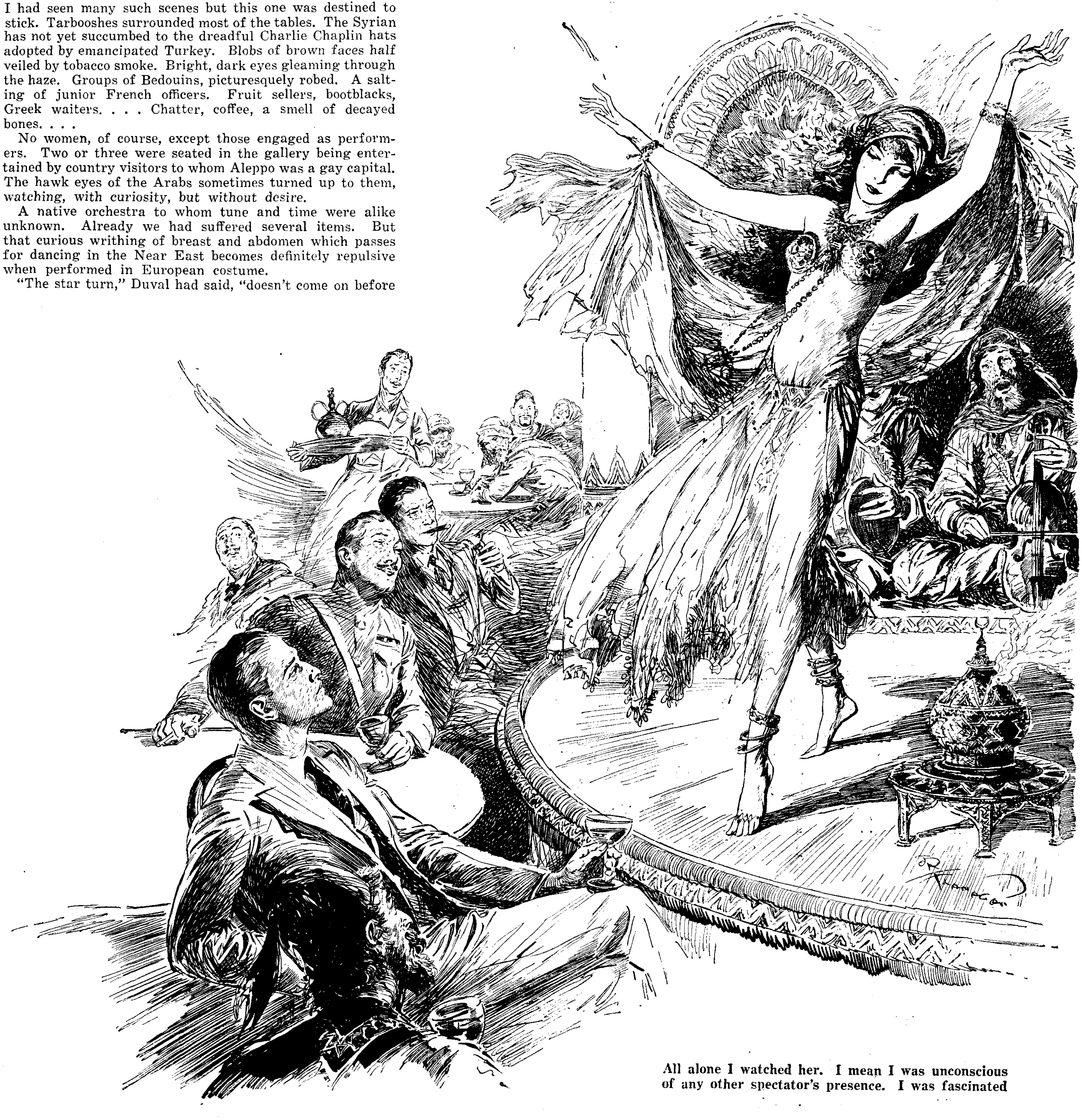
She was. Environment and the keen spice of unexpectedness no doubt enhanced her spell. But, looking back over the years, impartially, I know that Sheba was beautiful, then.

That café in Aleppo frequently recurs in my memory. I had seen many such scenes but this one was destined to stick. Tarbooshes surrounded most of the tables. The Syrian has not yet succumbed to the dreadful Charlie Chaplin hats adopted by emancipated Turkey. Blobs of brown faces half veiled by tobacco smoke. Bright, dark eyes gleaming through the haze. Groups of Bedouins, picturesquely robed. A salting of junior French officers. Fruit sellers, bootblacks, Greek waiters. . . . Chatter, coffee, a smell of decayed bones. . . .

No women, of course, except those engaged as performers. Two or three were seated in the gallery being entertained by country visitors to whom Aleppo was a gay capital. The hawk eyes of the Arabs sometimes turned up to them, watching, with curiosity, but without desire.

A native orchestra to whom tune and time were alike unknown. Already we had suffered several items. But that curious writhing of breast and abdomen which passes for dancing in the Near East becomes definitely repulsive when performed in European costume.

"The star turn," Duval had said, "doesn't come on before



All alone I watched her. I mean I was unconscious of any other spectator's presence. I was fascinated midnight. She's worth waiting for. . . ."

So we had waited, drinking indifferent whisky and smoking Albanian cigarettes, which I detest. Duval was in uniform, but, even without that, nobody could have mistaken him for anything but a French cavalryman.

Sheba's appearance had blotted out the whole scene—the Syrians, the Bedouins, the women in the gallery—the clatter . . . even the smell. She was preceded by two musicians, robed, turbaned, and carrying instruments resembling Pandean pipes. With these they dominated the orchestra, playing a sort of prelude. Then Sheba came on. She wore a costume of which Ziegfeld would have disapproved and in which C. B. Cochran might have suggested certain modifications without greatly adding to the cost.

WE SAW a perfect woman—a study in pale amber. The quality of her skin created an uncanny impression of transparency. Jet black, snaky hair; smoldering eyes; slim and apparently boneless arms which seemed to speak a language of their own.

She was thin-lipped and aquiline, but beautiful as an opium dream. In contrast to the wobbly bulk of her predecessors Sheba's slender flanks suggested the Persian simile of a gazelle.

I had never seen, and had ceased to expect to see, so complete a realization of one's imaginary Eastern dancing girl.

Then she danced.

All alone, I watched her. I mean, I was unconscious of any other spectator's presence.

I was fascinated. And it was a sort of fascination which I had never experienced. It was not her art which held me. It was not the frank hedonism of her movements which stirred my blood. It was a sort of passionate desire to *understand*. . . .

There was some silent message in every gesture. I heard the call of that age-old language. She was beckoning to me—calling—calling—not to herself with offer of kisses, but to some dim promise beyond—a mist through which she would lead me into unimaginable brightness. . . .

And I felt, as I watched, that her body was a living flame; that to touch the amber flesh would be to touch fire.

When the strange dance was finished and she glided from the sordid little stage, Duval's voice brought me back. Some spiritual part of me had been following in the wake of the robed musicians.

"Yes! I told you she was a beauty."

I started—and followed the direction of his glance.

Beckford had half risen from his chair. His gaze was fastened hypnotically upon the stage, now occupied only by the native orchestra. He had allowed his cigar to go out.

There had been no applause.

I stared around. The entire audience, not excluding the Bedouins, gazed dreamily, as men half doped. . . .

"SHE will dance again?"

Duval shook his head.

"Only once. That is the last we shall see of her tonight. Shall we go?"

Beckford uttered a deep sigh, and turned unseeing eyes in the speaker's direction.

"Doesn't she come down—to the tables?"

Duval, still smiling, shook his head again.

"No. Not unless she is invited—and not always then."

"But," I said, "of course she is . . ."

Duval shrugged, lighting a fresh cigarette from the stub of the old.

"Probably; but . . ." He left the sentence unfinished. "She vanishes for long periods. She has not been in Aleppo now for nearly a year. She perhaps goes to Egypt—Turkey—one doesn't know."

"Let us invite her to join us," said Beckford eagerly. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all!" Duval showed his white teeth in a gay laugh. "But I warn you to expect a rebuff."

He spoke to a waiter, who immediately hurried off—to return in a moment accompanied by a fat Syrian woman—the proprietress, I gathered.

There was some rapid conversation: I noted many curious glances directed toward us. Duval indicated Beckford; and with many shrugs and much eye-rolling Madame retired again. Duval smiled at me.

"Everybody knows we have asked Sheba to come down," he said. "Everybody will be surprised if she comes."

Suddenly, the dark head of the dancer appeared, peeping around a corner of the stage. She examined us unsmilingly, with a hard, cold curiosity. She disappeared.

Madame returned, perspiring apology from every pore.

"Gee whiz!" Beckford murmured. "She's turned us down! Can you beat it!"

It was so. Sheba thanked us for the invitation.

Ralph Beckford, whose father was a big railroad man in the Middle West, wasn't used to losing anything he had set his heart on. He was about twenty-seven and counted himself a tough man of the world. Yet Sheba's tactics seemed to surprise him. And, being a good-looking young athlete, his vanity was bruised.

In Duval's quarters we learned all that was known about the girl—or all that Duval knew.

"Yes—she has been associated with men. I knew one of them: Lejay. That was last year."

"What did he tell you?"

"I HAVEN'T seen him since."

"What!"

Duval shrugged.

"He bolted. At least, we supposed so. I didn't know him well. He had only been sent to us a short time before. Everybody concluded he had gone away with Sheba. He was young and rather a madman, you understand?"

Duval paused, staring oddly at Beckford, then:

"Since I have been adjutant," he went on, "I have had information about this woman. Oh, there is nothing against her. I think she has been questioned."

"About Lejay?"

Duval nodded.

"And others," he added.

"What do you mean?" Beckford asked. "*Others?*"

"Really"—Duval smiled—"I cannot quite explain. My information is scanty. But she seems to be a witch who steals hearts. . . ."

"But," I broke in, "do I understand that this Lejay abandoned his career?"

"Certainly. He was, of course, deprived of his commission!"

"But his family must know the facts."

"No doubt. But, exiled here in Syria, we learn little. And I never knew Lejay's family, nor indeed from what part of France he came!"

On the following morning I left Aleppo and was away for two days. I was acting for the British Assyrian Society and I had heard of some very early fragments accidentally unearthed at a village some sixty miles south. The fragments proved to be Roman and not Phœnician as I had hoped. Therefore, having spent one night in the village, I returned to Aleppo.

The route is not too safe after dusk. But I had little to lose and I pushed on, anxious for a bath and a reasonable dinner. It was well after sunset before I sighted the tower of the ancient citadel, and my way led me tortuously along by the wall and through a part of the old town with which I was unfamiliar.

Beckford was staying at the same hotel, and I hoped he would dine with me. Just as the idea came to my mind the car turned into a steep and narrow street where tumble-down latticed windows almost met above.

Here, the long-suffering engine ceased at last to function. . . .

And in the silence I heard music.

That music was unmistakable. It was made by the strange, ancient pipes whose strains had accompanied Sheba.

I looked up. I saw a lighted window. A shadow moved across behind the carven screen—a lithe, serpentine shadow. The music ceased. A small lattice was opened—and someone looked out.

It was Beckford!

Recognition was mutual—instantaneous. I was about to hail him—when he drew back.

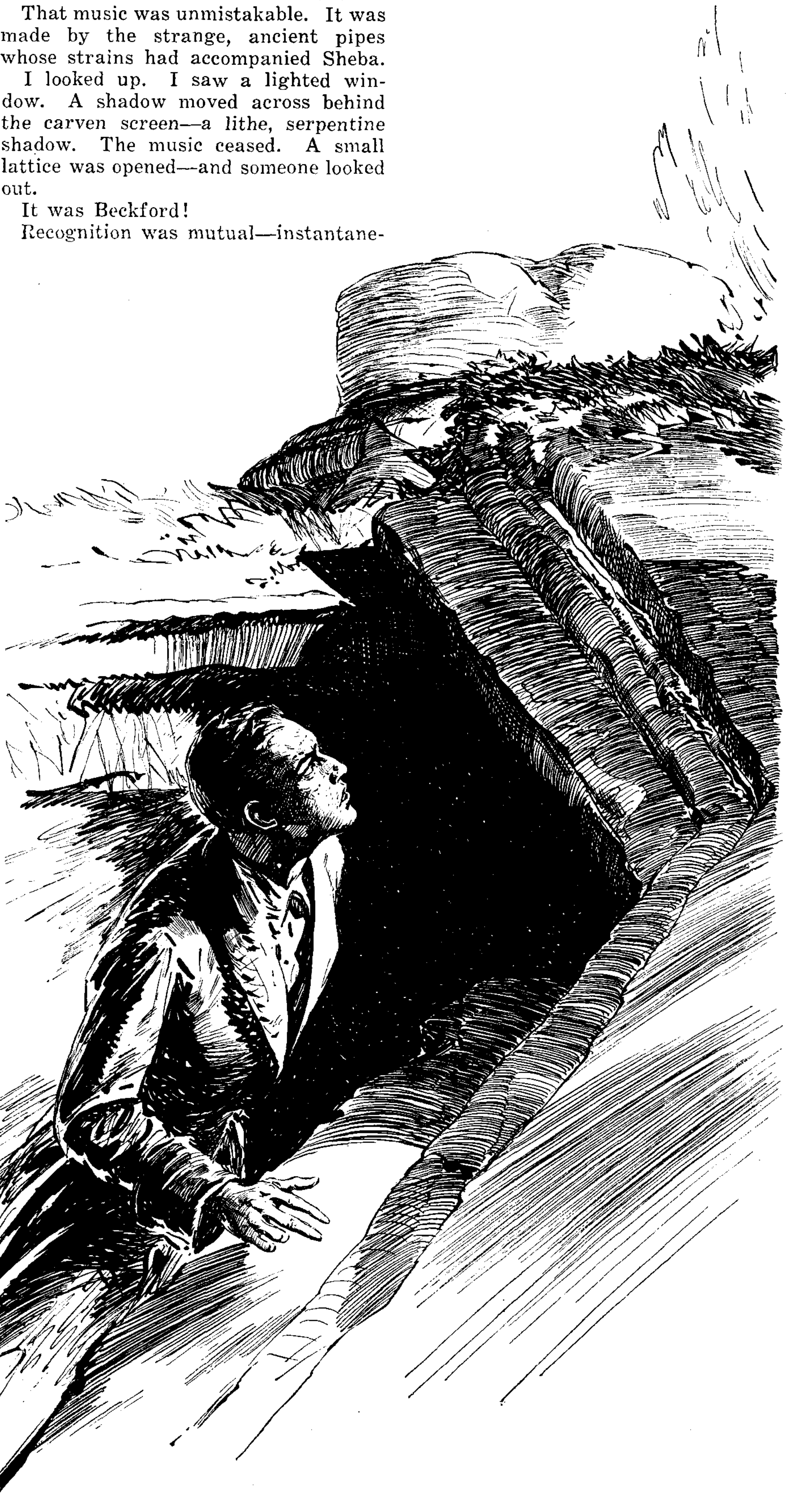
The lattice was closed.

Silence.

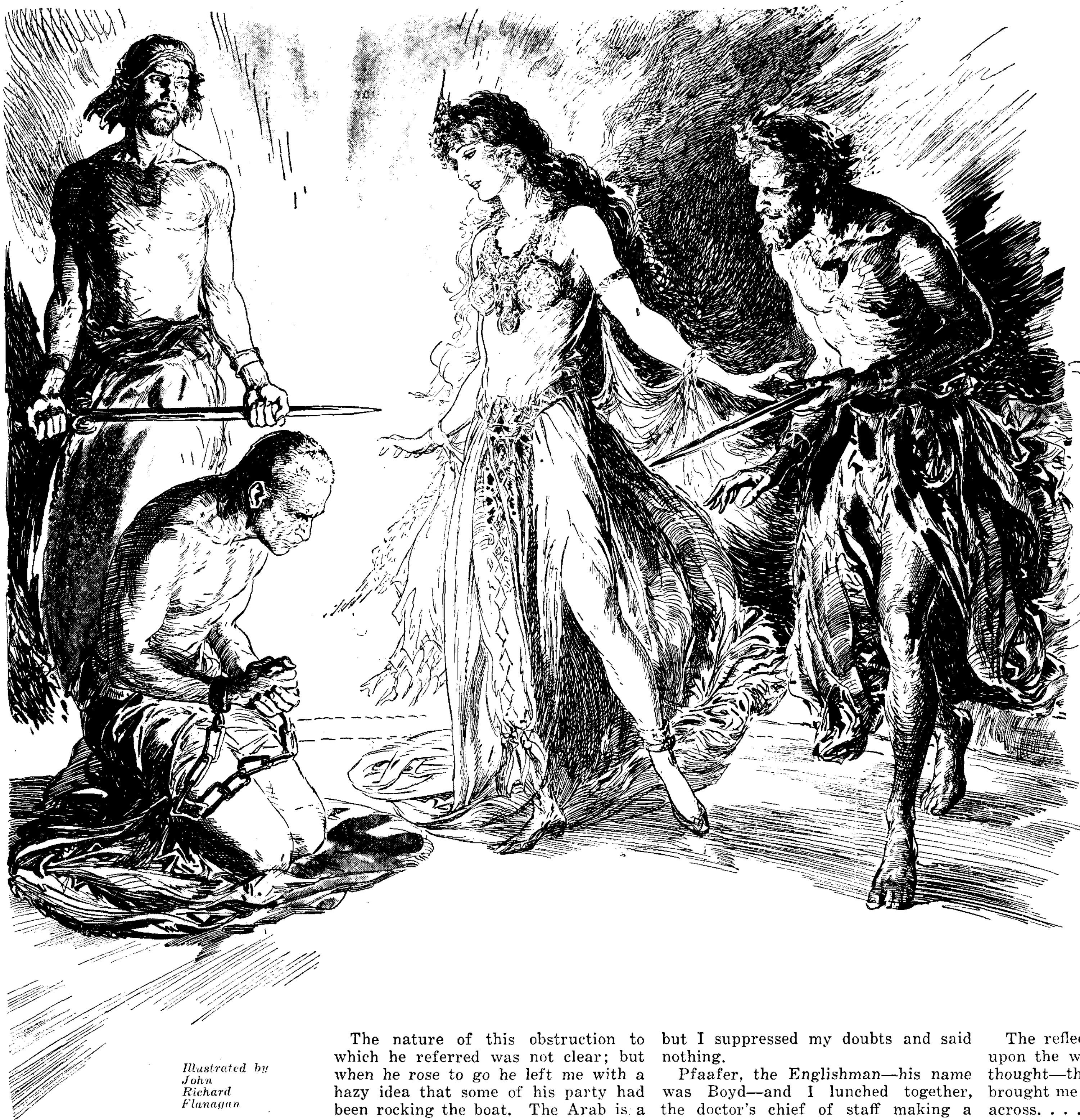
I waited. Then I banged on the black, iron-studded door. Silence. I stepped out on to the uneven, mounting, cobbled street. I looked up at the window. The light was gone. . . .

I never saw Beckford again . . . until . . .

SOME time about a year later, having spent six months of that spell in England, I found myself in Cairo with a considerable amount of time on my



Before a blaze of light which destroyed its surroundings—an infinite curtain of fire—I watched a drama so dreadful that to this very day it sometimes recurs in my dreams, and I wake, panic-stricken. . . .



Illustrated by
John
Richard
Flanagan

hands. A chance meeting on the terrace of Shepheard's was to have momentous results.

Old Doctor Pfaafer suddenly obscured my view of Sharia Kamel. He was a vast man with a voice like a tin whistle. He sat down in a cane chair facing me. The chair creaked ominously but survived the shock. A pink gin opened the doctor's heart.

He had obtained a concession to excavate at Baalbek—though why a genial ex-enemy should have thus succeeded where a British society had failed was not too clear.

The long and the short of it was that I arranged to run up to Baalbek at the end of the week to have a look at what had been done. Doctor Pfaafer seemed to be pleased with his early results, although I gathered the work to be merely exploratory.

"THERE is," he told me, "a curious sentiment in the neighborhood. Even though the very meaning of those old stones is unknown to them, there are fanatics who object to our labors. Obstruct them."

"Obstruct?"

"But yes! I have to *enforce* my rights. It is most curious."

The nature of this obstruction to which he referred was not clear; but when he rose to go he left me with a hazy idea that some of his party had been rocking the boat. The Arab is a sensitive creature.

When I got to Baalbek I put up at the hotel which commands a view of the ruins. I only planned to stay long enough to write a short newspaper article which might stir up sufficient interest in England to enable British archæology to get a look-in.

Frankly, I couldn't see that Pfaafer had achieved much. He had cut a crescent-shaped tunnel under the Phœnician pavement uncovered by his German predecessors. At one point he had hit a solid granite wall. And down in the smelly cutting, a lantern at our feet, he slapped this piece of masonry with a fat, affectionate hand. He beamed.

"It will be long and tedious work," he piped. "But beyond this wall, my friends"—a young Englishman who happened to be staying at the neighboring hotel had obtained Pfaafer's consent to join the party—"beyond this wall, my friends, is the missing link."

"Meaning a monkey?" our companion suggested.

"Ha, ha!" Pfaafer patted his shoulder good-humoredly. "The English are always leg-pullers. No, my friend, not a monkey. The key to open the nursery door—the nursery in which lies the cradle of our human race."

His optimism struck one as excessive, but I suppressed my doubts and said nothing.

Pfaafer, the Englishman—his name was Boyd—and I lunched together, the doctor's chief of staff making a fourth. I tried to get back to the topic of those obstructions to which our host had referred in Cairo. He proved unexpectedly reticent on the point.

His assistant, however, a very capable American, had rather more to say:

"WHEREAS in Egypt, for instance, all feeling of reverence for the old gods is lost, here in Syria for some reason one comes across odd survivals. A sort of hereditary memory."

"But they're Mohammedans and Christians and what not," said Boyd.

"It doesn't make any difference. Some of them are of incalculably old stock, and it's in their blood. For instance, there's a most persistent tradition that on the date of the Feast of Baal fires are seen in the temple."

Boyd laughed, and:

"When is the Feast of Baal?" he asked.

"Tonight!"

It was Pfaafer's piping voice which answered him:

"The feast began tonight. It culminates at sunrise."

In my room after dinner I was making notes for the projected article. I turned up some old material for reference and came across a draft account of the Roman remains at Noman. It had a date jotted on the top of the first page; and I realized that the draft had been written just a year before. I recalled writing it—at my hotel at Aleppo on the night I had seen Beckford look out from the lattice of that mysterious house. . . .

I worked longer than I had anticipated. I realized that there was nothing for it but a nightcap, a final pipe and bed. I smoked my pipe on the balcony, and watched the moon touch to magic life the mystic ruins of the temple.

The Feast of Baal. . . .

How little we knew of their mysterious religion! Much had been learned about ancient Egyptian ritual—so little about Assyrian. Before the shrine of Baal hung an impenetrable veil.

As I undressed and turned in, my imagination was busy with the obscure origin of Baalbek and the greater obscurity of the early rites practiced there. That Baal—most mysterious of divinities—had been worshiped here before Solomon's time seemed moderately certain. It was a form of Sun worship, of course, characterized by sacrifices, probably human.

Probably human. . . .

I SUPPOSE I fell asleep pondering on this probability. There is no definite evidence, however, one way or the other. And I don't suppose I shall ever know whether I woke up once or woke up twice. You shall judge for yourself.

A sensation of heat drew my attention to the window. I sat up in bed and stared.

The reflection of a fire danced redly upon the wall of the room! My first thought—that the hotel was blazing—brought me to the mat in a trice. I ran across. . . .

For what seemed like many minutes I stood clutching the sill and staring out.

The fire was in the temple!

It rose and fell, waxed and waned, somewhere inside the vast building. It gleamed on the six mighty pillars, redly illuminating their lofty capitals.

And its heat reached me. It was like the heat of the sun at noon!

There was no sound. Seemingly no one else had been disturbed. This, I thought, might be due to the peculiar situation of my room.

I slipped on a dressing-gown, quietly opened the door and went downstairs. . . .

Except for a concerted howling, apparently of all the dogs in Baalbek, nothing stirred. There were no lights anywhere. There was no moon. Only that distant glare from the temple broke the darkness of the night.

Having met no one on my way, I presently came to the gate. I had observed, and wondered, that the heat grew and grew as I advanced, so that now it was supertropical. I found the gate locked, as I had expected. But there was a private entrance to Pfaafer's excavation a hundred yards away.

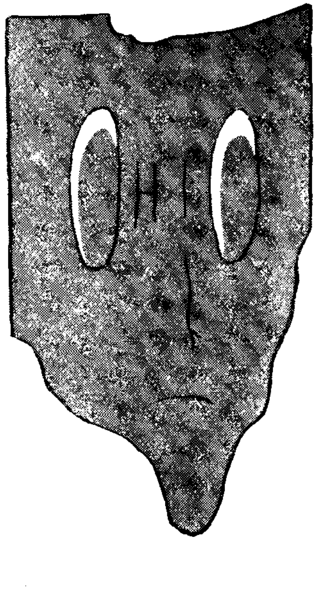
By this means I entered.

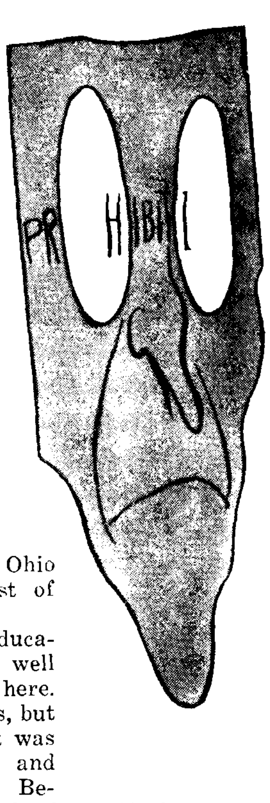
I was bathed in perspiration. No direct light (*Continued on page 54*)

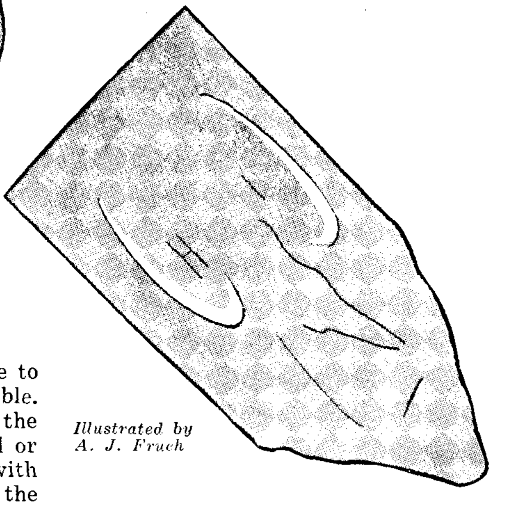
Setting them up in Ohio

To the Buckeye State Anti-Saloon League, wort is a blemish on the fair name of Ohio and its neglected child. But the brew-loving citizen has a different opinion since he can readily transform two dollars' worth of wort into a ten-dollar tank of good beer, the magic wand in this case being a cake or two of yeast

By Owen P. White







Illustrated by A. J. Frueh

THE casual manner in which Ohio happened to step into the middle of the alcoholic arena and assume its job as dictator of the drinking habits of the American people is rather interesting. It happened this way: In 1893, a small group of men, mostly college professors, got together at Oberlin, and organized the Anti-Saloon League of Ohio, with Dr. H. H. Russell as superintendent and the drying up of their own state as the limit of their aspirations.

Their dream, however, has never fully come true. For two years their organization functioned and that was about all. At the end of that time Ohio was almost as wet as it ever had been (although probably not as wet as it is now) and then, purely by chance, it so happened that two men, whose ideas on every subject on earth except the important one of total abstinence were as far removed from each other as the poles, met on a train and discussed the one topic on which they could agree.

Those two men, Bishop John Ireland of the Catholic Church and the Rev. Dr. Kynett of the Methodist faith, were in deadly earnest in their opposition to booze in any form, and the net result of their meeting is today written into the Constitution of the United States in the form of the Eighteenth Amendment.

A Factory Opens

What they did was very simple. In their train discussion they came to the conclusion that what this country needed was a national organization similar to the local one then in existence in Ohio. In conformity with that conclusion, before they separated they agreed to issue a call for a national meeting to be held in Washington that same year. That historic meeting took place in December, 1895; Dr. Russell, because of his experience as the head of the Ohio organization, was named as superintendent of the national one, and the city of Columbus designated as its first headquarters.

Ohio's capital, however, didn't cling long to the honor thus thrust upon it. Within a short time Dr. Russell transferred his activities to Westerville, a small, unknown town a short distance away, where he established a publishing house, surrounded himself with a corps of enthusiastic assistants, rolled up his shirt sleeves and prepared to sail into a do-or-die combat with the demon rum.

Dr. Russell got busy and so did everybody else. His artists drew, his scribes scribbled and in practically no time at all a stream of posters and pamphlets, almost equal in volume to the deluge of whisky and beer then emanating from the state's licensed liquor factories, was flowing steadily out of Ohio and inundating the rest of the Union.

The story of that educational campaign is too well known to be dwelt on here. It was ludicrous in spots, but no one can deny that it was tremendously effective and tremendously beneficial. Before twenty years had rolled by, half of the United States had gone dry of its own accord; sobriety, formerly scoffed at, had become stylish, and this nation, due to Ohio's efforts, was just about to become the most temperate on earth, when along came the Eighteenth Amendment.

During all the years the educational campaign had been going on, fanaticism had been hovering around on the outskirts of the contest looking for an opportunity to horn its way into the limelight. That opportunity came with the war; radicalism took the place of hard-headed commonsense; the Anti-Saloon League was induced to throw its vast powers into the movement to secure the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, and that settled it.

Right then Ohio's real usefulness in connection with the drinking customs of the United States came to an end. This was so because the presses at Westerville, instead of continuing to issue pathetic posters and persuasive pamphlets, began to grind out millions of mandates.

This was a mistake, but it was not one for which the Anti-Saloon Leaguers can be severely criticized. They had good reason, based on previous observations, to believe that a *Federal* law would be obeyed. In dry states they had taken note of the fact that proprietors of blind pigs and speakeasies, who flaunted local laws, respected Federal ones to the extent that they bought Federal liquor licenses, and hence the leaguers came to the logical conclusion that their mission in life was no longer educational. The country was now bound to go dry because the Constitution said so, and, as the Ohio propaganda factory saw it, it was now its duty to help the government enforce the law.

It was a natural error for anyone to make but the result of it was inevitable. The American people can be led in the way they should go but not clubbed or coerced into it and therefore, down with a crash, right on its own head, came the magnificent temperance structure that the Anti-Saloon League had erected through twenty years of constructive effort.

It was a resounding crash, too; it echoed and reëchoed and still echoes all over the country, but nowhere that I know of are evidences of the wreckage more plainly visible than right there in the state of Ohio. In fact, right in the neighborhood of Westerville itself, all that one has to do to become convinced that this little town is not as dry today as half the nation was ten years ago is to take note of the cars parked on the roadside after dark, and to listen to the smashing of the glass as the boys heave bottles therefrom.

Wet and Impenitent

But this isn't all, because all of Westerville's drinkers do not go outside the city limits to indulge. According to the statement of a man who has lived in the neighborhood all his life, and who says he has paid close attention to the rise and fall of the temperance movement, there is quite a little home-brew made in Westerville cellars, and quite a little home consumption of corn liquor.

Nor is the rest of Ohio dry. Not so you'd notice it. Take Columbus for example. Since it was the first home of the Anti-Saloon League, one would think that the town would naturally take some pride in its ability to curb its thirst, and by so doing stand forth as an example to the rest of the state.

But it doesn't. On the contrary its pride runs in the other direction, because, not unlike some other cities I have written about, Columbus seems to glory in its ability to absorb booze, and some of its leading citizens were not at all reticent in praising the quality of their stimulants and in telling me where they came from.

For instance, I asked Hugh Fullerton, the noted columnist of the Columbus Dispatch, for a statement regarding the condition of the drinking industry in the town, and he replied:

"You can quote me as saying that there is more two-fisted drinking going on here than in any other city of its size in the United States. And in saying so I don't even except Fort Worth, Texas, where, as I understand it, since the advent of a certain wealthy cowman, they have struck a gusher that doesn't produce anything but bourbon whisky."

"But," I protested, "that's a pretty wide statement. You're covering too much ground and claiming too much prestige for your own town."

"No, I'm not," he answered. "I'm giving it to you straight. You investigate and you'll find out."

I did investigate. I concluded that there must be some beer drinking going on in and around the community. There is. Within a very few minutes after I left Mr. Fullerton's office I had located a place, presided over by a woman—less than one hundred yards from the great Ohio State House—in which good beer and plenty of it was on sale at twenty-five cents a pint.

Now this beer, which is sold in a great many places in Columbus, is not "needled" stuff. It is far better than that and in connection with the process of its manufacture I unearthed what I think is a very interesting and enlightening story.

Of course some of this beer is brewed in the good old-fashioned way out of the malt syrup and hops advertised in the Columbus papers, but most of it, I think, comes to the fullness of its alcoholic efficiency by another method.

In one of her recently published articles on prohibition Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt mentions "wort" and correctly describes it as a ready-made mixture which can be turned into real beer by the mere addition of yeast. In her treatise on the subject, however, Mrs. Willebrandt, either because she didn't know it, or didn't want to give it any publicity, makes no reference to the wort traffic as it is being carried on in Ohio. In that state some genius has taken wort and made it the basis of a large, and probably a profitable, industry.

The stuff is put up in five-gallon containers, which sell for $1.75 each, so that now all that any man who likes his brew has to do to obtain it is to buy one of these containers, carry it home, pry the lid off, and pitch in a cake or two of yeast, preferably brewers' yeast. In a few days, nature having taken its course regardless of any law to the contrary, he is the proud possessor of forty pints (retail value ten dollars) of either good beer or good ale, according to the kind of wort he purchased.

I mentioned my discovery regarding this genial mixture to a man in Columbus whose official duty it is to keep in close touch with industrial conditions in the state, and he said, with alarm in his voice: "But for goodness' sake don't say anything about that in Collier's."

"Why not?" I inquired. "It seems to me it would be quite interesting to our readers."

"It would," he answered. "It would be interesting, but why not forget about it? Here in this state it's a big thing. Two or three Ohio concerns are turning the stuff out regularly, and besides most of us like our beer and ale and don't want to be deprived of our chance to get it easily."

Nor will they be deprived of it, because the manufacture and sale of wort is not illegal, and so long as the average thirsty Ohioan does no more than carry his container home with him, brew it there, and drink the product in the bosom and with the assistance of his own family, he has nothing to fear. It is only when he yields to the temptation of large profits easily made and sells beer to his neighbor, or to the stranger within his gates, that he has violated the law, and this, as an atrocious phase of the wort traffic, will be dealt with farther on in this article.

Now to go back to the man with whom I was talking. I had called on him because he is an expert, to ask whether prohibition in Ohio had been beneficial or injurious to industry. I propounded my query and he didn't stutter when he answered.

"Injurious!" he said emphatically. He then went on to explain himself and, in brief, as I got it from this gentleman, the general situation in his state is about as follows: Prohibition, if there were any, would undoubtedly be beneficial, but there is none and therein lies the trouble. The *licensed* liquor dealer has been put out of business and that's about all the Eighteenth Amendment has done to Ohio. In every other respect it has practically gone back to where it was twenty years ago.

Ohio Suffers a Relapse

Any individual in the state who wants it, can get as much liquor as he did under the old order of things, and, in proportion to the increase of wages since the war, it costs him no more to get plastered than it did prior to the passage of the Volstead Act. Beer, as already indicated, retails at twenty-five cents a pint, and *good* whisky, made within the state and handled by bootleggers, sells to the home consumer at three dollars a quart.

In addition to being able to buy the makings for a jag at a low price, as the industrialist pointed out to me, and as I also noticed for myself, the saddest thing that has happened to the drinkers in the Buckeye State, more so than in any state I have visited, is that they have moved the barroom from down on the corner into the very bosom of their homes—homes of all classes.

"But," I said, "this home drinking isn't peculiar to Ohio. They do it everywhere, don't they?"

"Yes," said the Ohioan, "they do to some extent, but here in this state they do it more than elsewhere because they get cheaper liquor."

"And where and how," I next asked, "do you get what you call *good* whisky at three dollars a quart?"

This man, however, either couldn't or wouldn't answer that question, although he did tell me that pure grain alcohol was easily obtained at fourteen dollars a gallon and that this was generally considered a fair price as it put bathtub gin within the reach of everybody.

Regarding the whisky, then, I had to search elsewhere for information but I didn't have any trouble getting it. The very next man I talked to told me all about it. As his statements were all corroborated later on by at least a half-dozen upright citizens, all of whom were sound drinkers and apparently proud of the fact that Ohio's consumers are not being gouged by any outside booze trust, I take it that they are worthy of belief.

According to this man, and many others, the best whisky obtainable in Ohio at the present time is what is known as "Straitsville stuff." It is a product of the coal mining section, in fact some of the stills are actually located far underground in abandoned drifts and tunnels, and so good is it, and so plentiful, that countless bottles are put up under a half-dozen different Canadian brands (a convenient printing plant in Akron specializes in labels and stamps) and shipped all over the state. Consequently the traveling man who pays a bell hop the standard price of seven dollars a pint for imported goods is in all probability getting the same liquor that the local consumer can buy from his personal bootlegger at three dollars a quart.

Nor is the coal miner the only horny-handed son of toil who has been benefited by prohibition in Ohio. Look at the farmers. Fifteen years ago, when Westerville's presses were turning out educational literature, the Buckeye agriculturists were given the impression that alcohol was a poison and that the corn they raised either had to go to fatten stock or be hauled in and sold to the man at the country elevator.

But now that enforcement officers, both state and Federal, are constantly hanging around to remind them that there is money in the whisky business, large numbers of the Ohio farmers grin slyly, cook their corn into hard liquor, sell it to their regular customers, the bootleggers, and invest the proceeds in educating the children, paying off the mortgage and buying a new car every second year.

Nor is this a statement which I would make carelessly or without authority. I have the authority. Before me as I write I have a letter from an official of the Chamber of Commerce of one of the most enterprising towns in the central part of Ohio. Writing of the part of the state with which he is best acquainted he says that the farmers therein "have found that they can afford to sell whisky at eight dollars a gallon and be much farther ahead financially than if they had sold the grain."

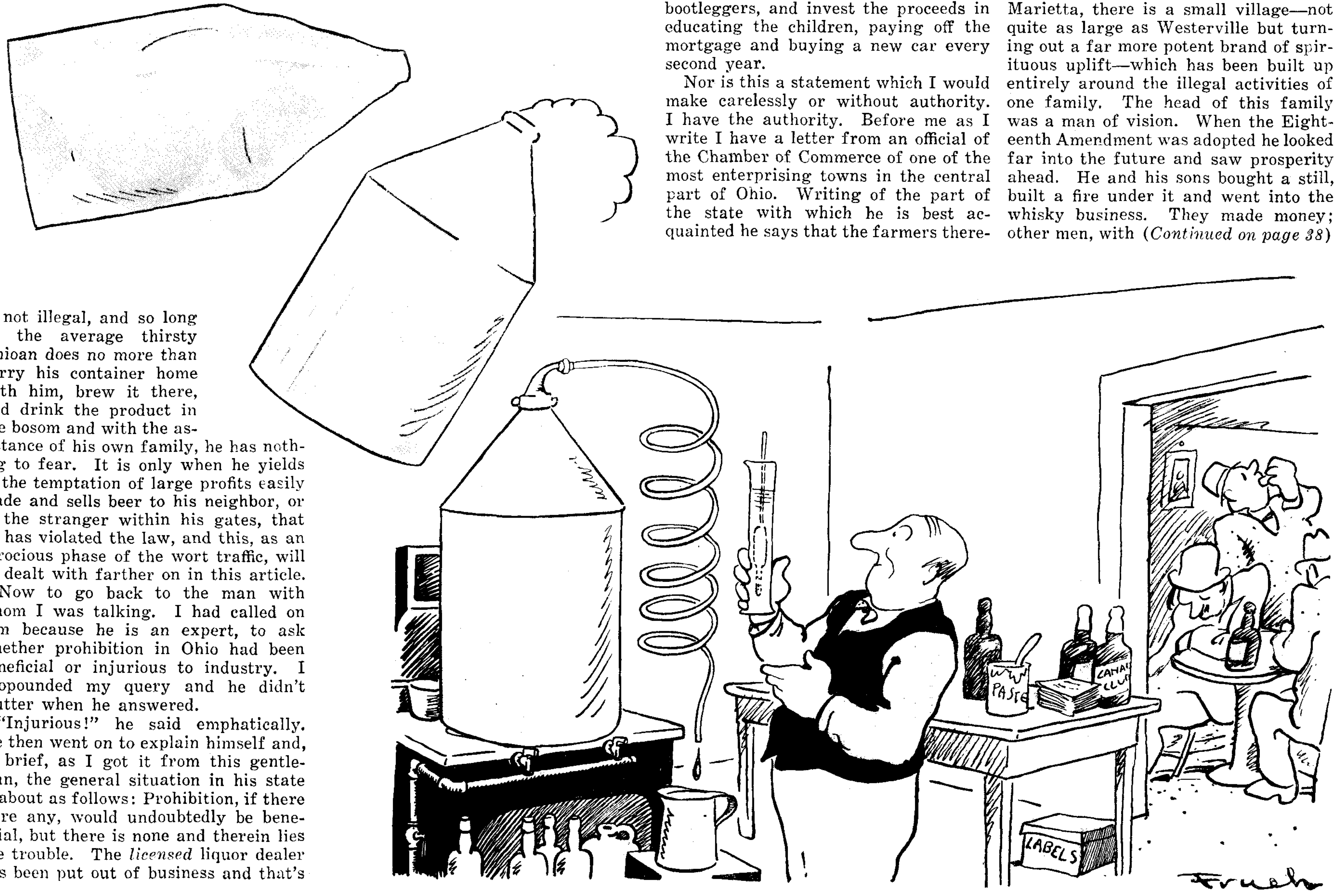
From the foregoing it is apparent that Ohio could, if it wanted to, be entirely independent of the rest of the earth in the matter of securing for itself its own supply of intoxicants. Its own citizens can and do make enough beer and whisky to keep everybody in the state who wants to get that way comfortably lit six days out of every seven, but of course in doing that they still have to compete to some extent with the product of Canadian distilleries. Duly qualified Ohio drinkers assured me, however, that the homemade whisky is far better than the imported stuff, and, basing my opinion on information received from an Akron bootlegger, I have no doubt that such is the case.

Canada's Contribution

This Akron dealer handles nothing but Canadian whisky for which he pays, so he says, six dollars a quart in Toledo. "I then carry it to Akron," he went on, "cut it four ways, add the necessary alcohol and distilled water; rebottle, relabel and retail it—and if I can only keep going two years longer I expect to retire and live at ease the rest of my life."

Thus it would seem that the outside whisky drinker who invades Ohio with a thirst can take his choice. He can pay a fancy price for cut Canadian bearing a bogus label if he wants to, but if he prefers better liquor for less money he can patronize Ohio's home industry. And this, speaking of whisky-making as a home industry, reminds me that there is one community in the state in which illicit distilling is the very backbone of social, financial and family life.

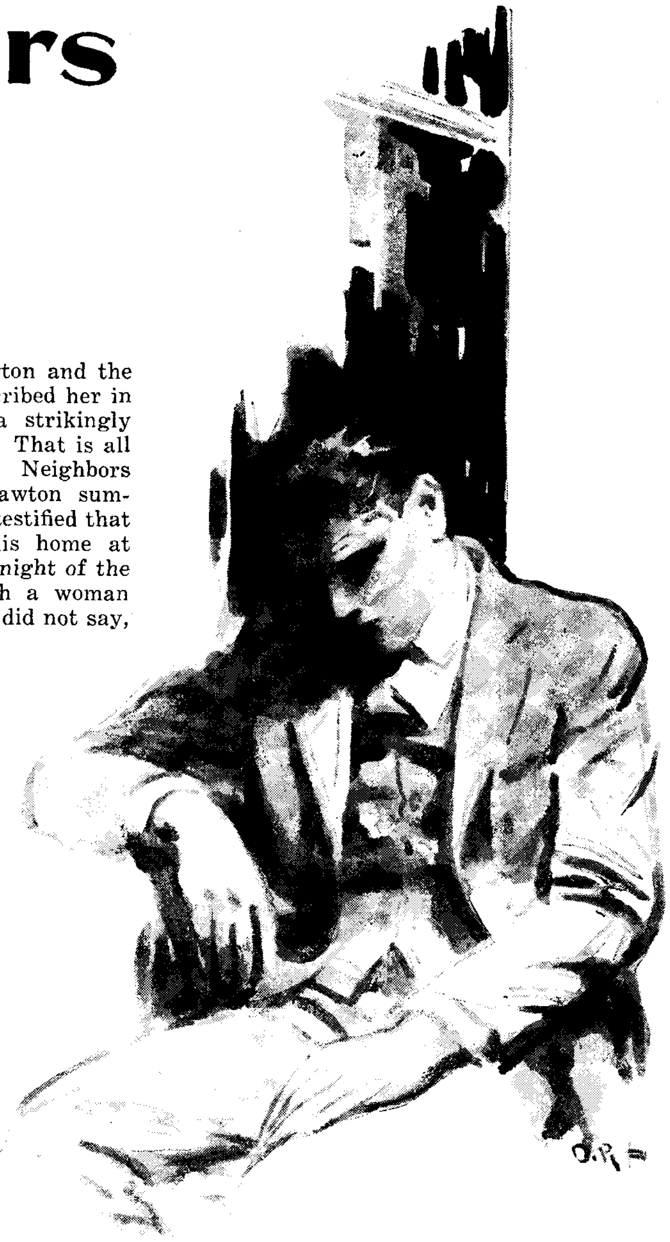
Down on the Ohio River, not far from Marietta, there is a small village—not quite as large as Westerville but turning out a far more potent brand of spirituous uplift—which has been built up entirely around the illegal activities of one family. The head of this family was a man of vision. When the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted he looked far into the future and saw prosperity ahead. He and his sons bought a still, built a fire under it and went into the whisky business. They made money; other men, with (*Continued on page 38*)



Behind Closed Doors

By John B. Kennedy

Guilty or not guilty? The jury couldn't agree. Then, while one man's life hung in the balance, another man sprung a surprise



DARNLEY sat between two deputy sheriffs in a tomb-like antechamber. The place was clammily cool and quiet, relief from the stuffy excitement of a court room jammed with voraciously curious men and women fighting to view the spectacle of a man on trial for his life. Darnley's face was haggard. His eyes, half-opened, listlessly studied the feet of the men beside him.

So he had sat for thirteen hours—from half past ten, when the judge had completed an amazingly brief charge. Now it was a half-hour to midnight.

The burly, good-natured deputy on his right whispered between champs at his tobacco: "They ain't in no hurry to hang you," and chuckled at Darnley's tired smile. The neck-shaved deputy at his left scowled at the remark and patted his holster.

Darnley refused food. His only sign of animation was an occasional fingering of his bow tie and the flipping of imaginary dust from his trouser leg, until a stir in the corridor leading to the court room and shouts in the street of the human pack calling for a killing caused him to look up in hopeful surprise. A voice barked and the deputies jerked him to his feet. His limbs trembled, but his face was stone. The court room was a well of darting eyes. Reporters glanced at him sympathetically, then bent their attention on the solemn file of jurors climbing into the box under escort of a pair of disheveled policemen.

Chattering was blotted out by the tall, black figure of the judge, his lean jaw and gabled nose thrust out beneath furry brows as he looked encouragingly at the first line of jurors. The foreman lifted a heavy, domineering head. At which gesture Darnley, watching the press table, heard one reporter distinctly remark:

"False alarm!"

A CLERK hurried to the foreman, then hurried to the bench and engaged the judge in a whispered conference.

"Your Honor," the foreman spouted, determined to speak for himself, "instructions, please."

"You mean," said the judge, brushing away the whispering clerk and rolling a deep, kindly voice over the jury box, "that you require enlightenment on some point of law?"

"No, Your Honor. The jury would like to have you repeat what you called the circumstantial background of the murder—the case."

The foreman was flustered by his own correction. It betrayed the situation in the jury room.

"You mean," said the judge, mildly annoyed, "that you desire a repetition of the charge?"

"Of that part where you summed up the circumstantial evidence, Your Honor."

"I see," said the judge, indulgently. His eyes traveled from the jury box over the court room, stopping short at a point where they would have touched the prisoner. Disappointedly, strings of visitors shuffled toward exits. A clerk called for order and the younger reporters yawned.

The judge sifted typewritten sheets before him, selected two and lowered a desk lamp.

"Please to remember"—he dropped his voice to a deeply solemn note—"that this repetition is to refresh your memories, an abstract of the evidence presented by the people which in no way must be permitted to prejudice the defendant's case."

The prisoner's eyes were closed, his body stiffly aloof.

"Defendant," the judge continued, "stands charged with the willful murder of Henry Lawton, which occurred on the night of April 19th, last, between the hours of eight and eleven.

"At eleven on that night Henry Lawton was found shot to death in the garden of his summer home by the lake shore at Wilmette. The defendant, Robert Darnley, was apprehended by a policeman who had been summoned to Lawton's house by a woman's voice calling from a public telephone booth at the Great Northern Station in Chicago.

"DARNLEY was leaving the grounds by a front gate when the policeman accosted him. By Lawton's body was discovered the weapon with which he was killed—an automatic pistol taken from a desk in his study. You have heard expert testimony, which seems conclusive, that he could not possibly have killed himself—the shot having been fired into his heart from a range of at least three feet.

"There was no sign of a struggle, and as no servants were in the house at the time, deceased having returned unexpectedly from abroad, you have no evidence before you as to whether or not defendant entered the premises with Lawton's consent.

"Defendant himself has declined to testify in his own behalf. He alone can positively identify the woman who warned the police by telephone to go to Lawton's summer home. That woman must have had knowledge of Lawton's danger to impel her act.

"Testimony as to motive on part of defendant has been supplied, in a measure, by acquaintances of his and of Lawton's. It is known that he and Lawton had been seen together at restaurants and other places in the company of an exceedingly attractive young woman unknown to those who knew both Lawton and the defendant. So far, let me repeat, this case, which is closed before you, has developed nobody but the defendant, who might conceivably identify that young woman. Defendant's counsel explains her as a casual friend. You may or may not accept that explanation.

"The prosecution contends defendant killed Lawton because of defendant's infatuation for this young woman and his fear that she was being taken away or had been taken away from him by Lawton, an obviously wealthier man and a bachelor whose character has been assailed as immoral by defendant's counsel.

"Nobody has appeared who can give anything but a general description of the young woman mysteriously involved in this case. Witnesses who saw her in company of Lawton and the defendant have described her in general terms as a strikingly handsome brunette. That is all we know about her. Neighbors chancing by the Lawton summer residence have testified that when he entered his home at eight o'clock on the night of the tragedy it was with a woman—young or old they did not say, and the taxicab driver who carried them there from Chicago enlightened us little beyond the fact that she was young and beautiful.

"Defendant is known to have been substantially in debt to Lawton's brokerage firm. For the rest, his character has been described to you as sane and trustworthy by business associates in various concerns by which he was employed from time to time as a salesman of machinery. It has been proved that Lawton and he were, respectively, a major and lieutenant in the same regiment during the war and that they saw service abroad, a fact only tenuously connected with the crime.

"In brief, gentlemen, these are the circumstances of the case—deemed sufficient by the grand jury to indict, and, in face of the refusal of defendant to take the stand, deemed by the court sufficient to reject a plea for dismissal of the case against defendant.

"I trust you will pardon me for commenting that repetition of this summary appears somewhat superfluous unless there is some special point you wish to be elucidated."

The jury filed clumsily out.

No sooner were they locked in a room stuffy with tobacco fumes and the body heat of twelve men than the foreman mentally charged a timid-looking juror who unobtrusively took a chair between a dusty window and a half-filled water-cooler.

"Are you satisfied now, Evans?" he began. "What did I tell you? There was nothing in the judge's charge about that dame in the case being a relative of Darnley's."

He glared at the tired faces before him. Eight of the jurors who had voted with the foreman, were sprawling in their chairs on either side of a long, littered table. Evans sat in a corner of the room. A pale and thoughtful man named Williams stood by the farther edge of the window at his right, and a plump man with sentimental jowls and stiff black hair sucked a cigarette as he sat tip-tilted on a chair behind Evans.

The eight men about the table showed their alignment with the foreman by facial expressions meant to be approving smiles but which were more like sneers. The last ballot had stood nine to three for conviction.

"It's my opinion," Evans protested quietly, "that there may be some relationship between that woman and Darnley to justify Darnley's killing of Lawton, if he did kill Lawton."

Rogers, the foreman, looked at his eight supporters helplessly, then wheeled on Evans:

"Opinions and maybes don't count," he blurted. "We're here to consider evidence—testimony. There's been no evidence of any relationship to give Darnley any reason for shooting Lawton."

"*If* he shot Lawton," put in Williams, the man by the window.

Rogers regarded him as if he had been a total stranger. Williams' pallor seemed to irritate him. Williams' deep, worried eyes baffled the foreman's effort to storm them with superior intelligence.

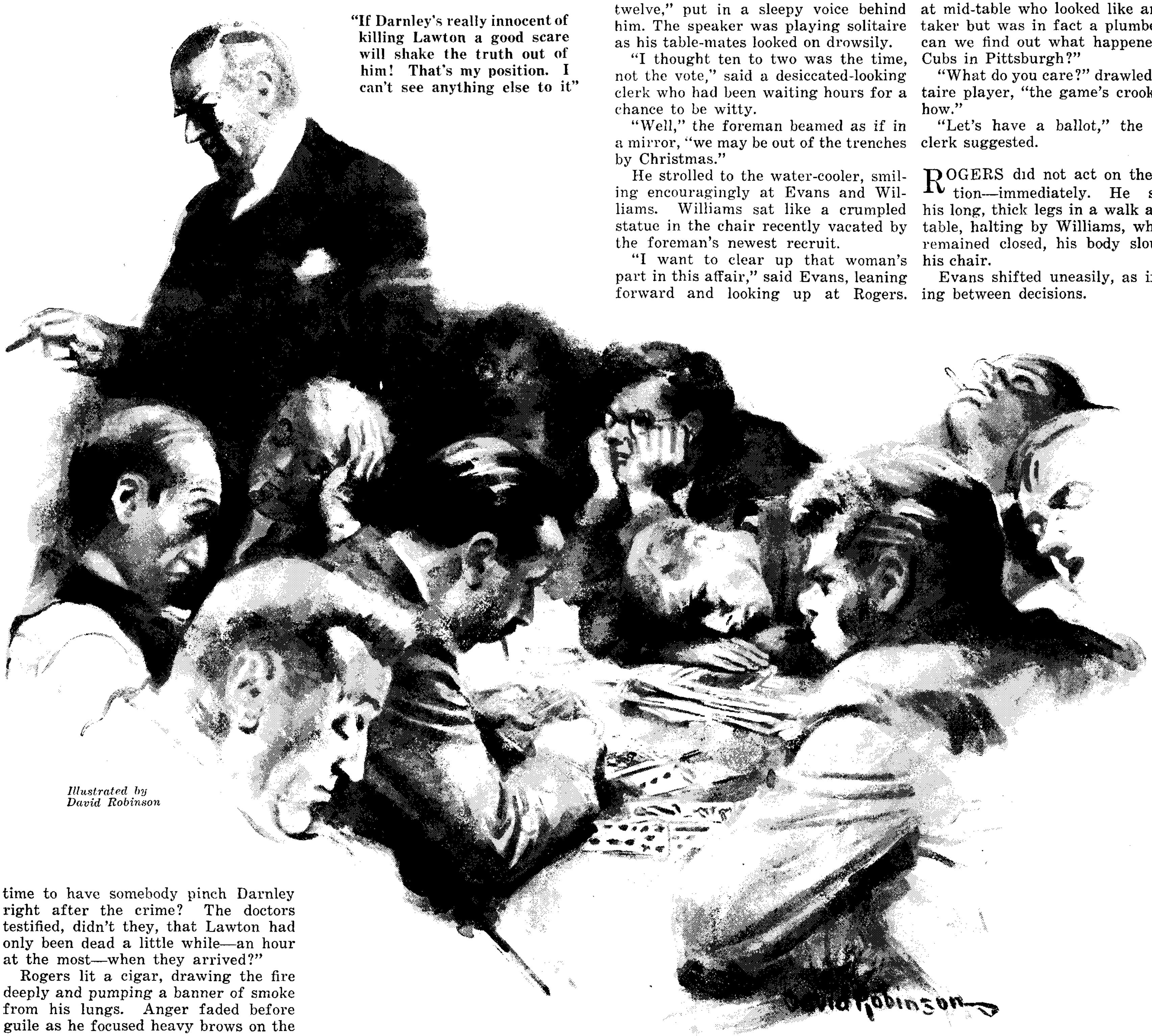
"You want us to go back and ask the judge if Darnley shot Lawton, I suppose?" Rogers jeered.

"Maybe," said the man with the porcupine hair, "maybe the woman was there and got away."

WILLIAMS left the window and walked about the room as if pondering this radical suggestion.

"Oh," mocked Rogers, supported by grins from his faction, "we'll put this on the woman even when that guy fighting for his life isn't desperate enough to do it. That's out. Anyhow, could she have killed him at the height of a row, then skipped and hired a cab to Chicago and telephoned the cops in

"If Darnley's really innocent of killing Lawton a good scare will shake the truth out of him! That's my position. I can't see anything else to it"



Illustrated by
David Robinson

time to have somebody pinch Darnley right after the crime? The doctors testified, didn't they, that Lawton had only been dead a little while—an hour at the most—when they arrived?"

Rogers lit a cigar, drawing the fire deeply and pumping a banner of smoke from his lungs. Anger faded before guile as he focused heavy brows on the man with the porcupine hair.

"Listen," he argued, dropping his voice to give it a less arbitrary tone, "I'm just as willing as you are to give Darnley a break. The only difference is you interpret his silence as an effort to shield the woman. I believe he's mum because there's nothing he can say in his defense."

He lifted a brow to include Williams, whose pacing had brought him about the table and close to the man with the porcupine hair. Evans sat staring vacantly at the other eight men as if unaware of Rogers.

"But his attorney said he had scruples of honor," said the stiff-haired man.

"That's argument, not evidence," said Rogers pontifically. "His attorney didn't take the stand, did he?" He puffed for a while, not seeming to heed a weary voice behind him from a man seated at the table:

"We went over all that a dozen times this afternoon."

"Yes," put in another. "Call a ballot for a change."

But Rogers felt he was melting his man.

"Supposing," he reasoned, "that this jane could have killed Lawton and beat it. I don't believe it, but for the sake of argument, suppose she did." Williams settled against the window sill and eyed Rogers steadily. He was close enough to the man with the porcupine hair to touch him. "How does that let Darnley out?" Rogers demanded, still dropping his voice and pushing home the point by prodding the air with his cigar. "He has guilty knowledge then. He's an accessory. He's in this thing, no matter how you look at it, otherwise why didn't he take the stand to clear himself, if he could?"

"Call a ballot," came from behind Rogers.

THE foreman turned on his supporters with an expression of reproof. But the porcupine-haired man struggled from his chair, leaving Evans still staring vacantly and Williams lolling disgustedly against the window sill. The porcupine-haired man walked slowly to the water-cooler, took a drink and sauntered along the table.

"All right," said Rogers, amiably, "let's try again."

He checked the vote. The porcupine-haired man added his in a low voice: "Guilty."

"Ten to two," Rogers announced.

"And it's damned nearly half past twelve," put in a sleepy voice behind him. The speaker was playing solitaire as his table-mates looked on drowsily.

"I thought ten to two was the time, not the vote," said a desiccated-looking clerk who had been waiting hours for a chance to be witty.

"Well," the foreman beamed as if in a mirror, "we may be out of the trenches by Christmas."

He strolled to the water-cooler, smiling encouragingly at Evans and Williams. Williams sat like a crumpled statue in the chair recently vacated by the foreman's newest recruit.

"I want to clear up that woman's part in this affair," said Evans, leaning forward and looking up at Rogers. "She's at the bottom of it and I hate to send Darnley to the death house when she escapes."

One of the men at the table whispered to another:

"Bet that guy Evans has a tough break at home."

The whispered-to nodded and grinned.

"I'm with you," Rogers readily agreed, gesturing again with his cigar. "But if we're not trying her as well, whose fault is it but Darnley's?"

"That doesn't relieve us of responsibility," said Evans. His tone was far from aggressive.

"No?" asked Rogers, with a pleasant gleam of conquest. "Our responsibility doesn't cover anything but the indictment and the evidence. Darnley can appeal, and if he wants to save his neck by telling everything he knows, he'll have a chance."

"Is that the law?" asked Evans quietly.

"No," put in Williams.

"Of course it is," barked Rogers, watching how Evans pondered again his own question.

"Certainly," two or three voices echoed. There was silence, save for a snore from the man with the porcupine hair.

"Say," exclaimed a shirt-sleeved man at mid-table who looked like an undertaker but was in fact a plumber, "how can we find out what happened to the Cubs in Pittsburgh?"

"What do you care?" drawled the solitaire player, "the game's crooked, anyhow."

"Let's have a ballot," the dried-up clerk suggested.

ROGERS did not act on the suggestion—immediately. He stretched his long, thick legs in a walk about the table, halting by Williams, whose eyes remained closed, his body slouched in his chair.

Evans shifted uneasily, as if wavering between decisions.

"If Darnley could get a new trial by promising to open up," he said, as if talking to himself. "But I don't see how that's legal."

"Whatever the lawyers fix is legal," the solitaire-player observed.

"Supposing he can't legally get a new trial," argued Rogers, drawing insinuatingly close to Evans. "Darnley can always reach the governor with his story. Are we to blame if he's put himself in his present fix?"

"Or suppose we let him go?" Evans replied.

"Suppose we let him go?" Rogers emphasized. "Every gangster and thug will just shut his trap and wait to be acquitted. If Darnley's really innocent of killing Lawton—and he can't be altogether innocent—a good scare will shake the truth out of him. That's my position. I can't see anything else to it."

He walked away from Evans to let it sink in. After a brief attack on his cigar he called a ballot.

Eleven to one for conviction—Williams sleepily murmuring dissent.

Nothing was (*Continued on page 37*)

The Shoestring Marriage

By F. W. Bronson

If you haven't the price of love in a cottage, buy the bride a palace—it's much easier

WHEN I was a boy my father used to say to me: "Never get married, George, until you're willing to devote your whole life to the support of your wife and family."

My father had a lot of other maxims up his sleeve, and they were all as sound and admirable as the one quoted. He taught me to hoard my pennies, to do the hardest job first, to eat prunes every morning for my health, and never to gamble on anything more risky than a savings bank.

In the small town where we lived Father was known as Thrifty Harrigan. Everyone accepted him as an authority on the rules for success. And to his credit be it said that he practiced what he preached; indeed, he followed these excellent rules of his with such tenacity that he had no time for anything else, and he ended as he had begun—the head of a thrift department in our local bank at twenty-four hundred a year.

He died last spring. I was left alone in the world with a forty-dollar job in a New York trust company, a Harvard diploma that I had worked for during vacations, a number of congenial friends who were too rich for me to play with, and a highly demoralizing fiancée who said that my father's rules of life, which I had already begun to practice, were ridiculous.

Sylvia was the last of the New England Crowns—that ancient and honorable family that has trickled away to almost nothing since the beginning of the century. Sylvia was poorer than I was, but no one would ever have known it. With nothing but her family name, her social position, her golden bobbed hair and sun-crinkled dark eyes, she flipped gayly from one wealthy household to another, and if she ever worried about her own extravagant ways she certainly kept it a secret!

I remember saying shortly after I'd proposed: "Dearest, I'm willing to devote my whole life to supporting you and taking care of you. But at first we'll have to go easy. I'd suggest a two-room apartment up on the West Side."

And Sylvia replied: "George darling, the Ritz would be cheaper in the long run because we wouldn't spend so much on taxis. And let's not tie ourselves down with a lease, because in the fall we might want to tour the West Indies or something."

"On what?" I asked sarcastically.

"Why not a yacht?" replied Sylvia.

"Good Lord, Sylvia! You've got to realize that marriage is a serious thing! We've got to figure our expenses very carefully, and once we're settled we'll have a budget."

"All right, George darling," replied Sylvia. "Only let's get married quick, because we've been engaged for such a long time we both need a change."

As a matter of fact we had been engaged for exactly three weeks; and it was during the following week that news came of Father's death.

I PHONED Sylvia at once. She was staying with the Morgan Dwells in their suite at the Ambassador. "It's quite a shock to me," I said. "Father was never especially amiable, but he was an upright citizen and I had a great respect for him. Anyway, dearest, we can be married now. Father must have stuffed away all sorts of money in his thrift account; he hasn't squandered a nickel in his life. I'll run out there for a few days and see about it."

"Do hurry," replied Sylvia. "I love you tremendously. We'll be married next week, because I'm tired of visiting Mrs. Dwell and I haven't any other place to go until June."

"And I'm tired of the boarding house. A little home of our own is just what I want. If I can get things fixed up we'll be married next Thursday, and we can go to Atlantic City for a week's honeymoon."

"I'm not sure about Atlantic City," murmured Sylvia. And neither was I when I got back to New York five days later.

We went out for tea in Mrs. Dwell's limousine. Sylvia was radiant in a green dress that rippled electrically in the young May breeze. There was always a hint of spring freshness about her to disturb my equilibrium, and rolling elegantly down Park Avenue by her side I felt that I could never understand the secret of her reckless dark eyes.

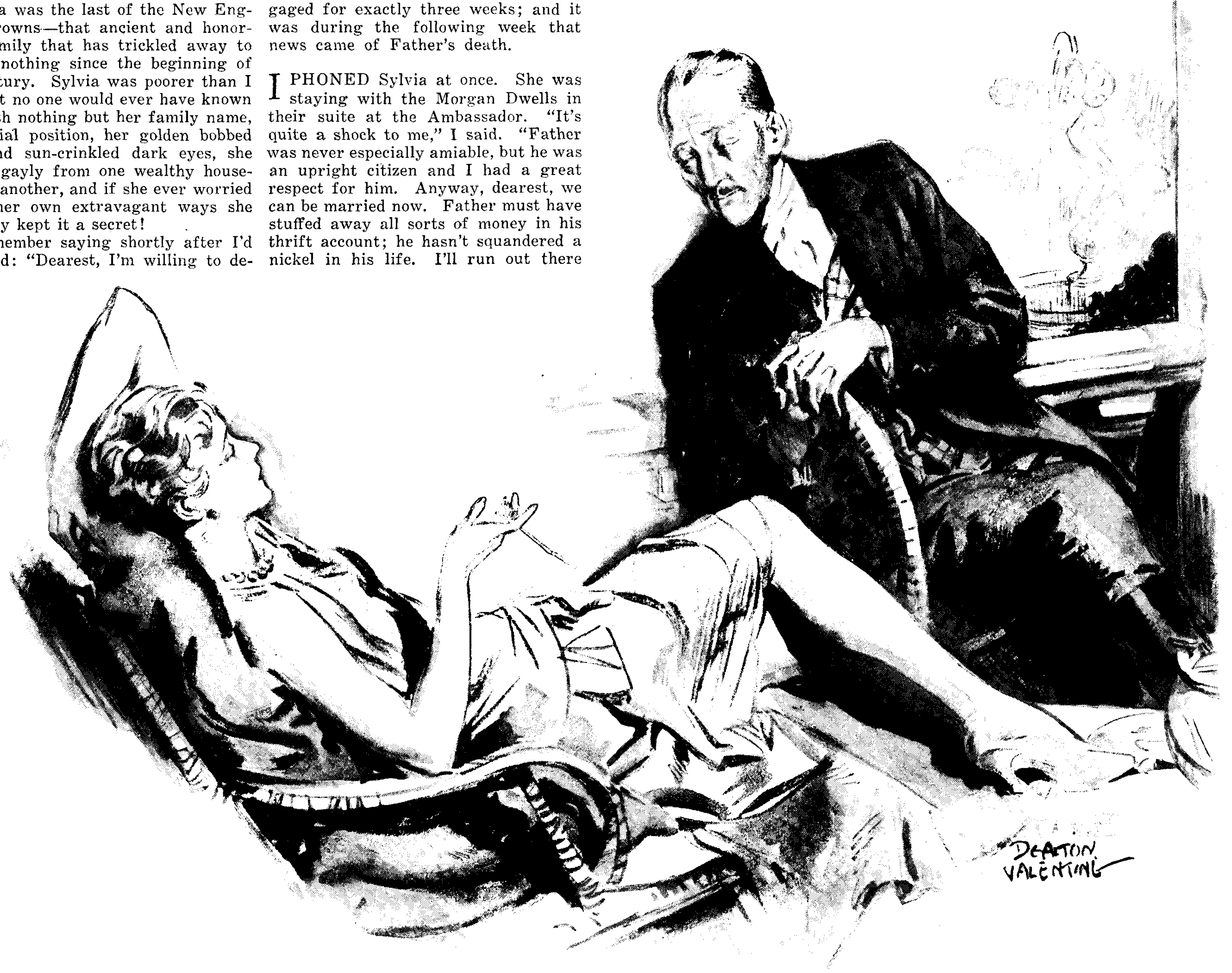
"The chauffeur can let us out at the Grand Central," I said. "We'll have tea in the Commodore lunch room."

"Not at all," replied Sylvia. "I told him the Ritz."

"But we can't afford it!" I cried. "Sylvia, I'm afraid all bets are off. Father only had twenty-six hundred dollars. I don't feel that I have any right to ask a girl to marry me when I can't guarantee a comfortable home and an income."

"YOU'VE asked me already," Sylvia laughed, "and you can't get out of it now. Anyway, George, twenty-six hundred dollars will last us a whole month."

"A month! Good Lord, we ought to stretch that money over two years!" But Sylvia was fluttering on ahead through the lobby of the Ritz. At a conspicuous tea-room table she crinkled her dark eyes at me, and said: "First I'm going to rent a house on Long Island for the month of June. After that it'll be time to start planning our West Indies cruise; I've always wanted to go down there and catch fish like Beebe. Of course we'll have to hurry



up and raise a lot of money. . . ."

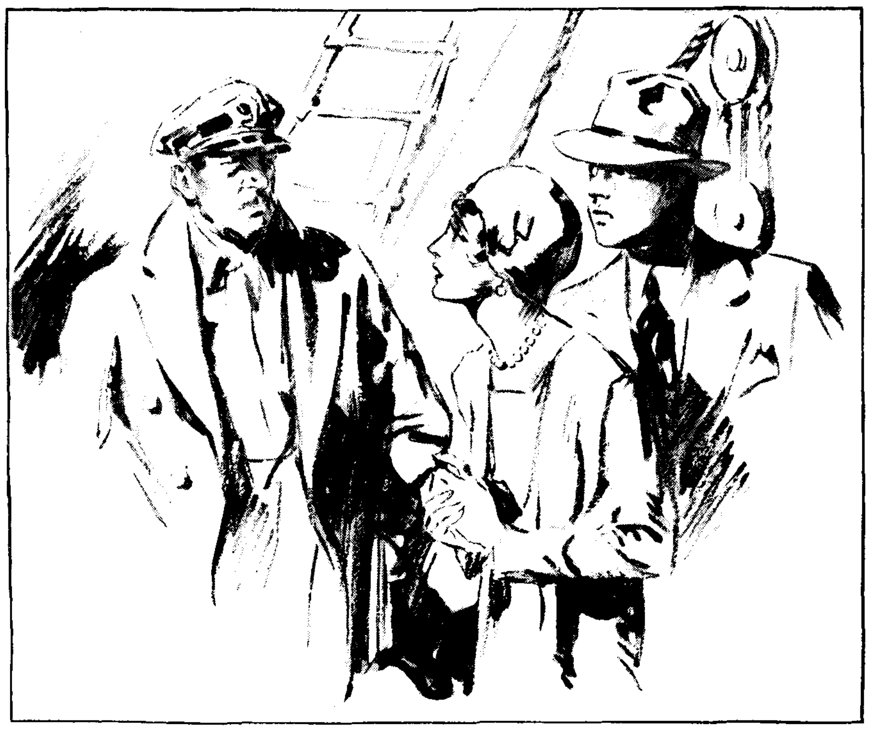
"You're an idiot," I replied. "And hanged if I'll rob a bank for you! So if you insist on renting a house make sure it's the smallest you can get."

Sylvia's eyes were wet and shiny. "I'm so happy I could die!"

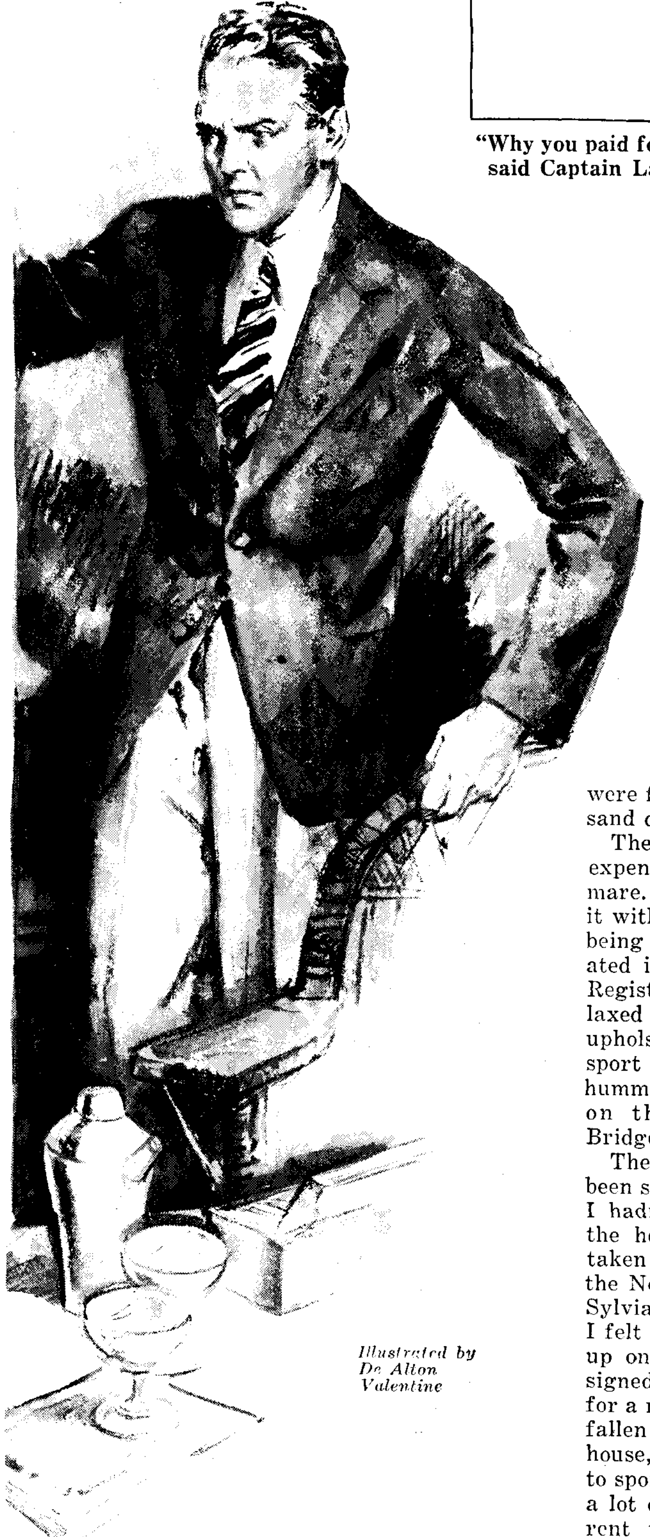
"You'll die of starvation if you're not careful!"

"Nobody ever got any place by being careful, George darling. If you want to be rich you've got to live like the rich."

"On forty a week!" I replied cynically as I paid a check that would have bought me a needed pair of shoes. And I left Sylvia that afternoon with a sense of adventure that was like nothing I had ever experienced.



"Why you paid forty-five thousand dollars for this junk is more than I can see," said Captain Lashe disgustedly. "I wouldn't give you two hundred for her"



Illustrated by De Alton Valentine

I heard him say, "Sylvia, if you'll divorce this clown Harrigan and become Mrs. Smedley Helm I'll write you a check for five million"

We rode to and from our wedding in a borrowed car. I felt like a faker in my rented cutaway, but Sylvia was serenely gorgeous in her grandmother's wedding gown. The orchids were loaned by a Fifth Avenue florist for the sake of the publicity. Mrs. Nettleton Fish gave Sylvia a discreet breakfast with champagne at the Plaza. We acted so suddenly that we didn't get a very rich haul of presents; but Sylvia estimated that there were fifteen or twenty thousand dollars' worth to come.

The whole thing was an expensive and ghastly nightmare. I suffered through it with a constant terror of being exposed and humiliated in front of the Social Register's finest. And I relaxed with a sigh into the upholstery of Roddy Ware's sport roadster as Sylvia hummed in and out of traffic on the Queensborough Bridge.

These last few days had been so intensely active that I hadn't been able to visit the house that Sylvia had taken for us at Planton, on the North Shore. Knowing Sylvia's impractical nature, I felt I should have checked up on the lease before she signed it. But it was only for a month, and Sylvia had fallen in love with the house, and I had decided not to spoil our honeymoon with a lot of fussing even if the rent were as much as a hundred and fifty or fifty-five dollars.

I glanced up curiously when we swung into an estate that looked like the Pennsylvania station in the middle of Central Park.

"Who lives here?" I asked.

Sylvia's face was dreamy with happiness. "We do."

The shock paralyzed me. I was totally unable to speak as I walked groggily past a butler into the vast regions of that enormous house. Sylvia pulled me by the hand up a broad staircase and into a regal bedroom with a balcony overlooking the swimming pool, the gardens, and the Sound.

"This is our room, George. Isn't it cute?"

"No," I replied, and sat down weakly.

"The MacLeods almost lent us their place at Glen Cove," Sylvia went on. "But then they decided not to go to Europe, and I picked this house up for a song. It's Sam Burnham's place—he's the seltzer-water king."

I asked quietly: "How much?"

"Only three thousand for the month," replied Sylvia. "You'll have to send the agent a thousand tomorrow, and we can owe the rest for a while."

I JUMPED up and took hold of Sylvia's wrists. "For the love of Heaven! Sylvia! Do you realize that you've thrown away the savings of my father's lifetime? You've wiped us out, ruined us! Let's clear out of here at once!"

Sylvia drawled: "But we'd have to pay anyway—the lease is signed."

The Jap valet entered with our bags. "The bootlegger is downstairs, sir. He wants his money for the sauterne, sir."

"What sauterne?"

"The Sauterne Mrs. Harrigan ordered, sir."

It was then that I began to grasp the method of Sylvia's finances. "Tell him to bring us a case of champagne," she said coolly, "then Mr. Harrigan will pay for all of it at once."

Alone with Sylvia again, I groaned: "You'll have me in jail before the end of the week! We can't even pay all the rent, much less the bootlegger, the grocer, and the rest of them! We won't have a blooming nickel to our names!"

"I know it, darling. But we have lots of credit. Come on and have a swim before dinner. We're married, George darling! Aren't you happy?"

"I don't know," I replied.

But we enjoyed ourselves. The next two weeks were an Arabian Nights entertainment of candle-lit dinners, moonlight dancing on the willow trees, and honey-flavored cocktails frothing out of a solid gold shaker. During those long vacation days I clutched Sylvia's tiny hand and roamed the lawns and gardens; or on Mr. Burnham's million-dollar beach we sunned ourselves in an enchanted solitude of wind and water.

There were soft-voiced people in limousines at night; and every afternoon brightly colored groups floated in and out of our open front gate, leaving us with a flushed sense of gayety and a number of empty bottles. No thought or clink of money disturbed those breathless, dream-filled hours. And all the time I was scared simply green!

At the end of the two weeks I said: "Now it's time for me to buckle down and win my way in the world. Monday A. M. sees me back at the trust company. We're so far in debt I'll never be able to pull us out, but no one can say I didn't try."

SYLVIA looked very small and brown in her scant bathing suit. "Yes," she agreed, "it's time to go to work. But not at the trust company, George. You see, I called them up and said that you had quit." Sylvia reached down into the pool for the stem of a water lily, and sighed: "They didn't seem to mind."

"Mind? Of course they didn't mind! Hang it, darling, there are hundreds of young men ready to jump at that job! It'll take me months to get another! What are you trying to do—drive me crazy?"

Sylvia shook her golden bobbed hair. "We need a couple of thousand to square us up around here, darling. Please don't grumble about your forty dollars! Monday morning, bright and early, you're going to play golf with dear old Colonel Aintree and a couple of adorable brokers. They play for twenty-five dollars a hole, George, but please don't be stupid and skin them too badly the first day. I'm going to play bridge with that atrocious Perkins woman and her crowd. Kiss me, darling George, and then we'll run in for a highball."

And that was how I exchanged my adding machine for a set of Mr. Burnham's clubs. All week long I taught the game of golf to retired elderly gentlemen, even though the size of the stakes often made my nerves jump like bowstrings. On Saturday night I almost fainted when I estimated my profits at twelve hundred dollars! Sylvia had netted over a thousand at bridge, and the circles under her eyes showed the strain of it.

"That's wonderful, but we can't keep it up." We were sipping Grand Marnier in the rose arbor. "Listen, Syl darling, do you realize that we can pay our bills, sell a few of our cheesier wedding presents, and come out almost even on the month? I'll get another job, and we'll settle down in a little flat, and I won't go to jail after all!"

BUT Sylvia wasn't listening. "George," she said, "why didn't you tell me that old Mr. Fred Harrison wants to buy a place on the Hudson?"

"Well, why should I? He doesn't interest me."

"Stupid!" Sylvia drawled. "I sent you out on the golf course to keep your ears open! If Mr. Fred Harrison wants a place on the Hudson it's up to me to get it for him."

"What of it?" I grumbled.

"Wait and see," replied Sylvia. And the next morning she left mysteriously in one of the cars. For three days I played golf, and settled a few of our bills, and longed for Sylvia. Then at last she phoned.

"George, darling? I've taken a suite at the Plaza. Do drive right in!"

"I'll do nothing of the sort! I'll—" But Sylvia had hung up. And when I joined her at the Plaza I was so glad to see her that I didn't say half the things I'd intended. Sylvia put her hand over my mouth.

"Now, now, Georgie! We're going to the theater

(Continued on page 51)

The Rambling Rouster

By Roark Bradford

Bugaboo Jones encounters a pay-day mama and shows her that she can't talk patches in the seat of his pants

THE only thing that made rousting worth the while of Bugaboo Jones was the fact that the women-folks—women-folks scattered along the river from New Orleans to Vicksburg and back again—were amazed at his mighty strength and giggled outrageously at his bold and audacious remarks which he made to them with his big, grinning mouth. The pay he received—two dollars a day for six days' round trip—was nothing to him. Money was something to buy the women-folks a bottle of pop with, or maybe snuff, from the steamboat bar, or to spend over back of town for food and fun during the three days' layover in New Orleans. But if there was no money there would be food and fun just the same. And a boy always had a little credit on his wages to buy snuff and pop or even bananas for the girls along the river.

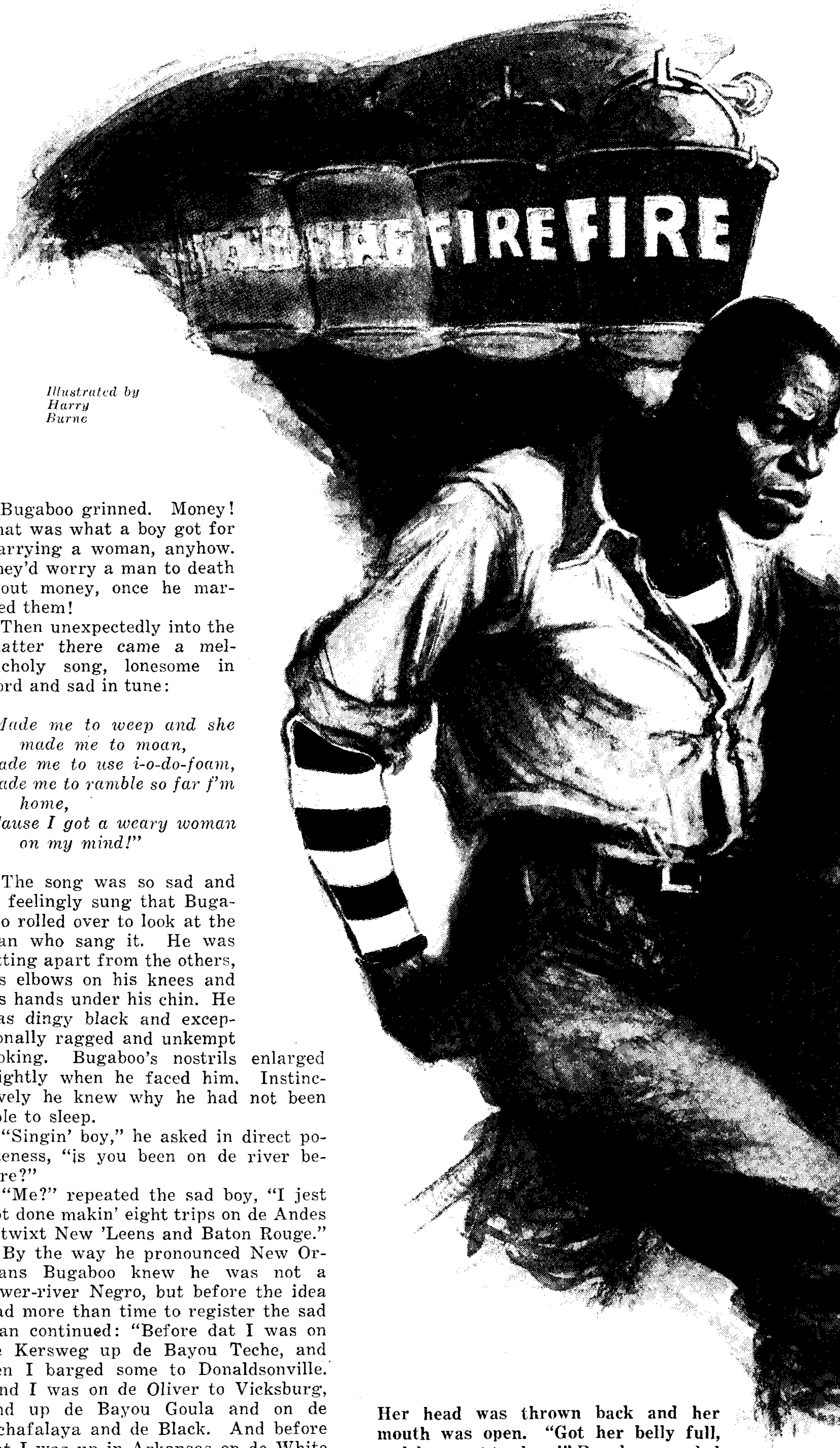
What Bugaboo Jones needed to jolly the women and say smart things to them was plenty of sleep between landings. And so far as he could tell—without taking the trouble to study it out in his mind—there was no reason why he should not, at that very minute, be asleep. The old John D. Grace had been under way for at least ten minutes. He was sprawled comfortably upon sacks and sacks of flour on the forward main deck. The breeze from the muddy river fanned his face. The vibration of the engine rocked him like a babe in the cradle. In five hours or thereabouts the boat would make that awful sugar landing at Reserve, where nobody would watch him tote sugar but the night watchman. Yes, by all that was reasonable, he should have been asleep, but he wasn't.

IDLY his mind ran over the situation. Behind him lay New Orleans and three riotous, hilarious days of food and fun—enough to satiate a hard-working boy but not enough to gorge him. And about him were small groups of roustabouts, filling the air with their chatter-chatter, recounting experiences ashore, mostly.

"She say to me," one man stated, "she say, 'Darlin', did you brought me some money?' And I told her, I say, 'Woman, ain't you got nothin' on yo' mind but money? I been eatin' steamboat grub ev'y day since I left hyar, and I'm hongry. Git out and git me somethin' to eat! Money! What did you do wid dem four dollars I gived you last time I comed home?' "

"Dat jest de way," agreed another man, sadly. "A woman either want yo' money or she don't want hit. And do he want money she jest gimme, gimme man all de time. Now, my woman, e wan't like dat. She never did ax for no money. But when I got home was long gone."

'I wisht my woman had long gone," ected the first man. "But dat jest way. Either you can't git shut 'em, or else you can't keep 'em."



Illustrated by Harry Burne

Her head was thrown back and her mouth was open. "Got her belly full, and den went to sleep!" Bugaboo growled

Bugaboo grinned. Money! That was what a boy got for marrying a woman, anyhow. They'd worry a man to death about money, once he married them!

Then unexpectedly into the chatter there came a melancholy song, lonesome in word and sad in tune:

"Made me to weep and she
made me to moan,
Made me to use i-o-do-foam,
Made me to ramble so far f'm
home,
'Cause I got a weary woman
on my mind!"

The song was so sad and so feelingly sung that Bugaboo rolled over to look at the man who sang it. He was sitting apart from the others, his elbows on his knees and his hands under his chin. He was dingy black and exceptionally ragged and unkempt looking. Bugaboo's nostrils enlarged slightly when he faced him. Instinctively he knew why he had not been able to sleep.

"Singin' boy," he asked in direct politeness, "is you been on de river before?"

"Me?" repeated the sad boy, "I jest got done makin' eight trips on de Andes betwixt New 'Leens and Baton Rouge."

By the way he pronounced New Orleans Bugaboo knew he was not a lower-river Negro, but before the idea had more than time to register the sad man continued: "Before dat I was on de Kersweg up de Bayou Teche, and den I barged some to Donaldsonville. And I was on de Oliver to Vicksburg, and up de Bayou Goula and on de Tchafalaya and de Black. And before dat I was up in Arkansas on de White and de Cache. And den I runned some out'n Luxora to Memphis—dat's whar I started steamboatin' at. Luxora. And I was on de Obion—"

"You been on all dem rivers?" demanded Bugaboo.

"Yeah," replied the singing man. "And dat ain't all. I tuck one trip on de Tennessee, out'n—"

"Dat's enough, son," Bugaboo announced. "Dat's a-plenty. Hyar's what I'm fixin' to ax you, now: I bet when you was runnin' on all dem rivers, I bet you never did fall off'n de steamboat and git yo' dirty hide washed off clean, did you?"

Bugaboo put the rather personal question frankly but with good humor, and the rouster received it in that manner. He reached into his shirt front and pulled out a greasy tobacco sack which was held with a string to his neck and displayed it solemnly. "Naw," he said. "Dat ain't me you smell. Dat's dis stuff which make me smell so loud."

Bugaboo sniffed. "Sho' must be daid stuff," he pronounced. "What is hit?"

The sad man returned the pouch to its hiding place under his shirt. "Iodo-foam," he said. And then with a sheepish grin he added: "I wears hit for luck."

When the man grinned he revealed a double row of large white teeth, interrupted here and there where a tooth was missing.

"Luck, hunh, Rag Mouf?" Bugaboo named him, instinctively.

"Yeah," admitted the other. Then a second later he grinned more broadly. "Rag Mouf? Dat what you names me? De boys on de Andes named me Snag Boat. But I likes Rag Mouf more better. Snag Boat didn't weary Dora none, but maybe Rag Mouf—"

But even iodoform can keep a sleep-determined man awake for so long and no longer, and Bugaboo rolled over and closed his eyes, fitfully.

At Reserve, when the rousters were toting sugar aboard, Bugaboo noticed that Rag Mouf did his share and more, easily and gracefully. Never did he make a false move; never did he exert an ounce of energy more than was necessary; never did he exert an ounce less. Certainly, a man who could "roust" like that did not have to rove the river to keep himself supplied with jobs.

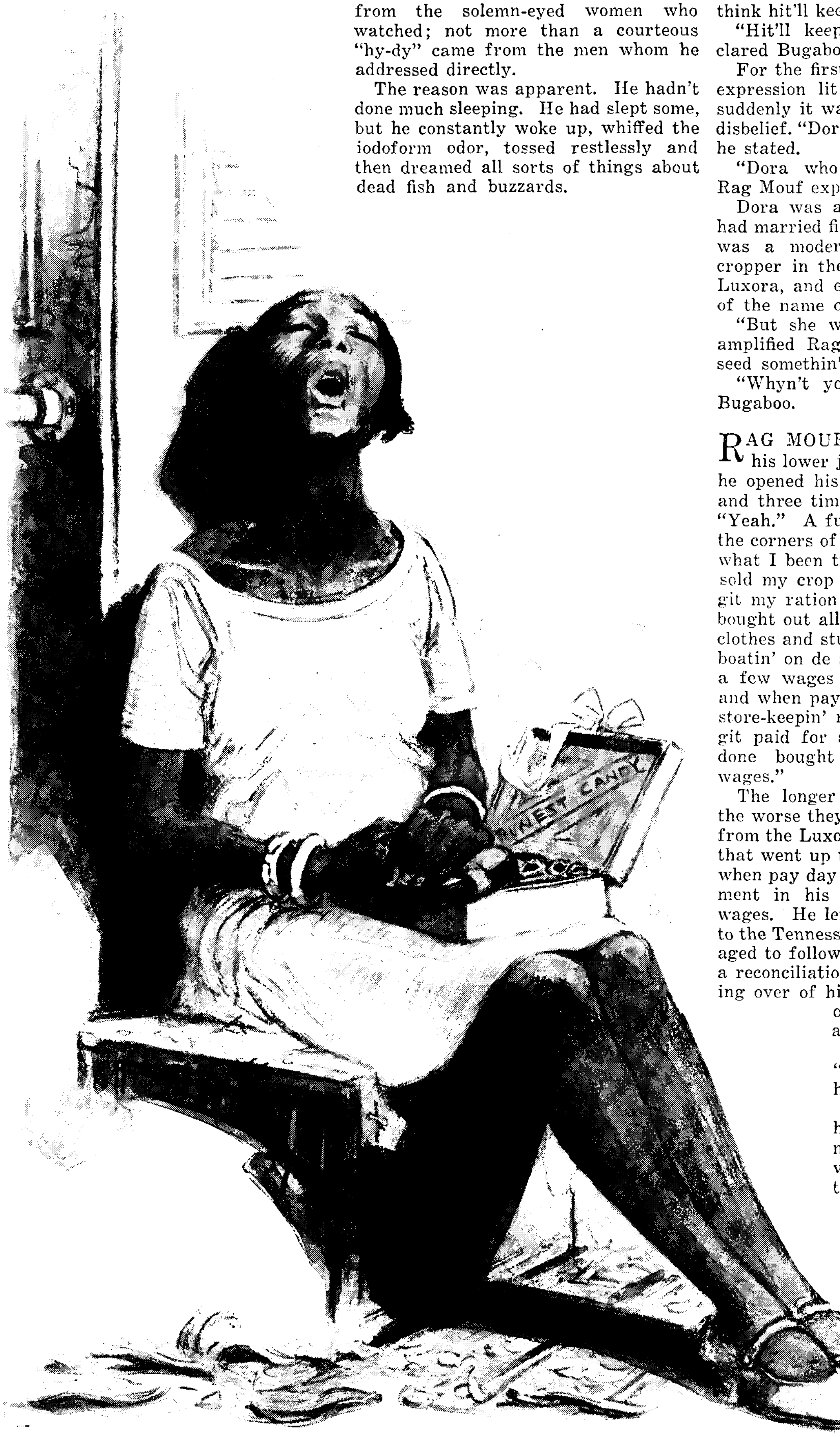
"You wear dat stuff for luck, hunh, Rag Mouf?" Bugaboo took up the conversation where he had left it, nearly six hours before. "You don't look like hit's bringin' you much luck, son. You ain't hardly got no seat left in de seat er yo' pants. What kind er luck dat stuff jue to bring you?"

"Woman luck," Rag Mouf said sadly, helplessly.

"Unh!" grunted Bugaboo, and he resumed his sugar toting.

AT BATON ROUGE the next day noon Bugaboo worked listlessly with his freight-toting. His step lacked the elasticity that attracted the notice of the women-folks at the landings and his smartest remarks lacked the audacious glibness that would set them a-giggling. Not a friendly response could he drag from the solemn-eyed women who watched; not more than a courteous "hy-dy" came from the men whom he addressed directly.

The reason was apparent. He hadn't done much sleeping. He had slept some, but he constantly woke up, whiffed the iodoform odor, tossed restlessly and then dreamed all sorts of things about dead fish and buzzards.



After Baton Rouge he tried sleeping again. He dozed off easily enough, but awoke with iodoform in his nostrils and the sad, bedraggled Rag Mouf at his heels.

"Boy," he exclaimed, "whyn't you take dat thing off'n you?"

"Nawp," said Rag Mouf, positively. "Hit might work. De white man in de drug store say for me to wear hit and I'm gonter."

"You fool!" Bugaboo was losing patience. "Dat white man jest tuck yo' money—"

"Nawp," denied Rag Mouf, "he gived hit to me, when I axed—"

"Well," concluded Bugaboo, "hit ain't gonter bring you no luck wid a woman. Hit stinks too bad. A polecat wouldn't come 'round you, let alone a woman!"

Rag Mouf's eyes brightened with the light of hope. "You think hit'll keep a woman away?"

"Hit'll keep a buzzard away," declared Bugaboo.

For the first time in years a hopeful expression lit Rag Mouf's face. But suddenly it was replaced by one of sad disbelief. "Dora, she worse'n a buzzard," he stated.

"Dora who?" Bugaboo asked, and Rag Mouf explained.

Dora was a woman that Rag Mouf had married five years before. He then was a moderately prosperous sharecropper in the Arkansas bottoms near Luxora, and enjoyed the respectability of the name of Archie Doaks.

"But she was jest like a monkey," amplified Rag Mouf. "Ev'y time she seed somethin' she wanted hit."

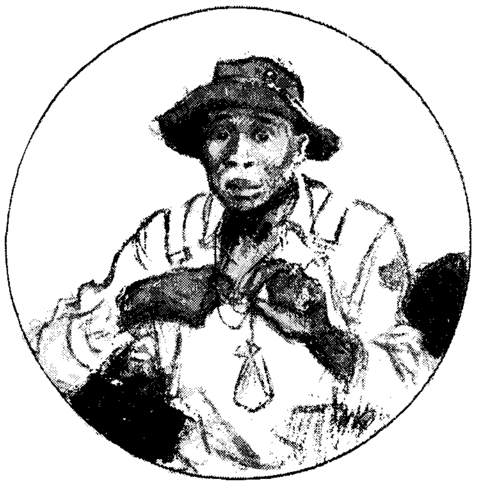
"Whyn't you quit her?" suggested Bugaboo.

RAG MOUF'S shoulders wilted and his lower jaw dropped. Three times he opened his mouth to say something and three times he closed it. Finally: "Yeah." A futile little smile played at the corners of his big mouth. "Dat jest what I been tryin' to do, ev'y since. I sold my crop dat fall, but before I c'd git my ration debts paid she had done bought out all my credik she c'd git on clothes and stuff. Den I tuck to steamboatin' on de side to see c'd I make me a few wages to pay for dem clothes, and when pay day come she had a new store-keepin' man wid his hand out to git paid for some more stuff she has done bought agin my steamboatin' wages."

The longer the details poured out, the worse they became. He had shifted from the Luxora-Memphis run to a boat that went up the Arkansas River. But when pay day came he found a garnishment in his envelope instead of his wages. He left Arkansas and cut east to the Tennessee River. But Dora managed to follow him and talked him into a reconciliation that involved the handing over of his wages there. He tried other rivers, but Dora was always on hand at pay day.

Bugaboo was astounded. "Whyn't you whup her?" he demanded.

Rag Mouf shook his head sadly, opened his mouth and pointed to four vacant places among his teeth. "See dem?" he asked. "I smacked her down one time up in Argenta, and two er her men friends jumped on me and tromped my face so hard dat dem teef got lost out."



He pulled out a greasy tobacco sack and displayed it solemnly

"Dat's bad," agreed Bugaboo.

"Wa'n't so bad as ef'n hit had been in Memphis," he stated. 'Memphis is bad on anybody. She'd a had me jailed for a vag'ancy in Memphis ef'n I had done dat. You gits sixty days for nothin' in Memphis. All you got to do is jest nothin—"

"So," interrupted Bugaboo, "you rambles around, tryin' to git shut er her?"

Rag Mouf was not certain. "I jest rambles," he stated. "But hit ain't no need in tryin' to git shut er Dora. De fust time I runned out'n New 'Leens she was waitin' for me in Vicksburg. Dat was on de Oliver. I told her hit wa'n't no 'taters, 'cause pay day wouldn't be to I gits back to New 'Leens. But she got a job maidin' on de boat, and by de time us gits to New 'Leens she had done tawked me out'n pay day.

"Some time she gits a steamboatin' job and rides wid me and some time she stay in town and spend my wages. But hit ain't no need to try to out-ramble her. She gonter be right at pay day ev'y time." He stuck his hand into his shirt front and fingered the iodoform bag, but not hopefully.

Bugaboo considered the story gravely. Finally he announced his solemn opinion: "Boy," he said, "you got troubles."

"Yeah," agreed Rag Mouf. "I got troubles." He looked about him sadly. "She in New 'Leens now. She think I runned out on de Andes Sadday instid er de Grace. But when de Andes gits in Chuesday and she don't see no pay day, well, she gonter figger I'm mad at her and den she gonter find out I'm on de Grace. So she gonter come up de river somewhars to meet me, and den sweet-tawk me to she git all er my wages agin. I wish she wouldn't devil me like dat. I kind er likes dis Grace boat. I likes de six-day run, and I likes de mate, and I likes you, and I—"

SLEEP was pressing heavily upon Bugaboo's soul, and he wandered off, abruptly, hoping to escape the iodoform odor. But it was impossible. Even though Rag Mouf did not follow him, the iodoform did.

Suddenly he came to a decision, and he returned to where Rag Mouf was sitting, plunged in sadness.

"Boy," he stated, direct and to the point, "I'm sleepy and I can't catch me no sleep wid dat loud-smellin' stuff on you."

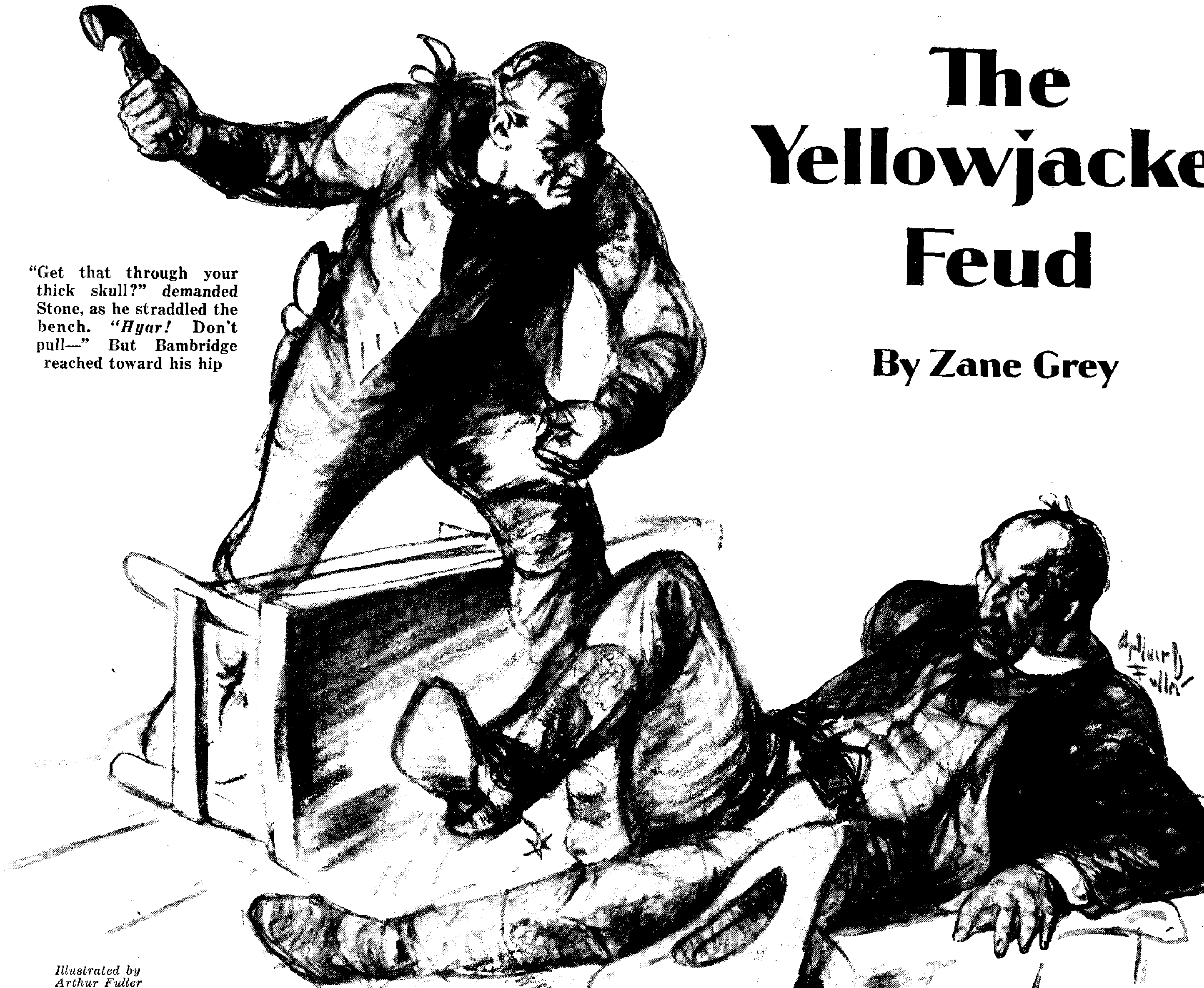
"I can't hardly sleep none, too," Rag Mouf admitted. "Hit *do* stink."

"I'm gonter tell you what I'm gonter do," bargained Bugaboo. "You take dat thing off and chunk hit in de river. Den you take off yo' clothes and chunk dem in. Den

(*Continued on page 57*)

The Yellowjacket Feud

By Zane Grey



"Get that through your thick skull?" demanded Stone, as he straddled the bench. *"Hyar! Don't pull—"* But Bambridge reached toward his hip

Illustrated by Arthur Fuller

VIII

The Story Thus Far:

GLORIANA TRAFT'S fiancé, Ed Darnell, steals some money and disappears. To escape the inevitable gossip, "Glory" goes to Arizona to visit her wealthy uncle, old Jim Traft, a cattle king. Arrived in Flagerstown, where the Trafts live, she finds her brother—young Jim Traft, leader of her uncle's men, the Diamond Outfit—engaged to Molly Dunn, a charming but illiterate girl.

The Hash Knife Outfit, a gang of outlaws, is stealing cattle from the Traft ranch—the Yellowjacket—and selling them through one Bambridge, an unscrupulous ranchman. Determined to stop the stealing, Jim gives Bambridge a beating and offers Jed Stone, leader of the Hash-Knifers, the alternative of taking $10,000 and leaving the Yellowjacket peaceably, or of being forced to leave. Stone declines the money, but promises to leave. . . . At this junction Darnell arrives, goes to work for Bambridge, and terrifies Glory with threats; Molly, feeling that she isn't good enough for Jim, breaks her engagement, and, ignorant of Darnell's true character, goes to two dances with him. At the second, he insults her, and Jim finally persuades her to marry him.

Curly Prentis (a fine young cowboy, who is in love with Glory) goes after Darnell, proves that the Easterner cheats at cards, and orders him to leave town. On visiting the Yellowjacket ranch, Jim and his men find that a cabin they have been erecting has been burned by the Hash-Knifers, who, instead of leaving the vicinity, are encamped a few miles away.

Gathered around the rebuilt cabin one day, Traft's men hear a shot. Presently Slinger Dunn, Molly's brother, walks up. He has, he says, found Sonora, a villainous member of the Hash Knife gang, "drawing a bead" on young Jim, from the top of a near-by cliff. Slinger fires. Sonora is dead. . . . What will the Hash-Knifers do?

JED STONE regarded his Texas confederate with a long unsmiling stare of comprehension.

"Shore, Jed," repeated Pecos, "you're goin' to draw on Croak one of these days. You cain't help yourself. . . . I'd done it myself if I hadn't been afeered of him."

"Pecos, you tell me that?" queried Stone, harshly. "You know then? He's got you beat on the draw? You're not hankerin' to *see?*"

"Not a damn hanker, Jed," drawled Pecos. "I'd shore like to see him *daid*—the crooked little rattlesnake, but I still love life."

"Ahuh. . . . An' thet's why you're leavin' the Hash Knife?"

"Not by a long shot, Jed. I'd gone with Anderson but for you. An' I'd gone when Malloy killed thet cowboy Reed, who throwed in with us. But I stuck on hopin' Malloy had spit out his poison. I'm goin' because I reckon the Hash Knife is done. Don't you know thet, too, Jed?"

"Hell! If we are done what an' who has done us?"

"Reckon you needn't ask. You know. Malloy was the one who took up Bambridge. Arizona will never stand a cattle thief like Bambridge. She shore hates him most as bad as Texas. It's Bambridge's pretense of bein' honest while makin' his big cattle deals thet riles Jim Traft an' other ranchers who are the real thing. Mark my words: Bambridge won't see out this summer."

"Huh! If he doesn't fork over the ten thousand he owes me he shore won't, you can gamble on thet," returned Stone.

"Wal, all those deals thet have brought us up lately were instigated by Bambridge. Runnin' off the Diamond brand up at Yellowjacket an' shippin' the stock from Winslow—of all the damn fool deals that was the worst. We could have gone on for years heah, appropriatin' a few steers now an' then, an' livin' easy. No, Malloy has done us. These last tricks of his—they make me sick an' sore."

"You mean thet cattle drive in April, without me knowin'?"

"Not thet particular. I mean buildin' this heah cabin, fer one thing. Shore it's a fort. An' only twenty miles from Yellowjacket!"

"HA! HA! Croak runs up this cabin, he said, because he liked the view down over the brakes, an' the wall of the Mogollons, standin' away there so beautiful."

"Wal, I ain't gainsayin' the view. But to take Malloy serious, except regardin' life an' death, is sheer nonsense. He aims to hang on heah whether you like it or not."

"Mebbe he will hang—an' from a rope," muttered the outlaw.

"Not Croak Malloy! He'll die with his boots on, sober an' shootin'. Don't have vain hopes, Jed. . . . Malloy will run the Hash Knife—an' run it to hell. Take for instance these two hombres he's lately rung in on us. Just a couple of town rowdies, drinkin' up what they steal. No stuff for the Hash Knife!"

"I had the same hunch when I seen them," said Stone, pacing to and fro.

"Wal, heah's Lang an' Madden, both scared of Croak, an' they'd double-cross you any day. An' Sonora, he's Croak's man, as you know. Right now, Jed, the Hash Knife, outside of you an' me, is done."

"I reckon so. It's been keepin' me awake nights."

"Wal, then, shake the onery outfit an' come away with me?"

"Where you goin', Pecos?"

"Reckon I'll lay low fer a spell."

"Shore. But where? I want to know."

"Jed, I'll ride straight for the haid of the Little Colorado. I told you I had word last fall from an old Texas pard who's layin' low up there."

"Uh-huh. Pecos, have you got any money?"

"Shore. Malloy hasn't won all I had."

Stone turned with a jerk of decision. "All right, Pecos, if I don't join you up there before the snow flies you can reckon Malloy's done fer *me* as he has fer the Hash Knife."

"Jed, shore there's no call fer you to risk an even break with Croak," said the Texan, gravely. "He's *no* square gunman. He'd have murdered young Traft over there at Yellowjacket thet day."

"Yes, I remember. An' my kickin' his gun up made him hate me. . . . Honest to Gawd, Pecos, the only reason I'd ever risk an

(*Continued on page 62*)

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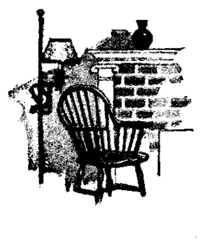

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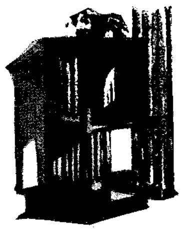

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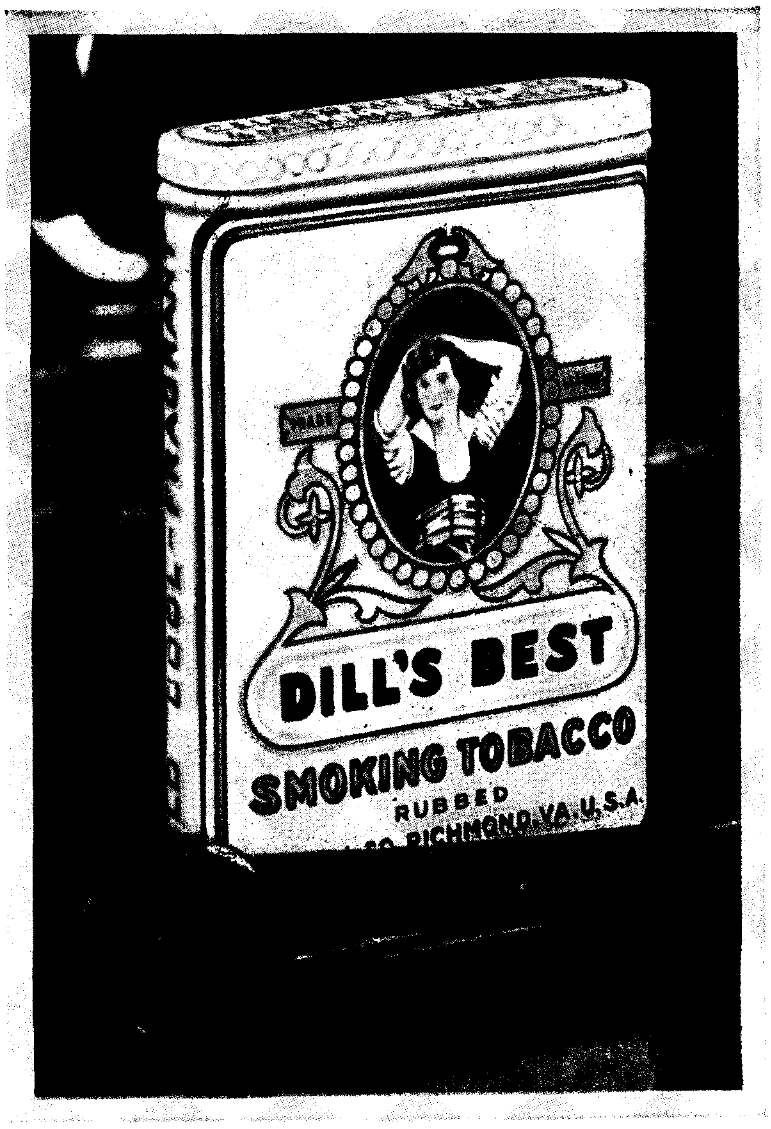
Every day more pipe smokers pass the good word

NO STEMS IN DILL'S BEST—ONLY ALL-CLEAR LEAF—A BASIC DILL PRINCIPLE—SINCE 1848

Dill's Best is America's Best



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Real tobacco taste and fragrance are stored by Mother Nature in the blade of the tobacco leaf—not in the *stem.* The tough, wood-like stem merely carries the sap to the blade, storing up none of the flavor itself. Stems in smoking tobacco are harsh, fast-burning and destructive of the delicate natural-tobacco taste and fragrance found at its best in the blade.

There are *no stems in Dill's Best.* The stems are removed—by hand—painstakingly—one leaf at a time. This involves discarding about a pound of stems from each three pounds of leaf bought from the planters. Thus, in Dill's Best, you get all that choice, all-clear tobacco has to give—in smoke-taste, coolness and fragrance. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

15¢

AND A PIPEFUL LASTS LONGER

SINCE 1848

Dill's Best

TOBACCO

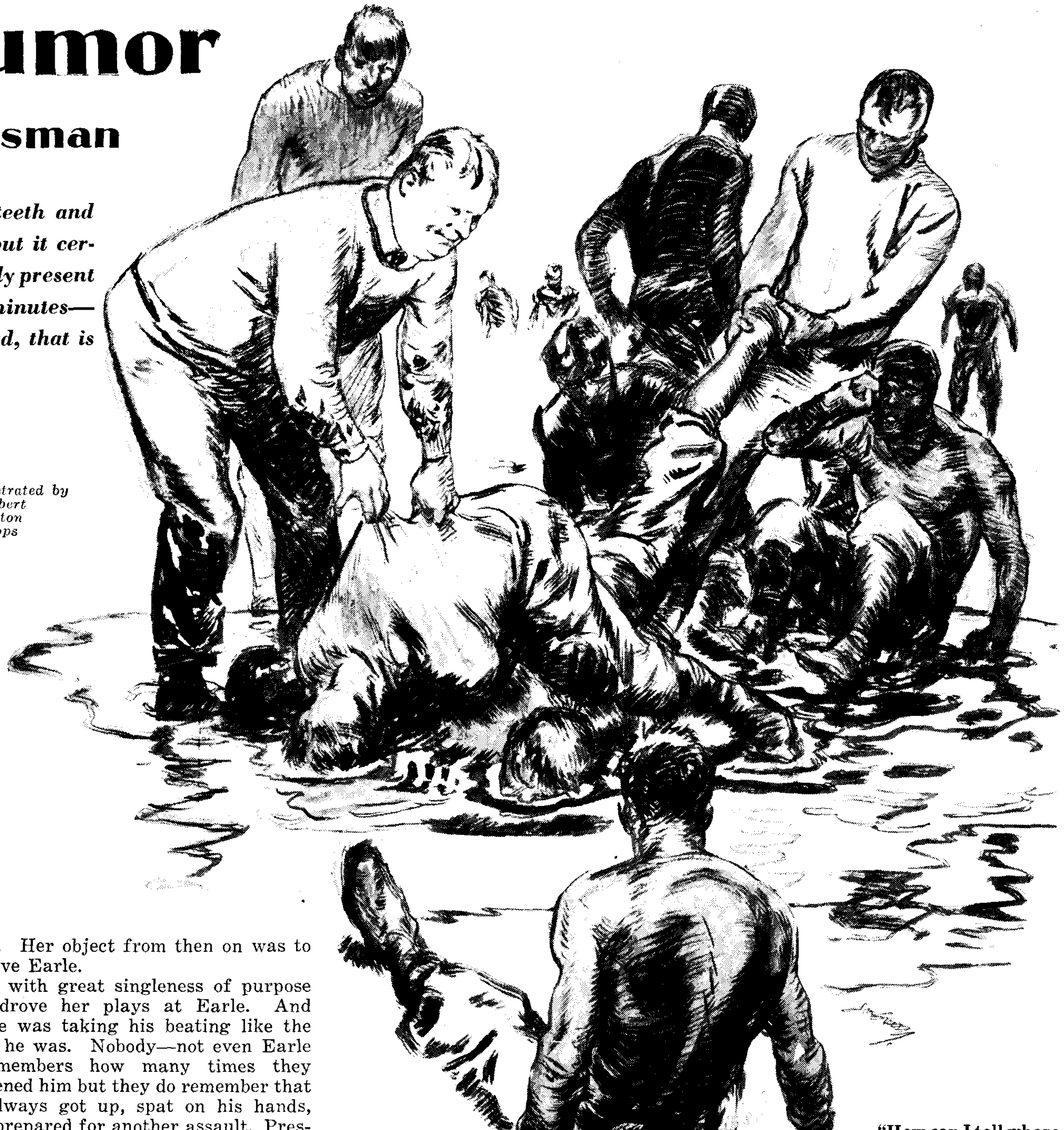
AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND ESTABLISHED 1848

Rough Humor

By John W. Heisman

The poor lad lost a few teeth and had several ribs ruined, but it certainly was funny. Everybody present roared merrily for five minutes—everybody but the poor lad, that is

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops



"How can I tell whose ball?" Big Bill demanded. "Get me a trowel. I've got to disinter this man and have him identified"

MARS HILL COLLEGE exists modestly near Asheville, North Carolina. Football is played there with terrific enthusiasm; but it's a small school which has adopted none of the occasionally questionable methods other colleges have resorted to in the interest of powerful football teams. In other words Mars Hill plays them if she has them but trusts to luck to get them.

In 1923 there came to her a raw-boned youth named Earle Watson. Earle had come down from the hills to absorb all the education the place offered and was not hot to win glory between the goal posts. Yet when Coach Roberts looked about himself that fall a bit frantically for material and besought Earle to try his feet and shoulders at the noble game, the lad consented.

Earle had never played football but was willing to oblige. He had had about one week's instruction when Mars Hill met Maryville College. As a football game it was hardly worth mentioning. Maryville proceeded at once to ruin Mars Hill with such thoroughness that before the second quarter had ended Roberts had used up all his substitutes and only one Mars Hill warrior remained of the original team—Earle Watson.

For the Sake of the Game

So sparse was Roberts' material, too, that substitutions hadn't been made until a regular had been rendered completely useless. And now the time had arrived when there was nothing remaining to do but play with ten substitutes and Earle.

Maryville seemed a bit offended that Earle should have withstood her onslaught. The score was such that she had no further need to worry about winning. Her object from then on was to remove Earle.

So with great singleness of purpose she drove her plays at Earle. And Earle was taking his beating like the hero he was. Nobody—not even Earle—remembers how many times they flattened him but they do remember that he always got up, spat on his hands, and prepared for another assault. Presently even Earle tired of it. The Maryville quarterback was calling the signals and Earle recognized them.

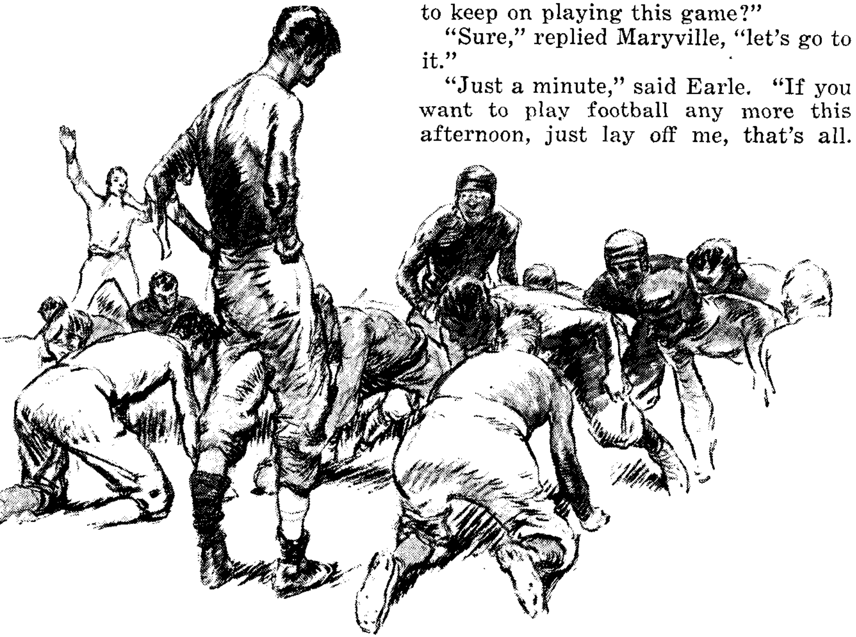
"Just a minute," he sighed, straightening up in the line.

Time was called.

"Before this goes any farther," said he quietly, "I got a few words to say. From what I have seen of you boys from Maryville you all like powerfully to play this game. Yessir, I can see that by the way you been acting. Now what I want to ask is: Do you all want to keep on playing this game?"

"Sure," replied Maryville, "let's go to it."

"Just a minute," said Earle. "If you want to play football any more this afternoon, just lay off me, that's all. Just about one more trampling is going to mean I have played all the football I got today and as we-all are all out of substitutes that's going to leave us with ten men and ten men don't make a team, so the game's over. That's all. Just suit yourselves, gentlemen."



"Just a minute," said Earle, straightening. "If you want to play football any more this afternoon, lay off me, that's all"

Earle crouched. Maryville consulted, then punted. She spent the rest of the afternoon punting and letting Mars Hill have the ball.

The best of football players get like that now and then. There comes a time in all gridiron careers when men feel that the battering might beneficially be distributed a little. I might cite Rice of Mercer College to illustrate.

In 1924 the University of Florida had one of the best teams in the country—as she had last year—but to everybody's surprise Mercer played her flat-footed and was leading 10 to 0 in the last quarter.

Kid Cecil, Mercer's quarterback, thereat decided to take no further chances. Thereafter he was going to call signals with just one object in view—to preserve the score as it was. His best ground gainer was Rice. No passes, tricks, wild end running or unnecessary kicks for Mercer. Just hold on to the ball as long as possible and keep all ears cocked for the final whistle.

Slowly, three times in succession, he called upon Rice to take the ball and crack Florida's line. But oddly enough he always called upon Rice to crash into Samson Goldstein, Florida's gigantic guard. Better teams than Mercer had tried to ride over Goldstein and had learned how silly that was.

Too Much is Enough

After the third go at Goldstein with no mileage to show for it, Rice arose slowly to a sitting position, wiped the mud from his eyes and blood from his nose and then spoke:

"Kid," said he peevishly, "just what in hell have you got in mind anyway?"

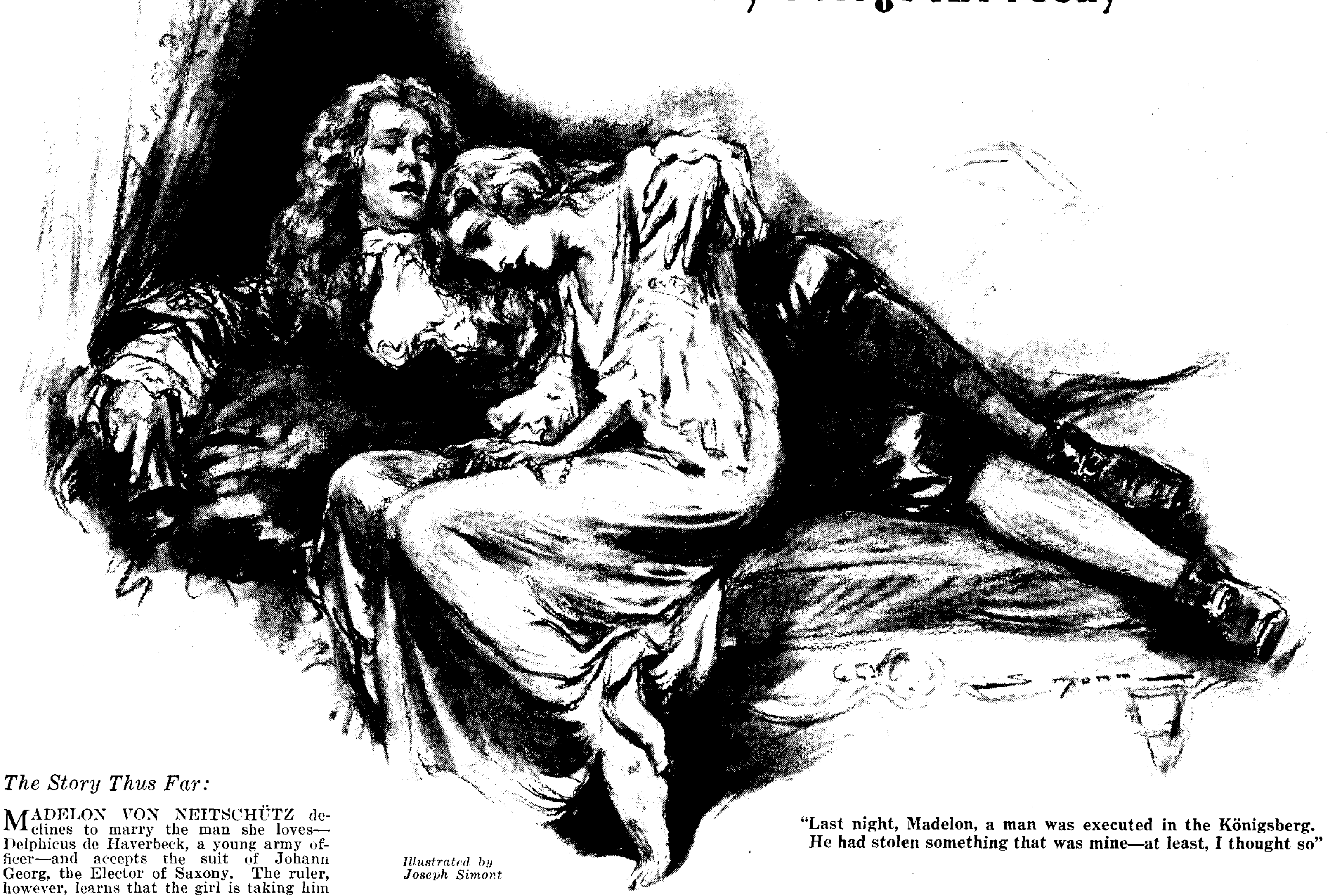
"Me?" inquired Cecil. "Oh, that's all O. K., boy—that's all O. K. I wasn't expecting you to gain much. I was just killing a little time."

"Yeah?" said Rice. "Well, listen, stick to killing time, will you? This Goldstein is killing me. What you got against me?"

It's not the (*Continued on page 47*)

The Prince's Darling

By George R. Preedy



"Last night, Madelon, a man was executed in the Königsberg. He had stolen something that was mine—at least, I thought so"

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

The Story Thus Far:

MADELON VON NEITSCHÜTZ declines to marry the man she loves—Delphicus de Haverbeck, a young army officer—and accepts the suit of Johann Georg, the Elector of Saxony. The ruler, however, learns that the girl is taking him merely to save her family from poverty, and avenges himself by marrying another woman and forcing Madelon to become his mistress.

At the Elector's Court, in Dresden, Madelon—now known as the "Countess de Rocklitz"—becomes a power. De Haverbeck, who has gone to Vienna, wins fame as a military genius, and is made a marshal. Still adoring him, Madelon contrives to have him sent to Dresden, and implores him to flee with her, only to be met with stern refusals.

Count Stürm, Minister of State for Saxony, schemes to ruin the von Neitschütz family. Working with spies, he weaves a web of lies and guesses around Madelon and De Haverbeck; after which, he has the young soldier arrested and thrown into the Königsberg, an ancient prison. He then tells Johann Georg of the situation, and the ruler, infuriated, rushes to De Haverbeck's cell, where he informs the prisoner that Madelon has confessed everything—and that it was she who ordered the arrest!

It is Stürm's intention to get De Haverbeck out of the way, until he can bring about the downfall of Madelon. But Johann Georg, secretly, gives orders for the execution of the prisoner, who, led to believe that Madelon has instigated his murder, writes a letter to the girl, in which (for the first time since his arrival in Dresden) he confesses his love for her. This letter a Lutheran pastor, sent to administer the last rites, promises to deliver to Madelon. . . . The executioners appear. But the governor of the prison, taking pity on him, permits De Haverbeck to kill himself.

Meanwhile, Madelon's former governess, Françoise de Rosny, and the dissolute Baroness von Ilten—for years suspected of witchcraft—have "confessed," when put to the torture, that the von Neitschützes are plotting to bewitch the Elector into marriage with Madelon. . . . De Haverbeck dead, Johann Georg goes to Stürm and tells him the whole ghastly story; and the old Count, profoundly shocked, directs that Captain Falaiseau, of the Guards, escort the body of the warrior to the border, and there announce that De Haverbeck has died on the journey.

XI

UNDER a full moon, shining from the very zenith of the cold heavens, a coach rapidly left Dresden and rolled over the great post road toward the frontier. The arms of Luneburg-Haverbeck were on the side panels and the footmen and the outriders wore the imperial livery. It was escorted by a company of Saxon Life Guards; the commander of these, Captain Falaiseau, rode as a mark of respect close to the window of the Ambassador's carriage. Sometimes this soldier called a halt and, lifting the leathern curtain of the coach, appeared to hold a conversation with the occupant, asking if he would halt at Spandau, or if he would stop for refreshment at one of the several inns—and such like ordinary courtesies of the way. And each time he reported to the officers who rode nearest him that Marshal de Haverbeck was all for pressing onward. The doctor entered the coach during these halts, for, it was given out, the envoy was troubled with a heaviness of the spirits, an oppression of the heart.

"I BELIEVE," remarked Falaiseau, with an air of one who has a secret knowledge, or wishes it to be assumed that he has, "that there is something behind this quick traveling away from Dresden in the middle of the night, this hastening back to Vienna—perhaps the alliance is not so sure, as we all thought, eh?"

So he laughed and whispered with his companions, as the coach, with the four horses, the outriders and the escort of soldiers, went swiftly along the great post road under the high moon—toward Vienna.

The cavalcade reached the frontier, the station at Tetschen, in the second hour of dawn—as the cold, colorless April day broke about the quiet landscape.

Captain Falaiseau had all the necessary papers for the soldiers who came out of the lonely post house to challenge the travelers as a matter of form.

"I would not disturb His Excellency—I believe he is asleep," he remarked, peering over the collar of his mantle.

The officer in charge of the frontier station was not satisfied with that. He meant to do his duty and not to be overawed by Falaiseau. He had, too, a certain desire to see the great Marshal de Haverbeck, whose laurels had been burnished so brightly lately, and whose renown was a glory to his native Saxony. Therefore, with a lantern in his hand, for the daylight was yet uncertain, he went to the coach door and bade a groom open it, and looked inside respectfully and eagerly. It appeared to be true, what Captain Falaiseau had said, that the Marshal, exhausted no doubt by the strenuous business he had undertaken in Dresden, and traveling thus throughout the night, had fallen asleep. In admiration and curiosity the young officer peered at the imperial envoy.

He was propped on a traveling cushion in a corner of the coach, his dark fur mantle was wrapped close up to his chin, so that his throat and bosom and indeed his whole person were completely covered. Only a thin white line showed where his muslin cravat separated his face from his cloak. One of his hands lay on the seat, covered with a fringed glove; his sword, a pair of pistols and a small dagger with a Turkish-shaped handle of jade and rubies also lay along the seat not far from his outstretched hand. He wore a broad-leafed hat pulled well over his face.

THE officer could perceive the dark slanting eyebrows, the heavy fringe of his black lashes. The eyes were closed. His complexion was of an unhealthy tinge, and his lips strained and colorless; oddly, there was a box of sponges on the floor and some folded napkins; a surgeon's equipment.

"Do not disturb him," commanded Falaiseau, sternly gazing over the young man's shoulder.

Uneasily the officer replied:

"His Excellency does not look well, yet he sleeps heavily."

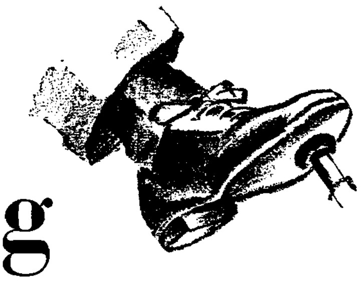
"He has not," replied Falaiseau grimly, "been very well of late; he has his doctor in close attendance. Those old wounds in his breast, you know, have been troubling him."

"We must get on our way," said Falaiseau. "Do not disturb the Marshal. He has been, I believe, many nights awake, and I daresay," he added, with a grim

(Continued on page 24)

G-ARR-R-★
★ -m-Ph!
Harr mg
URR RG!
UR!! ★

Your starter warns you, "beware of cold-stiffened oil"



A cold-weather warning

This is the time of the year when cold-stiffened oil can quickly steal the first year feel in your engine. After your engine has been standing in the cold garage all night, much of the oil on the pistons and cylinder walls has drained down into the crankcase. How quickly the oil can reach them again, depends on whether or not you use the correct grade of oil *for this time of the year.*

When your engine feels stiff in starting, remember that the load you so definitely notice on the starter, is transferred to the engine as soon as it begins to turn over. With incorrect oil in the crankcase, the first few moments of starting and running give your engine more destructive wear than many miles of ordinary driving.

Find your car in the chart at the right, and *today* have your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct grade of the New Mobiloil for cold weather use. Mobiloil engineers have studied every make and model of automobile engine in special cold weather laboratories and in northern countries. They were the first to point out the need for a special winter grade of oil, and the first to make it. Now these years of study and experience have resulted in the perfection of the new Mobiloil for cold weather use—better than ever before. The new Mobiloil Arctic flows easily in the coldest weather. It also maintains full lubricating value at the higher running temperatures, and *lasts for a longer time.*

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929		1928		1927		1926	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

Change to the New Mobiloil "CW" Gear Lubricant Now

You can further fortify your engine against the wear and strain of the cold winter months ahead by having your transmission and differential drained and refilled with the new Mobiloil "CW" Gear Lubricant. Many transmission and gear lubricants separate out in cold weather. Others tend to harden. The new Mobiloil "CW" always maintains its original composition and clings tenaciously to each gear tooth. This lightens the engine load and makes gear shifting easy in even the coldest weather.

the New Mobiloil

look, "he will be many nights asleep. I take him another half league, then return."

The officer saluted. He had given a formal and careless glance at the papers. The barriers were lifted up, the gates set apart, and the coach with its retinue of outriders, the escort of Saxon soldiers, took the post road toward Vienna.

The officer and the little group of soldiers, slapping their hands and their thighs in the keen air, watched this cortège disappear along the gray, wide road, between the bare vineyards, and the trees whose empty boughs were interlaced darkly against the paling sky.

MARSHAL VON NEITSCHÜTZ did not like the appearance affairs wore at the Residenzschloss. For many days he had not liked the look of Count Stürm. And now that minister was inaccessible; by no subterfuge or guile could he be induced to give an interview to the Chief of Army. Colt and Spanheim seemed embarrassed and confused, even anxious. The alliance was signed, but what would it be worth? It was Stürm and De Ritienac, the minister and the French Envoy, who had the air of triumph which should have belonged to their rivals; and ugly rumors had reached the ear of von Neitschütz.

He had heard that there was a warrant out for Françoise de Rosny. This seemed absurd; no one would dare—a word to the Elector would be sufficent to set her at liberty. But it was only a rumor. He could not discover if there were any foundation for it. Though he sent secret messengers down to the blank house in that ill-famed street, he got no satisfaction save that the two ladies were away in the country and might be any moment returned.

He began to find that Count Stürm's power and influence and cleverness were all far greater than his own, and that six months' domination in Dresden had not taught him all the divers secrets and complicated ways that were known only to Stürm—the minister who had been for nearly thirty years in office. On every hand he was baffled; he could get no news of anything.

He summoned his eldest son, Clement. But Clement was neither in the palace nor his residence. Has he, thought his wretched father, got wind of some misfortune and fled, without warning me or caring? It would be like Clement.

Casimir, easily at hand, knew nothing. He replied to his father's horrid doubts with imprecations. He was absolutely confident of Madelon and her hold on the Elector; he flouted all idea that Madame de Rosny might be arrested and thrust into the Königsberg, and if she had been what could she say—and whatever she said, who would listen?

"We could never," remarked Marshal von Neitschütz, grimly, "face a charge of witchcraft. There's some devil's mischief brewing. Where's De Haverbeck gone? And Stürm creeping about with a smile and De Ritienac's triumph, and our two friends, Colt and Spanheim, are bewildered—ill at ease."

"They've paid, haven't they?" asked Casimir. "You've pocketed the money and Madelon's got her pension assured her. The Elector's going to put his army into the field in the spring. Well, then, what more is there to alarm you?"

"That is what I should like to know," said Marshal von Neitschütz. "What more is there afoot? I have tried to find out but I'm baffled at every turn. Stürm's a slyer fiend than ever you and I counted on, Casimir."

"WE SHOULD have had *him* in the Königsberg," replied Casimir, with an oath, "and must yet."

"Stay with me today," asked his father somberly. "I may need your help."

Casimir was bound on a party of pleasure with some of his flatterers, on an estate which he had recently bought and which he had furnished with every extravagance. He rudely refused to listen to his father's stern pleading.

"Where's Clement?" demanded the wretched old man, after cursing his younger son for his feather-headed folly.

"How am I to know where Clement is? Looking after his own interests, you may be sure," sneered Casimir, adjusting his curls in a mirror he kept in his muff. "Why don't you go to Madelon? Madelon knows everything. She is much cleverer than I am."

His father stared at him with loathing. He then took him roughly by the shoulder and thrust him out of his room.

As the old man went heavily to his daughter's house he met one of the disreputable friends of his elder son—a man he had always detested, who seemed now to take some malicious pleasure in stopping him and telling him that Clement was already out of Dresden—by now over the frontier.

"Why are you telling me this?" interrupted Marshal von Neitschütz hoarsely; and it occurred to him that the fellow was speaking to him as if to a fallen and powerless man.

"I thought it might amuse you—it's all news of the day, is it not? Perhaps more diverting than what you will see in the Gazette."

The gentleman had stuck his fat unwholesome-looking face out of the sedan to give this information and was now carried on his way whistling.

The Marshal stood alone in the streets of Dresden, with his hand to his side.

Clement away! Clement over the frontier! Clement, who was always the coolest and most selfish, he who kept his head, and nosed about and found out things. What had Clement discovered to send him over the frontier? What did that odious man know, with his grinning waxy face, and his flaccid lips twisted in a sneer?

Marshal von Neitschütz hurried to his daughter's house. She was in her room and seemed calmer than yesterday, though surprised and somewhat perturbed at his entrance. She said that she had not seen the Elector since yesterday, and early in the day, before his interview with Count Stürm. She had sent a message to inquire after his health and heard that he was well enough, yet that he had had a disturbed night.

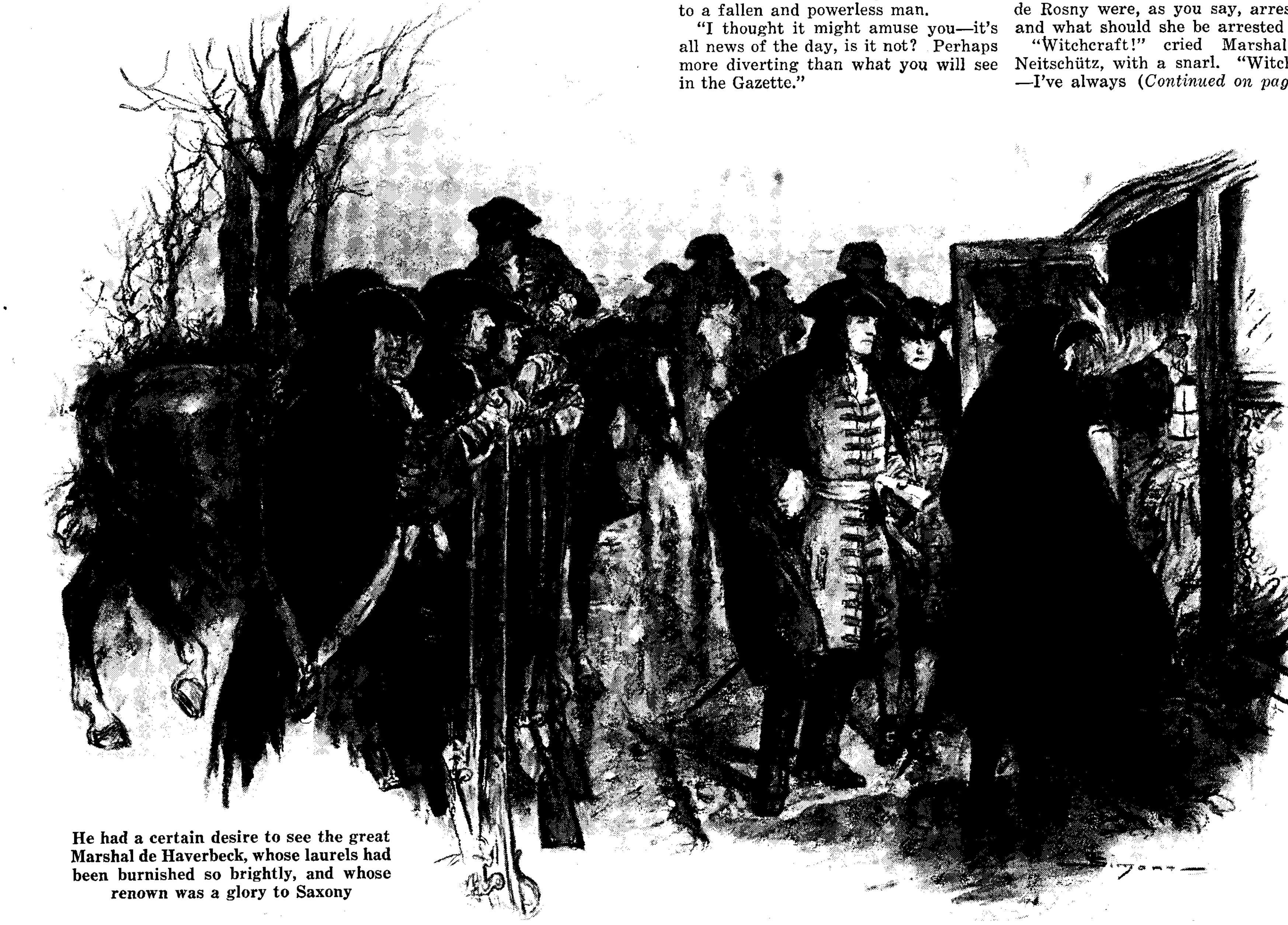
"It is not what I have heard," said Marshal von Neitschütz, biting his forefinger savagely. "There's many things happening that I don't care about at all, my girl. I'm hearing a great deal I don't care to hear. I can't say that I can put my finger on anything yet, but—"

"WHAT are you afraid of?" asked Madelon.

"I'm afraid of that woman De Rosny; and if they arrest her and make her say things; I've always been afraid of that. It was a deucedly confounded chance that sent her across our path and then sent her across that von Ilten's path."

"I don't know what you mean," said Madelon, carefully. "Even if Madame de Rosny were, as you say, arrested—and what should she be arrested for?"

"Witchcraft!" cried Marshal von Neitschütz, with a snarl. "Witchcraft—I've always (*Continued on page 40*)



He had a certain desire to see the great Marshal de Haverbeck, whose laurels had been burnished so brightly, and whose renown was a glory to Saxony

YOUR *REAL* BOSS WHOSE NAME IS X

X, symbolic of the powerful external forces that control modern business, can make or break your own career!

When X commands, "Do this"—you must do it or pay the penalty!

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Even as you read this, the X forces are at work. They are building up new markets and tearing down old ones. They are writing new rules of credit and canceling old limitations. They are establishing new production methods and scrapping millions of dollars worth of obsolete machinery. They are creating important executive jobs for alert men—and are retiring men with closed minds!

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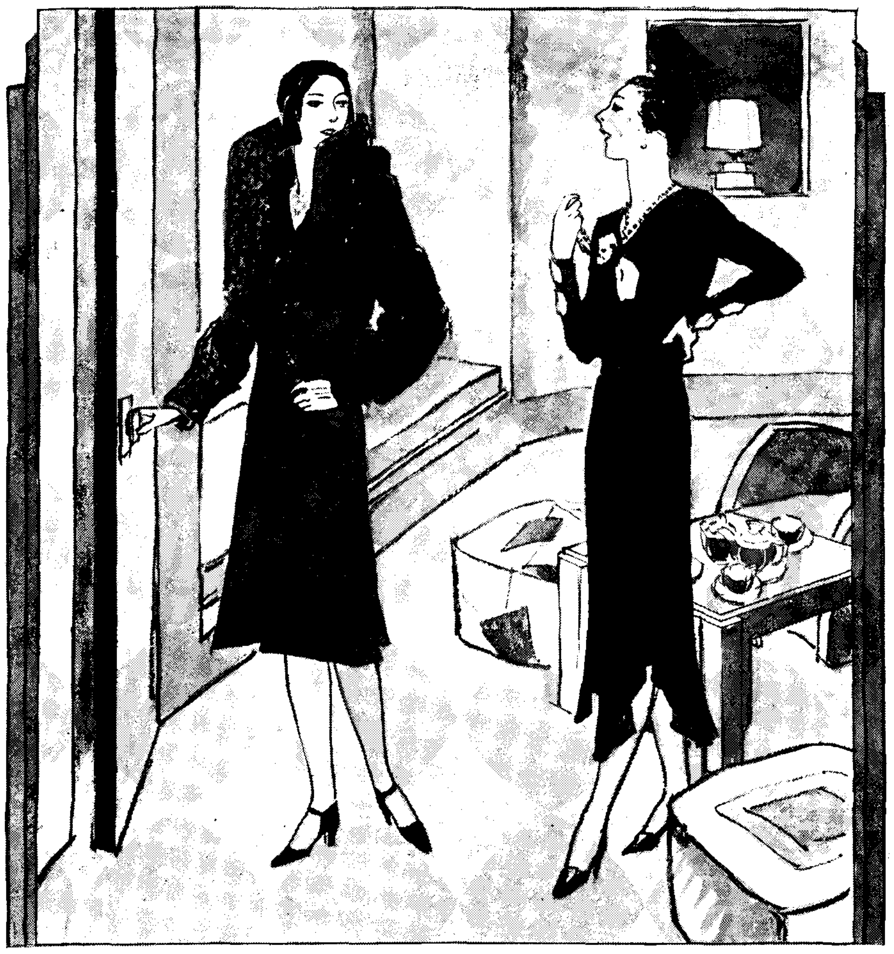
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

★ ★ ***More than 300,000 circulation*** . . **MERLE THORPE, *Editor*** ★ ★

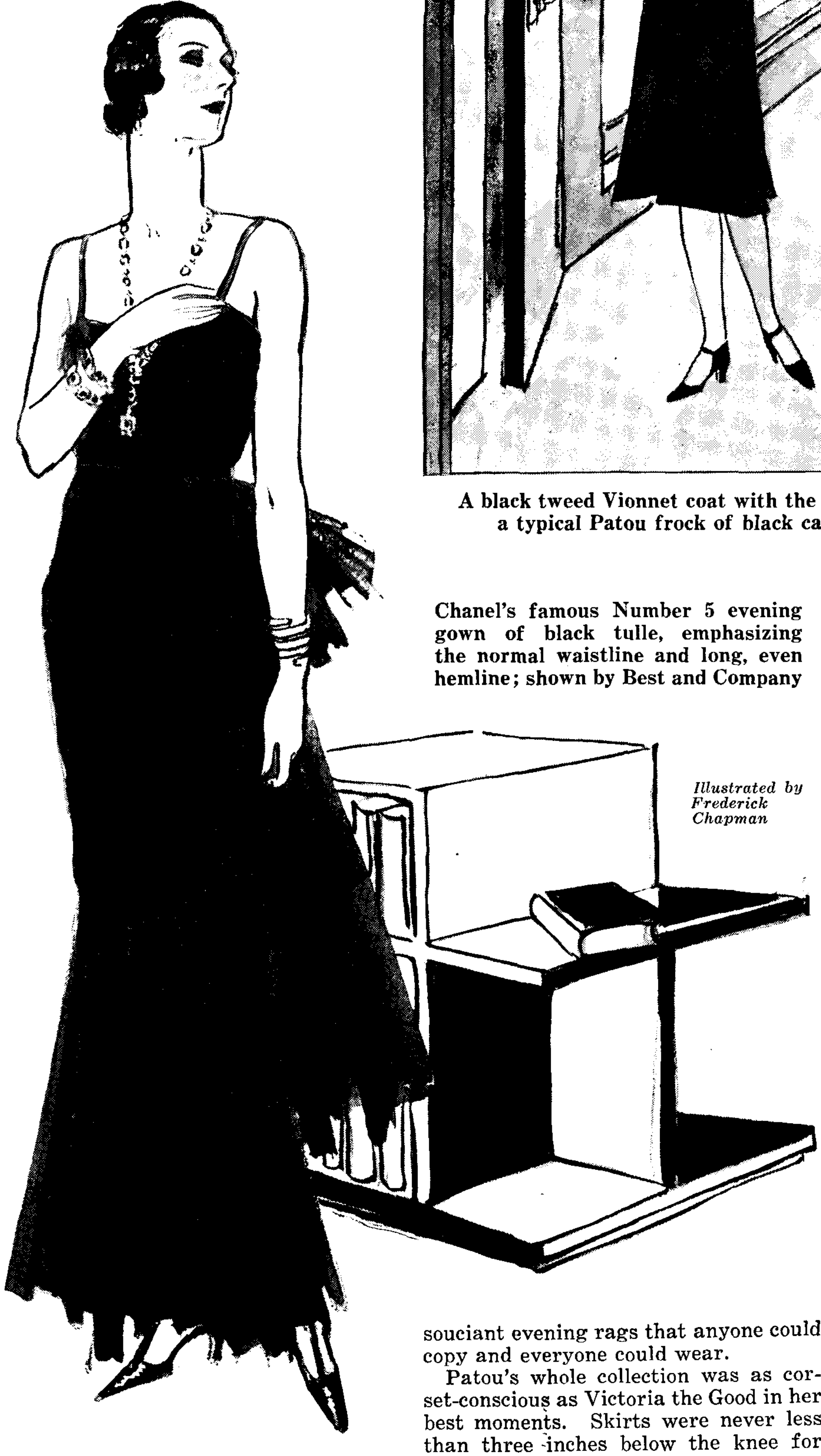
The Long and the Short of it

By Betty Thornley

It's going to be a fight to a finish—probably the finish of the abbreviated skirt and the subnormal waistline. Paris vs. New York; fickle French dressmakers striving with amazed American women. Choose your dearest ankle exit now



A black tweed Vionnet coat with the princesse flare, from Franklin Simon; a typical Patou frock of black canton crêpe, from Lord and Taylor



Chanel's famous Number 5 evening gown of black tulle, emphasizing the normal waistline and long, even hemline; shown by Best and Company

Illustrated by Frederick Chapman

AMERICA is divided into two great parties. Not the Republicans and the Democrats. Not even the Wets and the Drys. That's old stuff.

The new line-up concerns the Long-Waist-Short-Skirts and the Short-Waist-Long-Skirts. Their cleavage is so sharp you could cut a roll of bills with it.

The parties of the first part, the stand-patters, assert they have on their side comfort and beauty, since their pet long waist brought about the downfall of the corset and their dear short skirt made even Grandmother into a sweet young thing who danced the Charleston.

The second group, comprising the revolutionists, consider that we've had enough of safety first for all figures, good and bad—and quite too much of Grandmother's historic legs.

The great mass of the feminine public began by refusing to take sides. Waists a little higher, perhaps, but never so fitted as to demand real corseting. Skirts a little longer, if not to be avoided, but on no account so long as to be a nuisance.

But so fierce has been the fight, so loud the battle cries that a compromise position just doesn't get a lady anywhere. If she wants to be smart, she has to be a Short-Long. If she feels she has a mission but not a figure—if she likes the use of her legs and the look of them better than anything else—she remains defiantly with the Long-Shorts.

Shocking the Shock Troops

Those who were fashion-wise have seen it coming for quite a while. This spring most of the young things were trotting about trimly in tuck-in blouses, though, with few exceptions, they didn't adopt the longer skirt. The smart married set, on the the contrary, were the ones who sponsored added inches in their decorative afternoon chiffons.

Then summer came, and everybody went away to rush around in as little as possible.

Meanwhile—oh, what a sinister word!—Paris was working. All through those terrible days that fried the horse-chestnuts in the Bois, the *haute couture* toiled behind locked doors with shutters closed for fear a fashion cat-burglar should find out what was doing.

At last the openings came, with America's shock-troop buyers pouring in, all ready for a lot of good time and a little work as usual. The horrid surprise is almost too much to talk about. For these dear trusting souls to whom Paris had been so kind for years and years, were suddenly faced with clothes so new, so different that they hadn't the least idea whether the public would take them or not.

The smashing headlines came from Patou, formerly the well-beloved of the American manufacturer because everything he did was sure-fire for the American taste, and from Chanel, who for years and years had given us those adorable little-girl sports clothes, those insouciant evening rags that anyone could copy and everyone could wear.

Patou's whole collection was as corset-conscious as Victoria the Good in her best moments. Skirts were never less than three inches below the knee for sports wear and longer for the street. Four or five was the least allowed for the afternoon, preferably six. In the evening they were often full length in front and trailing in back.

Chanel took an even bigger risk. She had evening dresses to the ankle or down to the floor, even all round and completed with a brassière line at the top. The buyers pinched themselves—was it real? What they really wanted to do was to pinch Chanel. But when they got the new models home, wearable or not, they vied with Patou's creations as the sensation of the year.

Patou had put his new creed in writing, and everybody saw at once that it wasn't a mere matter of inches; it was a matter of attitude. The haughty aristocrat telling the proletariat to go to Russia.

"The models I create are destined, in my mind, to a fortunate restricted circle;" so went his pronouncement, "any formula that appeals to the crowd must, for that very reason, be weak and erroneous. The qualities of being precious and rare add to the beauty of things. That which can be copied and repeated in thousands loses all its value.

"In the future, at least I hope so, two distinct currents will form themselves. Fashion for the *élégante* who possesses a car and who can allow herself all the fantasies and even the exaggerations of the taste of the moment—and the practical, ordinary fashions of the general public."

Which, as you'll see, was a document to make the New Masses fairly burst its linotype. It might go in France, where classes are classes and masses are masses. But in America the smart little slip who pays $19.49 for a dress expects to get at least a pretty good echo of what cost five hundred and something to land.

It was up to the shock troops in Paris either to retire in order, having bought nothing in this new feeling, or to buy everything that was most significant and scheme out a way to do just what Monsieur Patou said they shouldn't—copy it by the thousand.

Let's Be Smart

Admittedly, some of them faltered. Nobody neglected the new movement altogether, but many of the returning boxes proved to contain nothing more exciting than compromise clothes. These had their uses, for plenty of women at home would want that very sort of thing. But it wasn't enough, not nearly.

So the falterers' employers got busy later on in America and bought copies on the new (*Continued on page 53*)

Ethyl is best for all seasons

SUMMER or winter, spring or fall, Ethyl will improve the performance of any car.

Cold weather with its snow and slush, heavy mud and wet sand, calls for the added power which only Ethyl Gasoline can deliver. The better control which Ethyl means under all driving conditions breeds that confidence which contributes so much to comfortable, pleasant and safer motoring.

Ethyl does this because it is gasoline *plus*. To good gasoline has been added Ethyl anti-knock fluid. It turns any gasoline into better gasoline and makes *any* car, whatever its type or age, give a better performance.

Start riding with Ethyl today. Let it remove the hardship from your winter driving. It is sold at pumps bearing the Ethyl emblem.

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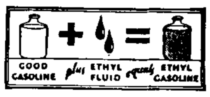

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The Rickard I Knew

As told by Joe Humphreys

Who would ever suspect hard-boiled, shrewd Tex, greatest sports promoter of all time, of being sentimental? Yet he tenderly preserved an old pair of straw-stuffed boxing gloves in a gold-mounted case because they had been worn by Bat Nelson, one of his disappointing favorites

For Rickard, the romance and glory of the fight game were epitomized in Jack Dempsey's flash and color. With Dempsey's fall, fighting became just a business

AT RINGSIDE during the first round of the fight between Terry McGovern and Jimmy Britt back in 1908 a stranger slapped me on the back. That was suspicious around a New York ring. The round was a hot one. Terry took a few on the chin that stirred him up, and sent him tearing into Britt for life, limb and a $14,000 gate—high mark for those days.

When my back was slapped I turned around from the corner where I was seconding Terry, felt where my pocketbook was, found it O. K., then bawled at the stranger:

"Sit down, cowboy!"

He wouldn't sit down.

"This McGovern's a jim dandy," he shouted. "Best fighter I ever seed."

Not satisfied with telling me, he yelled at McGovern between rounds. When the bout was over and Bat Masterson, old gambler and sports writer, introduced the stranger to McGovern, Terry blushed under armfuls of encomiums.

"Who is that guy?" I asked him.

"A bird named Rickard," said Terry, grinning coolly the way he always did in victory. "He comes from Nevada and he talks funny. Says I'm the best scrapper he ever seed when he means I'm the best he ever seen."

Terry liked to pick people up for their grammar. Terry had brains as well as a punch.

Rickard Gets an Idea

That meeting with Rickard was the beginning of a twenty-five-year friendship between us, although the first result was for me to forget about him completely. I put him down as a gaunt greenhorn lucky to be under the wing of Bat Masterson.

Yet that fight, the first big-league scrap Rickard ever saw, put ideas into his head.

Some months later I was in a tight spot financially—betting the wrong way on a gang of guys with cut-glass jaws: that was the white hope era when the world was roaring for a Nordic to wallop Jack Johnson. I walked to my hotel one chilly afternoon. That was a place to keep warm, and there was nothing else to do for a temporary pauper. The desk clerk called me over and showed me a telegram.

"Four dollars ninety cents, collect," he says.

He wouldn't let me have it until I'd raised the dough. The wire was from Goldfield, Nevada. I've got it yet. This is how it read:

CAN MAKE YOU OFFER OF THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A FIGHT TO A FINISH BETWEEN TERRY MCGOVERN AND JIMMY BRITT TO TAKE PLACE AT GOLDFIELD NEVADA WIRE ANSWER IMMEDIATELY

TEX RICKARD

If anything in boxing is historic that is, for it was Rickard's first bid for fame in sport.

But, to me, $4.90 made that wire a bum practical joke. At a telegraph desk I sent back a $6.00 wire collect to Mr. Rickard, reading in part:

I NEVER HEARD TELL OF YOU OR THE GOLD FIELDS OF NEVADA BUT I AM PERSONALLY ACQUAINTED WITH THE GREENFIELDS OF VIRGINIA MORRIS AND JAKE

And I thought that gave me the last laugh on this fellow Rickard. Then came the news out of San Francisco that Battling Nelson and Joe Gans had been matched for a lightweight championship finish fight. And the promoter was *this unknown Tex Rickard!*

Who's Crazy Now?

It was Terry McGovern brought me that news the night he was fighting an old rival. I can see little Terry now, in the dressing-room of the old East Side Club.

"Imagine!" he shouted in his high-pitched voice. "Joe Gans gets thoity thousand dollars, and he's half dead before he starts.

"Lord, I'd tear a wild tiger apart for thoity thousand dollars."

Naturally, I didn't tell Terry that through a misunderstanding he had lost that first fight to be promoted by Rickard. Wild or tame tiger, I didn't want to be torn apart.

Just about that time Sam Harris and I—both of us handling Terry—thought he was a bit queer in the head. I recall taking him to Professor Spitzger, a brain specialist, over at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Terry's skull had been pounded so much we figured it could stand examination. In this specialist's office, when I went to arrange matters, I'd observed three skulls on a mantelshelf. Professor Spitzger explained that the one to the left was the skull of Czolgosz, who assassinated McKinley; the one on the right the skull of Guiteau, who shot Garfield, and the skull in the middle belonged to a gorilla.

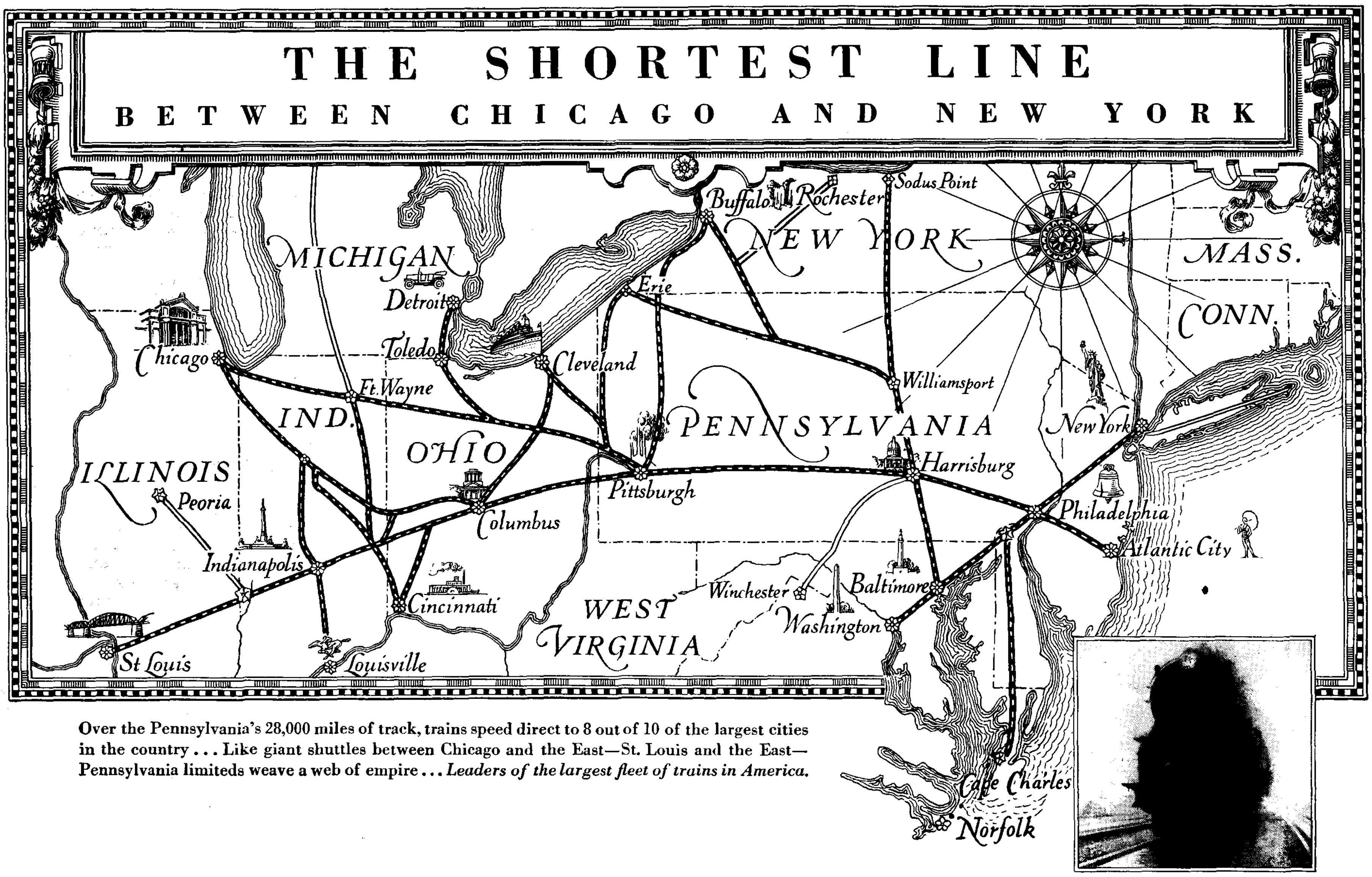
When I brought Terry up for his examination, the first things he saw were these skulls. He asked Dr. Spitzger about them.

"That one there," said the doc, "is the skull of Guiteau, who assassinated President Garfield; the one over there is the skull of Czolgosz, who assassinated President McKinley, and the one in the middle—"

"—is the skull," Terry interrupted, "of Flat-Nose Denny Ryan."

The professor frowned at me. "I think it's you," he said, "not your little friend, who

(*Continued on page 59*)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Erie
Buffalo
Rochester
Sodus Point
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Three 20-Hour Limiteds

WHETHER you wish to leave Chicago at 9.50 A. M. — 12 — or 2 P. M., you will find a Pennsylvania 20-hour train at your service . . . And these trains run on fastest schedules made between Chicago and New York.

For the special accommodation of travelers between these two great centers, the Pennsylvania Railroad has made recent extensive improvements in its service . . . There are now three 20-hour trains—four 20-hour 50-minute trains—three other trains daily . . . From 8 in the morning till 9 at night, a steady stream of fast Pennsylvania trains leaves Chicago for New York.

The three 20-hour trains are The Fast Mail, the Broadway Limited, and The Golden Arrow . . . Traveling the shortest line to New York, these trains have a margin of distance which means speed—*with comfort!*

From New York to Chicago likewise, there is a giant fleet of 11 Pennsylvania trains, led by three 20-hour Limiteds, leaving New York at 2—3—4—in the afternoon, and consisting of The Pennsylvania Limited, the Broadway Limited and The Golden Arrow—all luxuriously equipped, all on fastest schedules made.

Four 20-Hour 50-Minute Trains . . . Of this "secondary force" of fast Pennsylvania limiteds to New York, the new, popular, afternoon train, The Rainbow—leaving Chicago at 4 o'clock—has already shown itself one of the most convenient. Others are The Manhattan Limited, The Pennsylvania Limited and The Gotham Limited.

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Lv. Chicago—12.00 Noon . . . Ar. New York—9.00 A.M.
2 o'clock . . . THE GOLDEN ARROW
Lv. Chicago—2.00 P.M. . . . Ar. New York—11.00 A.M.
4 o'clock . . . THE RAINBOW
Lv. Chicago—4.00 P.M. . . . Ar. New York—1.50 P.M.

• • •

New York to Chicago

2 o'clock . . . THE PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED
Lv. New York—2.00 P.M. . . . Ar. Chicago—9.00 A.M.
3 o'clock . . . BROADWAY LIMITED
Lv. New York—3.00 P.M. . . . Ar. Chicago—10.00 A.M.
4 o'clock . . . THE GOLDEN ARROW
Lv. New York—4.00 P.M. . . . Ar. Chicago—11.00 A.M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

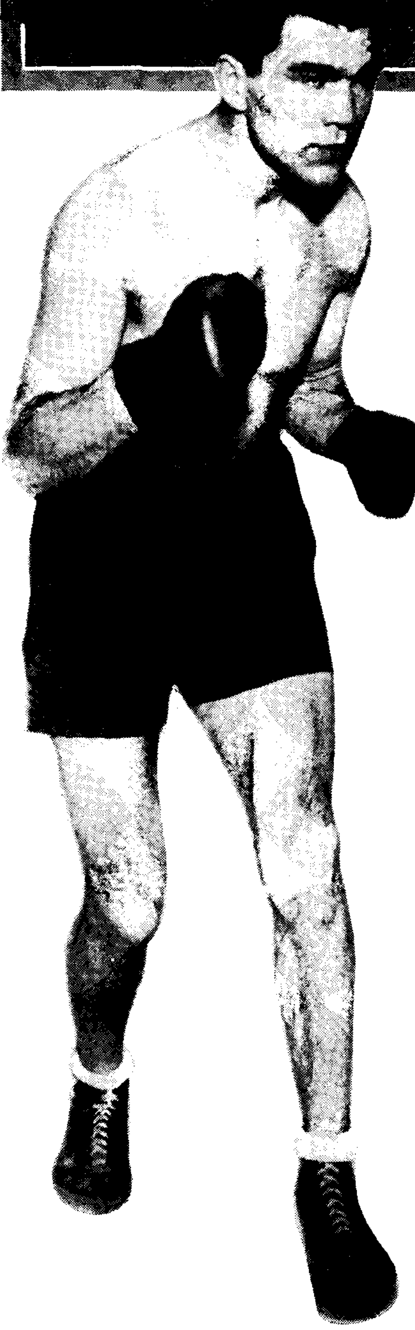
Carries more passengers, hauls more freight, than any other railroad in America

By Grantland Rice

Whatever your private opinion may be, somebody's got to be heavyweight champion. That's why Sharkey and Schmeling are going to fight—that and a matter of a little money

The He tery

Sharkey is a trifle bigger, a trifle faster and a better all-around boxer



Schmeling knocked out Risko, the rubber man, and mauled the Basque

WHEN Jack Sharkey suddenly charged in a few weeks ago and nailed Tommy Loughran between the eyes hard enough to scramble his brain, the Boston gob proved what a single punch can do when delivered at the psychological spot.

Up to this moment, with Schmeling tied up in managerial bowknots, the heavyweight situation had begun to look about as lively as a broken-down dray horse. If Sharkey and Loughran had stumbled through fifteen rounds to a close decision, the promoters would have had no other choice than to move Gene Tunney's vacated throne back to the attic and let the cobwebs cover it.

But that one punch that Sharkey exploded in the midst of Loughran's so-called classic features revived life in a moribund division of pugilism. It proved again that Sharkey is as good a heavyweight as he wants to be, and that the German Schmeling is in for a tough evening later on.

Using only one punch for the purpose, Sharkey has now lifted himself to the top of the ladder and Schmeling or Scott or someone else will have to drag him down before claiming the crown that Tunney threw away.

After topping a busy winter and spring by thumping and hammering Uzcudun, the Spaniard, all over the ring, the general dope was that Schmeling had a clear field for a heavyweight touchdown with no tacklers in sight. But about this time the German began to tie himself up into more managerial tangles than the Supreme Court could ever unravel and while he was back home under German skies Sharkey decided to step out and grab the great, white spotlight while the grabbing was good.

Schmeling had already proved he is a good, solid puncher by knocking out Risko, the rubber man, and by mauling the iron Basque completely out of shape.

When Sharkey also proved that he carried his share of high explosive whenever he wanted to use it, the idea of a Sharkey-Schmeling final brought a new interest and a keener turn back to a profession that was beginning to sag at the middle and both ends.

I happened to be within a few feet of Sharkey the night he suddenly rushed, compressed his lips, and threw a right at Loughran's head with everything he had. As Loughran collapsed, Sharkey's big body almost crashed through the ropes, full proof that he had put his entire weight back of that punch.

It was an entirely different punch from any that Schmeling had ever used, the German banking more on shorter swings and jabs. And this is what the crowd wanted to see after so many cream-puff merry-go-rounds.

It was Dempsey who had made the road harder for the heavyweights who followed him. For seven years he showed big crowds what a real thrill meant by his savage charging and his hard two-hand hitting. He proved that an aggressive attack, backed up with power, was worth $10,000,000 at the gate.

The fight crowd had about begun to give up all hope of any chance for excitement until Schmeling proved that he could hit and Sharkey threw a handful of hard leather at Loughran's head. It is only natural since that episode that Sharkey and Schmeling should come in for comparison. In case no outside event happens, to keep them apart, who ought to win on the night of their big production?

Sharkey tore into Wills, Maloney and Dempsey and he knew all three could hit. The Loughran fight was the first time in two years he had shown anything like his old aggressiveness. And he got a bigger kick out of that one punch than any ten people from the crowd. He danced around the ring, shadow-boxing and in other ways indicating that he was replete with joy and happiness.

On the Hun

It may be that, having recovered his lost taste and having discovered the keen pleasure in hitting someone on the chin, Sharkey will tear into Schmeling as he tore into Loughran. But Schmeling is no Loughran. He can hit you with either hand; he can also hurt. He is far more aggressive, bigger, stronger and about as fast.

Sharkey at his best ought to have something on the German. He is a trifle bigger, a trifle faster, more experienced and a better all-around boxer. He has a better left hand in the nature of a punishing hook that he can use effectively. When he is at his best he looks to be a more finished ring product, the best man left in the ancient trade today.

And no one has yet been quite certain that Schmeling can stand up under a solid punch. He isn't another Dempsey by several layers of sheet iron when it comes to the matter of taking punishment. Few wise ring judges believe Schmeling could have weathered that first-round attack that Sharkey handed Dempsey two years ago. If the two ever meet it is a certainty that those supporting Sharkey will try to persuade him that all he has to do is nail the German on the chin and that will conclude the performance.

Living on Crumbs

But, after all, the element of mystery will still remain. It will again be a matter of mental attitudes and figuring the mental attitude of the Boston gob has not yet been turned into anything approaching an exact science. He has baffled most of the crowd. He was a lion against Dempsey and Delaney, who could hit, and a lamb against Heeney and Risko, who were no wreckers, but who didn't mind wading in.

If Schmeling and Sharkey get together, as they should, to decide the identity of the next heavyweight champion, you can gamble on this: Schmeling, as usual, will crowd the ex-sailor and have more back of his punches than Heeney, Risko, Christner and Stribling carried. It will be hard to figure, in the face of this pressure, just what Sharkey's plan of attack will be.

The important point just now is that a Sharkey-Schmeling contest, wherever held, is sure to carry far more interest after the Loughran wind-up than it could have developed as the earlier situation was.

There will be a general belief that at least some aggressive action can be seen for the price and the fight fan has shown that he can live on crumbs. He has taken more punishment, on an average, than most of the fighters but the final charge for the heavyweight goal line ought to give him something worth looking at, especially if the two survivors happen to be the Boston gob and the black-haired German. They have it in them to stir up more excitement than the ring has seen since Jack Dempsey found his big guns spiked with age and rust.

96 seconds *and your car is* SAFE *from* below-zero weather!

No special servicing . . No extra fees . . *No heavy investment!* Just *complete* protection with *safety* for your motor when you use DENATURED ALCOHOL in your radiator

IT'S at hand, motorists! Wintry weather with its sudden cold snaps . . . driving storms . . . snow-packed roads . . . And . . . the ever-present danger of frozen motors, damaged radiators, permanent loss of motor efficiency!

But don't worry! At the nearest garage or filling station you can make your cooling system completely ready for zero temperatures . . . in ninety-six seconds, by actual timing!

No special overhauling is necessary with Denatured Alcohol. It does not require tightening of hose connections and gaskets, or servicing of pumps.

Denatured Alcohol *can't hurt* either metal or rubber parts. No reason, then, for going to great pains to prepare your car for its use.

Furthermore, a whole season's supply of Denatured Alcohol usually costs you but a fraction as much as an original filling of some preparations. That's real economy . . . So play safe! Rely on the oldest and most fully tested anti-freeze.

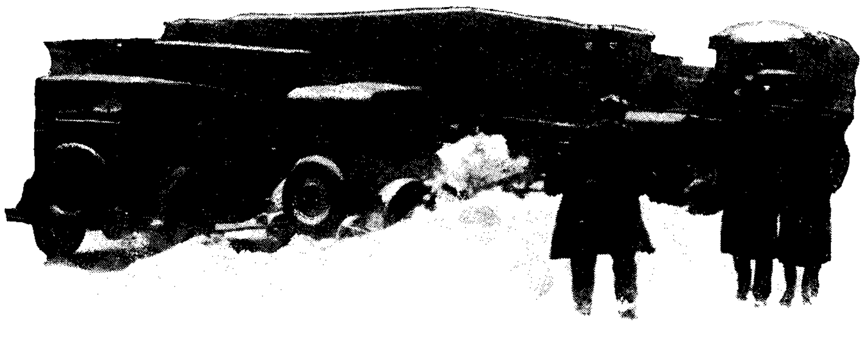
Just drive in to the nearest garage or filling station. Ask for Denatured Alcohol. Watch the attendant put in as much as your make of car requires . . . then away you go! Fully protected . . . and with no misgivings as to the safety of your power plant.

Yes, winter's at hand! Protect your valuable car . . . by taking a couple of minutes today!

The Industrial Alcohol Institute, Inc., Graybar Building, New York City.

SNOWED UNDER! And look at that icicle hanging from the visor! Even the severest weather . . . as bad as this even . . . holds no terrors for the Denatured Alcohol user.

NONE OF THIS when you keep your car protected with dependable Denatured Alcohol!



IN TWO SHORT HOURS! Here's what happened to New York City streets in two short hours one day last year! Winter seldom warns when its hardest blows are going to fall. Be prepared . . . protect your car with Denatured Alcohol.

SIX INDISPUTABLE FACTS

You've heard a lot about anti-freezes. Here are the real facts in the case . . . the indisputable reasons why more motorists use Denatured Alcohol than all other anti-freezes combined.

1 An entire season's supply of Denatured Alcohol usually costs less than half as much as one filling of some preparations.

2 Denatured Alcohol is harmless to radiators, engines and electrical systems. It will not corrode metal parts and does not cause leaks.

3 No special servicing is required to make your car ready for winter. Just put Denatured Alcohol in your radiator as it is.

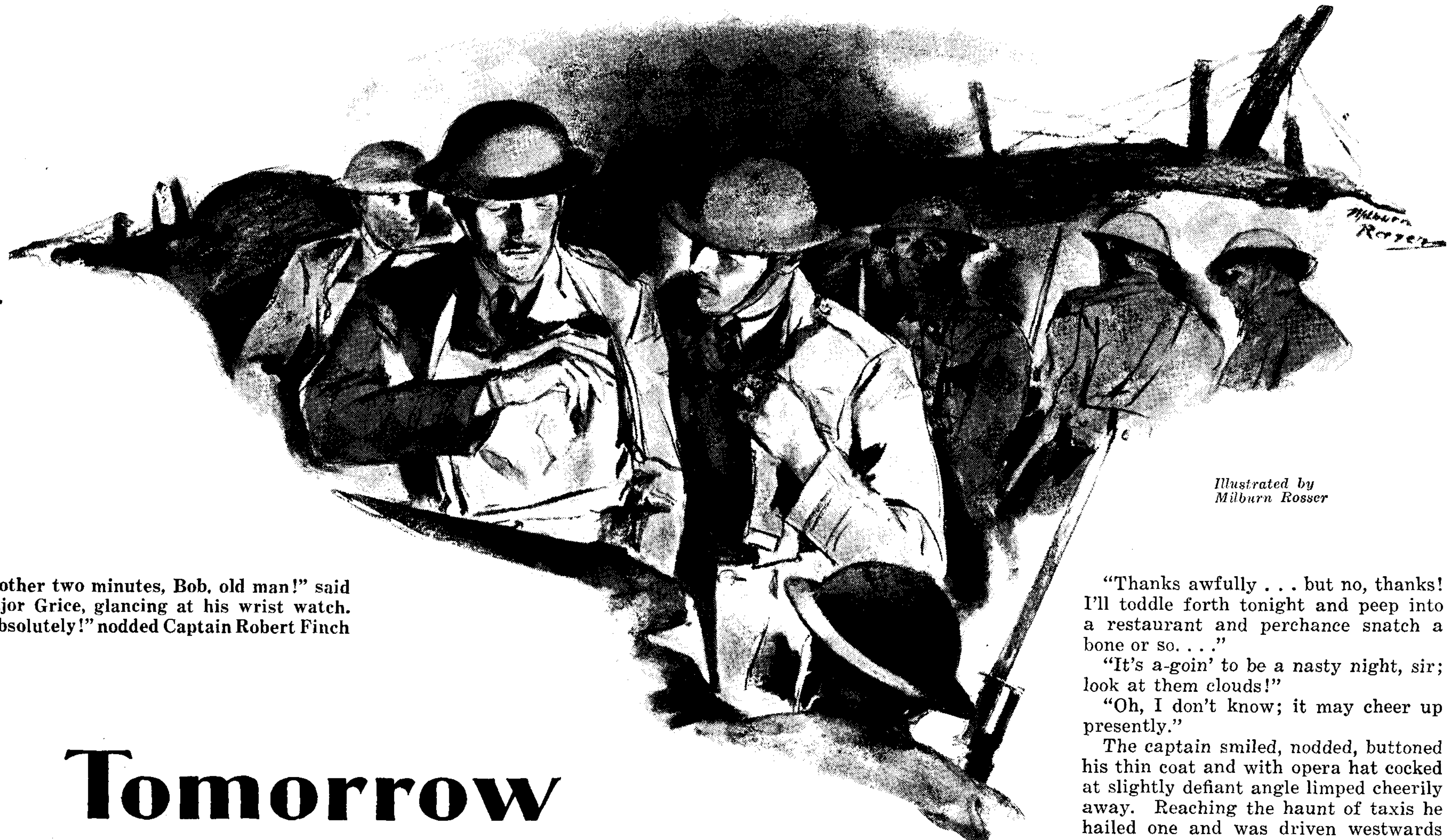
4 Every car manufacturer approves Denatured Alcohol. The firm that made your radiator is also emphatic in its endorsement.

5 If your protective solution is lost through accident the cost of replacement with Denatured Alcohol is usually one-sixth that of replacement with some preparations.

6 You can get Denatured Alcohol anywhere, anytime. Buy it when you need it, wherever you are.

Save time and money with

DENATURED ALCOHOL



"Another two minutes, Bob, old man!" said Major Grice, glancing at his wrist watch. "Absolutely!" nodded Captain Robert Finch

Illustrated by Milburn Rosser

Tomorrow

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Jeffery Farnol

DAWN with a rolling mist and, to right and left of the muddy trench, long lines of spectral figures that shifted restlessly with glint of bayonet, or leaned inert peering in the one direction; and over all, a strained expectancy.

"Another two minutes, Bob, old man!" said Major Grice, glancing at his wrist watch.

"Absolutely!" nodded Captain Robert Finch, peering at his own watch. "To a dot! In another ninety secs it's hey for old Fritz. And, by the way, George, old bean, this makes the third time we've been over, you and I—"

"Not fergittin' y'r 'umble servant, sirs!" said a hoarse voice, and out of the mist rolled the squat figure of Tom Skeet, the major's ubiquitous batman. "And three times is lucky—leastways if it ain't all I says is—"

"What, are you there, Tom?" said the major, steady gaze on his watch dial, "you don't have to come, y' fool!"

"That's eggs-ackly why I'm a-going, sir," answered Tom, fixing his bayonet with elaborate care, "when you goes over, sirs, wot I says is—let 'em all come, 'specially me. And if we're lucky it'll be a blighty one for all three of us, and—"

The major raised his hand, Captain Finch blew his whistle, from behind came the crashing thunder of their supporting artillery; then was a confused scrambling, a clatter of accouterments, and officers and men were up and over the parapet.

"Good luck, Bobbie!" said the major.

"Same to you, George, old pal!" A quick meeting of hands that gripped hard, and the mist had swallowed each from the other's sight.

Captain Robert Finch trudged forward, revolver in hand, every sense alert, keen eyes glancing left and right at the grim specters that plodded with him through squelching mire and over shapeless, ghastly bundles half buried in the dreadful mud. . . . A man cried suddenly in a shrill, strange voice . . . somebody groaned, but the thin khaki line, thinner now and thinning every moment, tramped doggedly forward, on and into a mist denser for the smoke and fume of bursting high explosive, a mist wherein uprose sudden vague shapes, dim-seen yet full of menace.

"Yo-ho, lads—bayonets all! Steady now—come on!" shouted Finch and began to run. Men all about him who strove together, gasping . . . staccato rifle shots with the thud and clink of bayoneted rifles in vicious thrust and parry . . . wild outcries, cheers . . . and the thin khaki line floundered on. . . . His revolver empty, Captain Finch snatched up a chance rifle and plunged forward; howling cheerily at his men, though rather breathlessly, he saw the earth yawn at his feet, felt a sudden shock and, tripping, plunged over and down. . . .

CAPT. ROBERT FINCH, or rather all that a German hospital and prison camp had left of him, stared at the crumpled five-pound note with haggard eyes but a twisted smile on his scarred face, and from this to the dress suit lying upon his small, dingy bed, carefully brushed to woo the pawnbroker's disparaging eye.

"Welcome, stranger!" quoth the captain, as he smoothed out the note. "They were cheerier days when I rammed you away in that old suit. Yes. Absolutely! Well, hail and farewell, kiss Uncle good-by—so! And now let us square our account with the Wiggins." Saying which, the captain struggled up from his one crazy chair and limping forth from the dingy room descended many stairs to a dingier basement pervaded by an aroma of soapsuds and stewing linen, for it was washing day. Rapping smartly on a half-open door he was answered by a voice high-pitched and querulous:

"If them's the coals, shoot 'em in the yard. If it's the milk—no. If it's the baker—two, and crusty—"

"Mrs. Wiggins, 'tis your humble lodger—" The door swung open and the lady of the house appeared—tall, bony, bare-armed and damp.

"Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Wiggins.

"Quite!" nodded the captain, "for I'm about to surprise you," and he tendered her the five-pound note. "With humble thanks for past forbearance."

"But, sir, I thought you tol' me you was—"

"Destitute? Mrs. Wiggins, I was, and therefore dug up my last asset, my dress suit—haven't worn it for years—and going through the pockets found this crumpled fiver and hasten to pay what I owe you. How much *do* I owe, by the bye?"

"One pound, eighteen shillin's an' tenpence 'alfpenny, sir, which is Gawd's gorspel truth, to be exact."

"Well, let's make it an even two pounds, Mrs. Wiggins."

"'Eavings forbid, sir! Don't go throwin' your money about so outrageous. I'll take me just due. Won't ye sit down while I get change? An' 'ow's your pore back today?"

"Thanks, no worse than usual," he answered, sinking gratefully upon the hard chair she proffered.

"Ain't you got no friends nowhere, sir?" she inquired, groping blindly in the dark cupboard, "never no friends at all? Nobody as might 'elp you a bit—and you so poorly and sick-like?"

"There was one man," answered the captain, smiling a little wistfully. "Yes, I had one friend who would have been only too jolly glad . . . regular pal . . . good old George! . . . But I fancy he must have been killed like so many others of the best."

"Why then, Cap'n Finch, wot abaht a nice cup o' tea? Kettle's on the b'il—an', say, a nice bit o' cold mutton?"

"Thanks awfully . . . but no, thanks! I'll toddle forth tonight and peep into a restaurant and perchance snatch a bone or so. . . ."

"It's a-goin' to be a nasty night, sir; look at them clouds!"

"Oh, I don't know; it may cheer up presently."

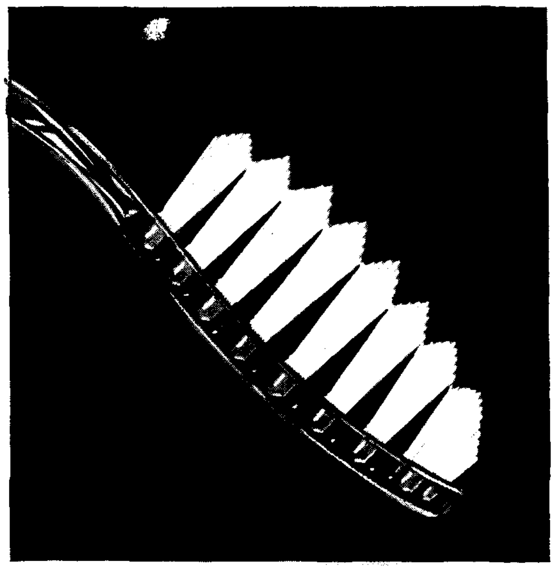
The captain smiled, nodded, buttoned his thin coat and with opera hat cocked at slightly defiant angle limped cheerily away. Reaching the haunt of taxis he hailed one and was driven westwards to a certain snug restaurant where he had been wont to see familiar faces in kinder days. But tonight it seemed larger, more imposing, and as he glanced wistfully around he felt himself a stranger, embarrassed by the air of opulence and gay chatter, ignored by the busy waiters until he ventured to accost one and was shown to a table in a remote corner.

A cocktail warmed him, dinner and a choice bottle comforted him. . . . And then he heard a well-known, chuckling laugh and starting round espied Major Grice—"old George" himself—not ten yards away!

Instinctively he rose and limped eagerly towards his boyhood friend, scarred face radiant. . . . Now at this moment the major's dinner companion was in deep converse with the wine steward . . . Captain Finch stumbled forward, hand outstretched, a hand thin and tremulous—and then "old George" glanced up, looked him in the eyes and turned away. . . .

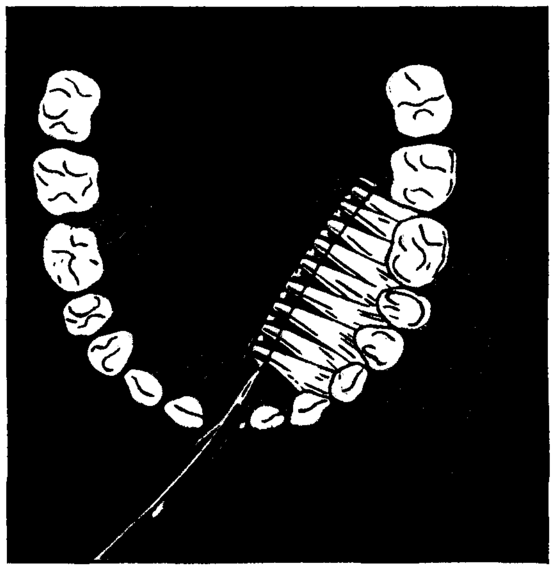
The captain's outstretched hand dropped, the words of joyous greeting died upon his lips and, turning hastily, he limped blindly out and away—to be followed by a politely impertinent waiter with his bill and a staring attendant with his hat and coat.

"BLIMY!" exclaimed Tom Skeet, valet and general factotum to Major Grice. "Crumbs!" said he, glancing from newspaper to his buxom wife. "Jest 'ark to this, old lady!" And he read as follows: "'A inkwest was held upon the body of Captain Robert Finch, M. C., one of the Old Contemptibles, who was severely wounded during the advance beyond Wipers. Evidence showed the unfort'nate man to have been in very needy circumstances. A verdic' was returned of sooicide while of unsound mind!' . . . And 'twere me as taught 'im to ride—'im an' the major both, as lads! And now—Gawd! The major was only talkin' about 'im today and wonderin' wot 'ad become of 'im. They ain't never met since that mornin' as we went over together when Cap'n Bob got took prisoner and the major got blinded. . . . And now, sooicide—Gawd!"



Every crevice penetrated by wide-spaced, accurately-trimmed bristle-groups; a brush easily kept clean!

Two clues *to* WHITER TEETH



Correct size and shape; teeth far back are cleaned as easily as those in front; inside as well as outside!

Showing the differences that make such a difference in results—as millions have found out

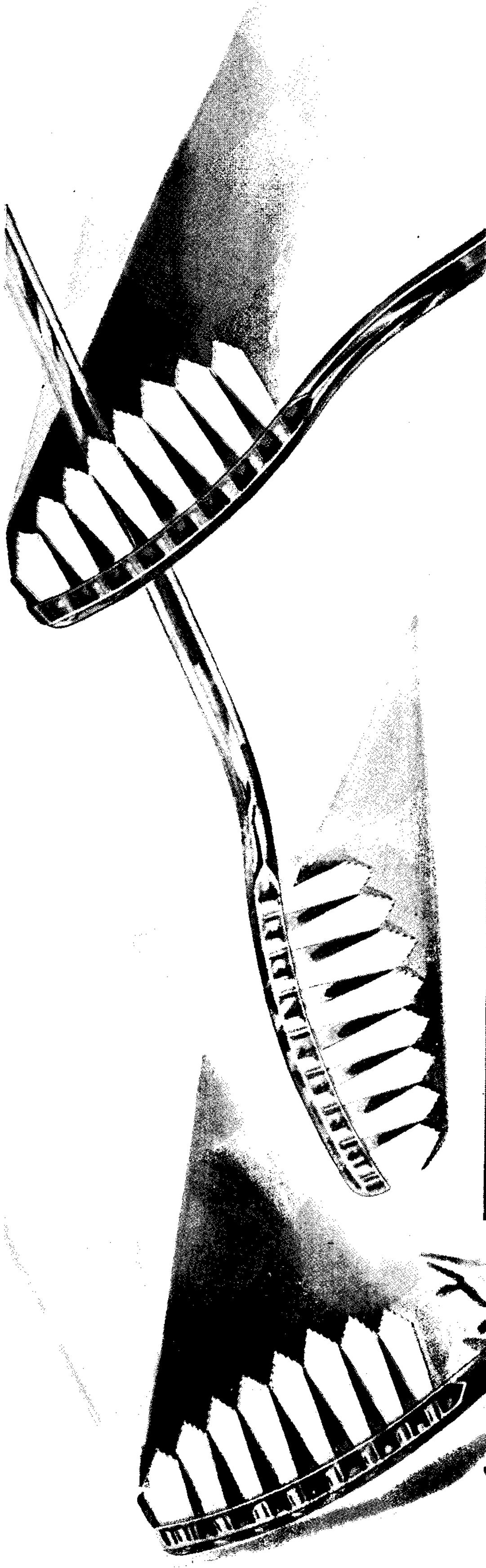
THERE is nothing difficult or complicated in having whiter, more attractive teeth. These plain, common sense facts may aid you.

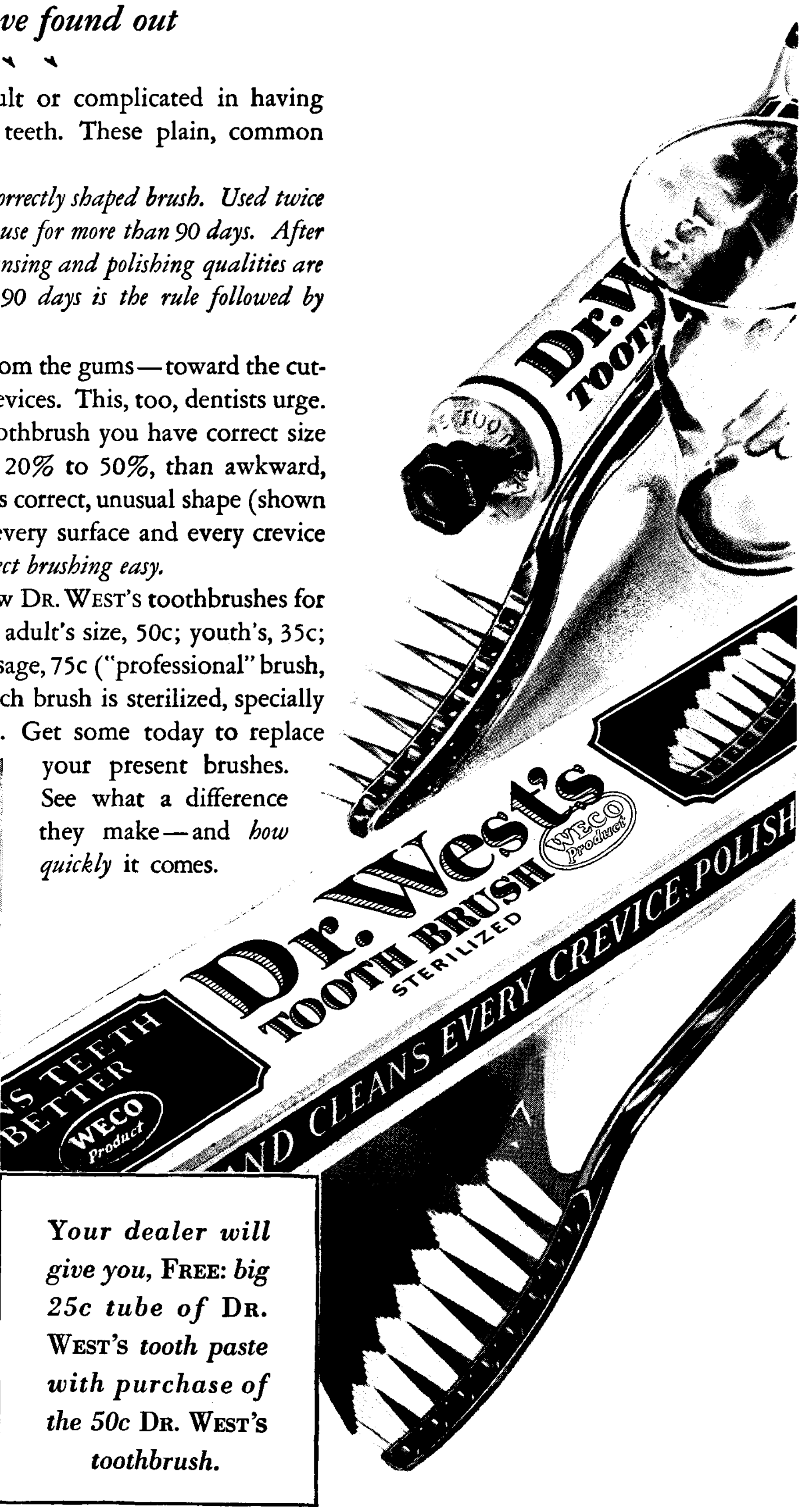
You should choose a small, correctly shaped brush. Used twice daily, it should not be kept in use for more than 90 days. After that much honest service the cleansing and polishing qualities are impaired. A new brush each 90 days is the rule followed by dentists, for their own teeth.

Also, brush always *away* from the gums—toward the cutting edges; *never across* the crevices. This, too, dentists urge.

In DR. WEST'S famous toothbrush you have correct size and shape. It is smaller, by 20% to 50%, than awkward, old-type brushes still sold. Its correct, unusual shape (shown here) enables you to clean every surface and every crevice thoroughly—*and makes correct brushing easy.*

Your favorite store has new DR. WEST'S toothbrushes for each member of your family: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c ("professional" brush, 50c). For your protection each brush is sterilized, specially sealed, and fully guaranteed. Get some today to replace your present brushes. See what a difference they make—and *how quickly* it comes.





Your dealer will give you, **FREE:** ***big 25c tube of*** **DR. WEST'S** ***tooth paste with purchase of the 50c*** **DR. WEST'S** ***toothbrush.***

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 6

CAUSE

Something besides rubber and fabric has gone into every tire Goodyear has ever made.

That something has been an implicit confidence in the values of science as applied to the design and manufacture of products intended for public use.

In the application of those values, Goodyear has built up, man by man, and now maintains the foremost engineering and development department in the whole field of rubber manufacture.

That is why, through invention, special processes and materials, new factors in design and construction, Goodyear has been consistently able to offer the public superior quality and value at no premium in cost.

P. W. Litchfield

President

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 6

RESULT

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND
GOODYEAR

YEAR

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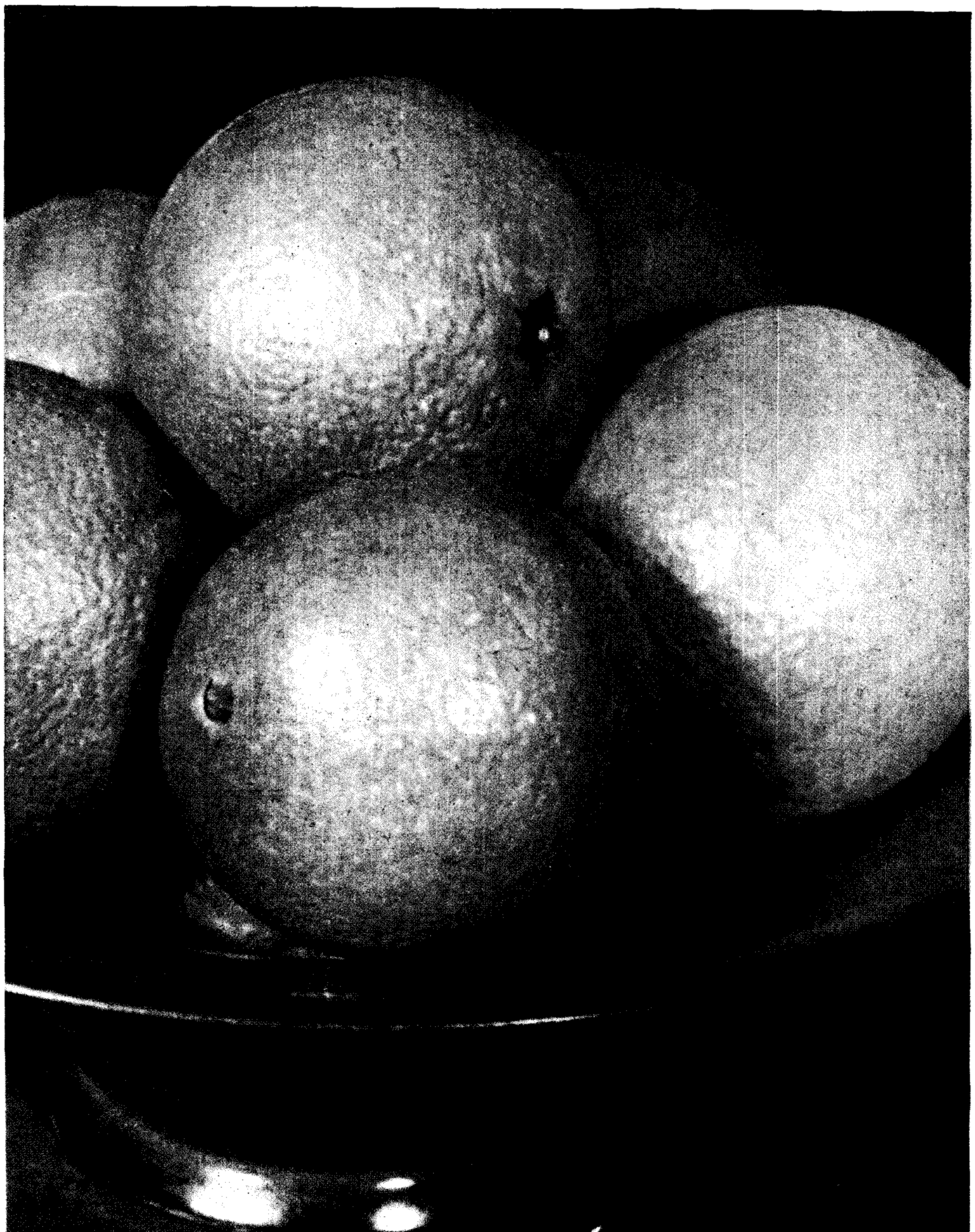
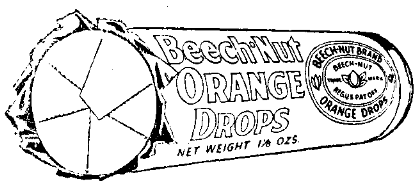
Beech-Nut Fruit Drops



Refreshing as Fresh Fruit

Full of flavor—are these handy pocket confections. A flavor as pleasant and refreshing as the fruit itself. And this is important — they're *fresher* than any other kind.


Beech-Nut
ORANGE
DROPS
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ORANGE DROPS
NET WEIGHT 1⅛ OZS.

Why they keep fresh

The Beech-Nut package is actually moisture-proof. These Beech-Nut candy drops are first double-rolled in waxed paper, the ends tightly closed, and then re-rolled in foil. The result—absolute freshness. A kind of wrap *exclusively Beech-Nut.* Buy Beech-Nut hard candies—for their extra freshness.

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Beech-Nut
ORANGE
DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ORANGE DROPS

ORANGE • LEMON • LIME *flavors*

Behind Closed Doors

Continued from page 13

said for a while in that room. A chair outside the door scraped with the shifting weight of a guard.

Over the weary men gathered slowly, but almost tangibly, an atmosphere of coalescence, tangling all but Williams. As the minutes passed, this atmosphere thickened. Evans gave it physical form by changing his seat to the opposite end of the room, leaving Williams alone—still slouched in his chair, somnolently indifferent to the others.

The solitaire-player tossed his cards into the middle of the table. He and two others went to the cooler for drinks, at which the dried-up clerk cracked:

"Say when!"

ROGERS appeared to be resting against an onslaught. His large head nodded drowsily. Across the table from him, where he had taken a chair at the end, one man sprawled, his face across his arms, and breathed deeply in slumber. The porcupine-haired man snored softly where he sat near Evans, whose eyes retained a vacant stare.

Suddenly Rogers jerked from his seat and stalked toward Williams.

"Shall we quit for the night?" he asked in a loud voice.

Williams opened pensive eyes, with an ease that betrayed pretense of sleep.

"As far as I'm concerned—yes," he said, quietly.

"What the hell!" growled a thick-set redhead, his chair grating as he pushed it behind him. "Let's finish tonight even if we're hung. I've got to get back to work."

He was supported by men around the table.

Rogers held up a warning hand. He drew a chair opposite to Williams and sat in it with the ponderous air of a physician about to examine a patient.

Williams' hollow eyes burned steadily, prepared for an offensive.

"How long have you lived in Chicago?" Rogers began—smoothly, almost genially.

"Nearly two years," said Williams.

"Where did you come from?" asked Rogers, aware that creaking chairs behind him indicated interest. "East or West?"

"California," said Williams. He rolled a cigarette and accepted Rogers' pocket lighter.

"Funny," mused Rogers. "Darnley came from California."

There were soft exclamations from the rear. Williams puffed his cigarette, almost languidly.

"Funny you weren't challenged on that point," Rogers added.

"What difference would it have made?" asked Williams. "I'd vote guilty if Darnley were my brother and I believed him guilty."

"Well," the thick-set man put in, "for heaven's sake tell us who you suspect if it isn't Darnley. That might get us somewhere."

"I don't suspect anybody," said Williams. "I'm just convinced Darnley isn't a murderer."

"Well," Rogers pursued, "Lawton was killed, Darnley was there, and Lawton didn't commit suicide."

"Maybe he thought it wasn't loaded," put in the dried-up clerk.

Rogers waved a fat hand behind him for silence.

"Just give us your theory, Williams," he invited, and sat back awaiting it.

"I have none," drawled Williams.

"What's the use?" put in the thick-set man.

Rogers sighed theatrically. He glanced over his shoulder to observe Evans gazing intently at Williams. A group of heads bent in a huddle over the table.

"Listen," said Rogers, pompous through force of his desire to be serious, "we're all reasonable men, Williams. Although the vote stands eleven to one for conviction, I'll switch if you can give me any reasonable doubt of Darnley's connection with this killing, as an accomplice, anyway."

Murmurs arose behind the foreman. Williams stroked a long chin with a bony, uncertain hand.

"We're not trying Darnley as an accomplice, but as a man accused of murder."

"Ain't it the same thing?" blurted the thick-set man.

"Now," thrust in Rogers, brushing the thick-set man's objection aside with others, "nine of us were for conviction right off the bat. You and Evans and our friend over there"—he indicated the sleeping head of porcupine hair—"held out all afternoon and most of this evening. Evans and our friend, what's his name, Piltner, have come over. Nine to three is the tip-off on this case. Eleven to one cinches it." Murmurs behind Rogers deepened to growls. "If you want an hour or two to think it over, we're willing to wait."

"Well, since he's gone, I'll come in for a second but—don't forget I'm a Puritan father"

"The hell we are," came two voices, simultaneously.

Rogers frowned down protests. He detected symptoms of weakness in Williams' wavering gaze.

OUTSIDE gruff voices and shuffling feet indicated change of the guard. Rogers lit a fresh cigar and threw the old butt away disgustedly.

"Well," he proclaimed, rising, "I'm ready to wait up as long as anybody else."

He stalked to a window and watched quickening rain slide along glistening strips of car tracks.

For the first time those awake in the room seemed aware of an imprisoned clock striking the hour. Four of the jurors settled down to a game of poker. The others, including Evans, dozed—excepting the thick-set man with red hair. He studied Williams, and as he did so his chin, bright with tiny, glittering bristles, stuck out truculently. He moved noisily from his chair and went over to Williams. His voice cracked in a harsh demand:

"Honestly, Williams, are you a plant?"

"Don't be rough," Rogers barked imperiously. "I know how to attend to that when the time comes."

"The time's come," blared the redhead. "He can't hang this jury without me knowing why."

Impassive at this sudden assault, Williams glanced about like a man cornered, and thinking fast.

"What else is he but a plant?" the redhead clamored. "Holding us up as if we're a bunch of dubs with no jobs and no homes."

Williams surprised them by wriggling from his chair.

"I'm not going to be insulted," he said acidly. "I'll get out of here."

The redhead stood between him and the door. Rogers took them in hand.

"This won't do, boys," he said. "Listen, I'm willing to give up; but you've got to explain yourself, Williams."

"To whom and for what?" Williams sneered.

"To us," Rogers declared, his voice rising. The others edged behind him. The redhead stood his ground, bloodshot eyes fixed on Williams.

"I'm not making any charges," Rogers added pointedly. "But it does look damned suspicious."

Williams winced as if stung. His gaze was like dull fire as he scanned the face before him.

"I'm going to stick," he said, sullenly.

"Why?" barked Rogers, and the others echoed it, while the man with the porcupine hair, joining Evans midway down the table, asked sleepily what was going on. "You stand out against the rest of us and give no reason."

"He's a plant," the redhead taunted. "He's getting his."

Williams' fists clenched.

"It looks damned queer," Rogers declared, spacing the words significantly.

Williams threw his head back and laughed sardonically.

"Queer?" he echoed. "Why don't you do more thinking and less bullying? Why couldn't somebody have got to Lawton's summer home by water, across the lake, killed him and got away?"

"Bosh," Rogers almost shouted. "He'd have been heard."

"The neighbors didn't hear the shot, did they?" Williams retorted.

"Why didn't the defense think of that alibi?" barked Rogers. "You're here to try Darnley on the evidence, not on what you think. If that's all that's bothering you, forget it. The cops would have spotted footprints."

"There's a concrete walk. Lawton was found on it, wasn't he?" Williams fired back.

"He'll drag that dame in yet," the redhead taunted.

Williams suddenly turned on the redhead, eyes blazing.

"Why not? If Lawton took her from one man why not from two?"

"Wait a minute," Rogers ordered. "What are you driving at?"

"Lawton was a cheater, a libertine, a woman-chaser," Williams' voice gathered passion. "That's what they proved. Didn't they show how he got in a jam in California with a woman? That's the kind of a cur he was!"

Rogers, face alight, pushed back craning men.

"You're sort of glad he's dead—is that it?" he probed.

"I'm damned glad he's dead," Williams exclaimed, hoarsely. His hearers eyed one another swiftly, returning their collective gaze eagerly at him, greedy to read his twitching face. He silenced the foreman's utterance with a burst of anger.

"How do you know what homes he broke up—gadding about and tempting women?" he shouted, gripping the top of the chair before him with straining hands. "Swine like Lawton always get theirs sooner or later. You don't know anything about that girl. She may have been a decent married woman seduced from her home by Lawton."

"Darnley didn't say so," put in Rogers.

This whipped Williams' anger.

"I say so," he shouted. "That's Lawton's kind. I think he got what was coming to him."

He paused, panting. The redhead taunted bitingly:

"Bunk. Dragged in the dame. Knew he would."

IN a flash, shaking with fury, Williams swung about. His mouth hung open as if utterance choked him.

"That's my answer," he threw out the words. "The woman. Lawton got his for what he did to her."

Rogers glanced apprehensively at the redhead. His cigar struck a cuspidor with a faint tinkle.

"You've overdrawn it, Williams," he said, with studied calm to lower the tension. "From the evidence I'd say she was just a company girl."

Williams' right-hand knuckles struck the wall with the force of his gesture. The man before him shuddered, even the redhead winced as his lean lips spat an answer:

"You're a liar, Rogers. *She's my wife.*"

There was a sudden silence. Men looked dumbly into one another's faces. Collapsed in a chair, Williams sobbed The redhead moved clumsily out of Rogers' path as the foreman made for the door.

"Tell the judge," he bade a half-awake guard, "we'd like to see him again."

"All over?" the guard grinned sleepily.

"Just beginning," said Rogers.

DICTIONARY
WORD HUNT

Word Hunt

(Trade Mark)

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded.

In the English language there are

12

words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters

—TRU—

One of them is TRUCE

(Temporary cessation of hostilities. Brief quiet)

You supply the others

2. TRU_______	A strong wagon. Open freight car. Small commodities—especially vegetables.
3. TRU_______	More accurate; more loyal, just, honest.
4. TRU_______	Made true or accurate in adjustment.
5. TRU_______	In reality; in fact. Sincerely; honestly; faithfully.
6. TRU_______	A word used in card-playing.
7. TRU_______	Main stem or body of a tree. Also, a box or chest.
8. TRU_______	A rigid framework. Also, to bind, tie or fasten. In surgery: A kind of bandage or apparatus.
9. TRU_______	Confidence; faith. Also, credit given. Also, a business combination.
10. TRU_______	Veracity; genuineness; fact.
11. TRU_______	The roe (used as food after salting and drying) of an East Indian fish. Also, the fish.
12. TRU_______	A strumpet.

The answers to this Word Hunt will appear in next week's Collier's

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt which appeared in last week's issue

1. Affix
2. Afire
3. Afoot
4. Afoul
5. After
6. Aflow
7. Afoam
8. Afret

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Setting them up in Ohio

Continued from page 11

their families, settled alongside; and it is still the proud boast of the little town that once they were started the fires under its stills have never been banked.

This small Ohio village, though, with its one hundred per cent ability to resist the influence of Westerville, which is not very far distant, has little or nothing on the large cities in the state.

Take Cincinnati as an example. After I had visited several other cities in search of material for this article I drifted into Speaker Longworth's home town, gave its drinking habits the once over, and now I fear that I am not going to be able to do the place full justice. Of course I'm not. To do so I would have had to stay six months, work twelve hours every night, and even then the chances are that I would have missed a good many places which were worthy of mention.

Beer Hostesses

Not being acquainted with the town, I called in the assistance of a couple of men who were. They assured me they knew all about it both ways from the middle, and suggested that they initiate me into the alcoholic mysteries of their metropolis. They did.

We began our excursion shortly after dark and as a starter we visited a joint up a gloomy alley in which a man could get anything he wanted in the way of alcoholic refreshment. The man who owned the place was as hard as any of his homemade product.

He was very courteous, though; he kept nothing up his sleeve, and after we had sampled his goods and I had told him who I was he took me back and showed me his plant. It wasn't very impressive in size, but as far as equipment went it seemed to me to be all there, and according to the owner, it will be all there for a long, long time to come. All the whisky sold in this place is made on the premises. I don't mean that he actually distills it all right there in his establishment, but he cuts it all, and my guess is that in the cutting process he uses sugar alcohol from a still which was cooking merrily when I saw it.

We left this place and went to another where nothing but beer was on tap. There were a lot of men in this joint; men in their shirt sleeves and with their collars open showing hair on their chests, and as there was also a lot of hilarity and fight in the air we didn't linger long. We took a "short beer" apiece and beat it out into the street.

The respite, though, was very short. Within two minutes by the watch we had found another place and were under cover again in another illegal establishment exactly like the one we had just left. It, too, was putting out nothing but beer, doing a steady business, and after that visit, for several hours, my companions and I did nothing except hop out of one place into the next.

They were all built on the same pattern; when a man has seen one beer flat in Cincinnati he has seen them all, and to me, because I suppose I am rather old-fashioned, they represent the most iniquitous and distressing form of the violation of the liquor laws I have seen anywhere. In *all* the places I visited the business was being handled exclusively by *girls*.

Whether these girls own the places themselves or operate them for men I don't know. But that makes no difference. The startling fact remains that in Cincinnati, and probably in a good many other Ohio towns, the place of the old-time bartender is being taken by women, and under present conditions it's a hard job for a lady to handle.

To illustrate: Men with flasks on their hips come to these beer flats, mix their liquor and then mix up in a fight with each other. What can a girl do in a case like that? Having no legal standing herself, she can't very well call in the police, and having no bung-starter on hand, such as the old bartenders used to use in cases of emergency, she is powerless to meet the crisis. We ran into one mess like this and, at the solicitation of the proprietress, we persuaded the panting belligerents to take their quarrel down into the street and settle it where they could have room in which to operate.

I say "down into the street" because, with few exceptions, these Cincinnati beer dumps are located on or above the second floor in cheap apartment buildings, and they all consist, so far as the customer can see, of a large living-room where the beer is served, and a kitchen where it is manufactured. We went into three such places, one directly above the other, in one building, and in all that we visited I managed to penetrate into the kitchen. If they had time to spare, I talked to the proprietresses. They all seem to be entirely satisfied with the present lawless condition that prevails throughout the country; none of them complained about business being dull, and naturally their wholehearted support, and that of many of their customers, who approve of the present arrangement, is back of prohibition.

Cincinnati not only drinks all the beer it wants but it drinks whisky also, and incidentally it gambles. When we had grown tired of visiting beer saloons conducted by ladies we went to another part of the city and encountered a more masculine atmosphere. We found a couple of places, and could have found many more, I suppose, where whisky was the favorite beverage and where, in side rooms but with no apparent effort at camouflage, several open games were being conducted.

Well-Placed Confidence

According to the figures I have on hand Ohio spends more of its own money in the enforcement of the liquor laws than any state in the Union. It also receives its proportionate amount of help from the Federal government, and yet, although brewing vats and whisky stills are more numerous in the state than filling stations, and almost as openly operated, its record for seizures of apparatus of this kind is way down at the bottom of the list.

Georgia's record—for purposes of comparison, and Georgia doesn't spend a penny of its own money for enforcement—is that annually, over a period of five years, the seizures per 10,000 of the population have been: 79.4 pieces of liquor-making apparatus and 4,957 gallons of illicit liquor. Whereas in Ohio, over the same period and in the same ratio to the population, the corresponding figures read: 5 pieces of liquor-making apparatus and 153 gallons of illicit booze.

Can you account for this in any way except one? I cannot. To my mind there is only one answer to it: The men and women who are violating the liquor laws in Ohio are receiving a protection that is almost one hundred per cent efficient.

ECONOMIC FACTORS · ·

OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE

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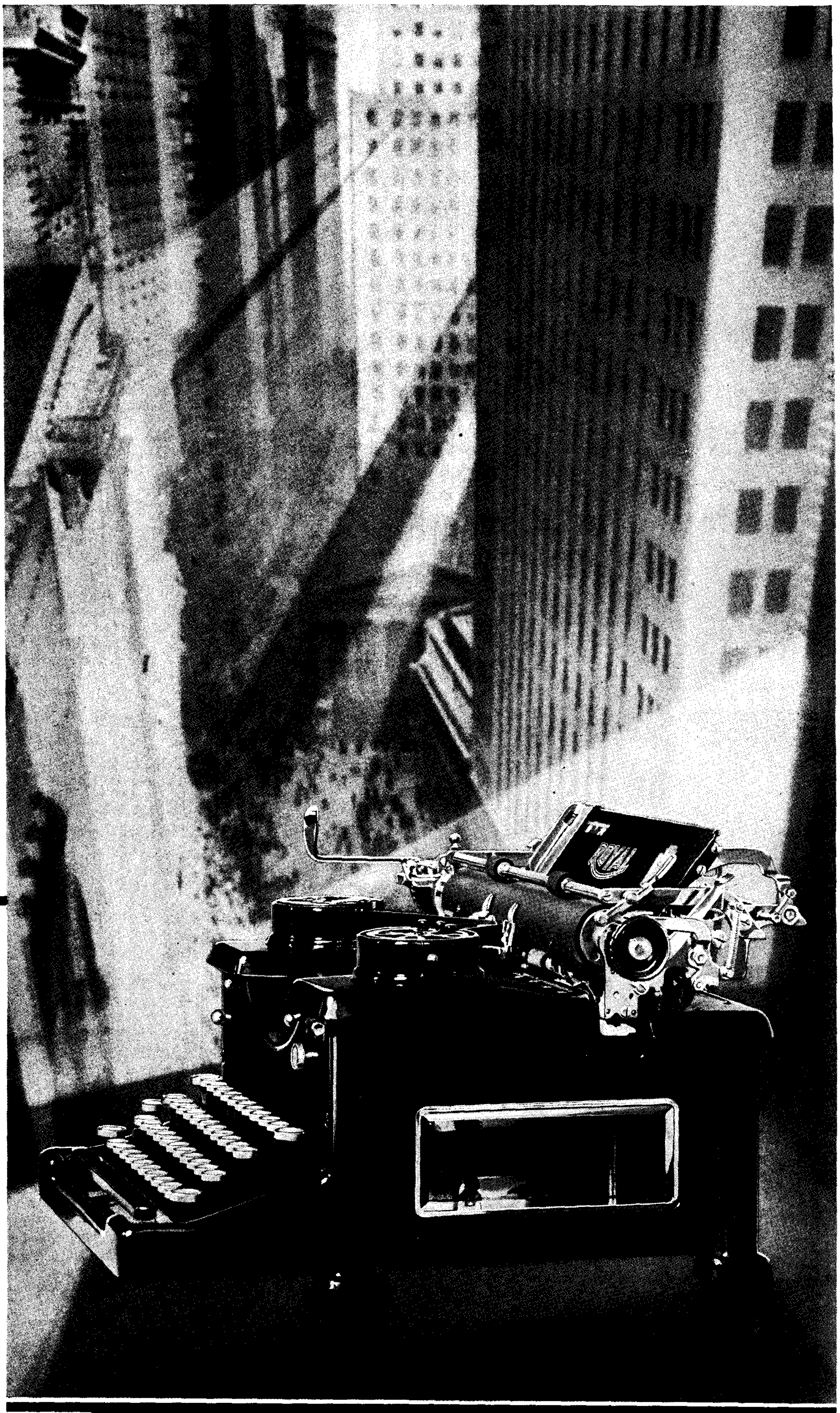

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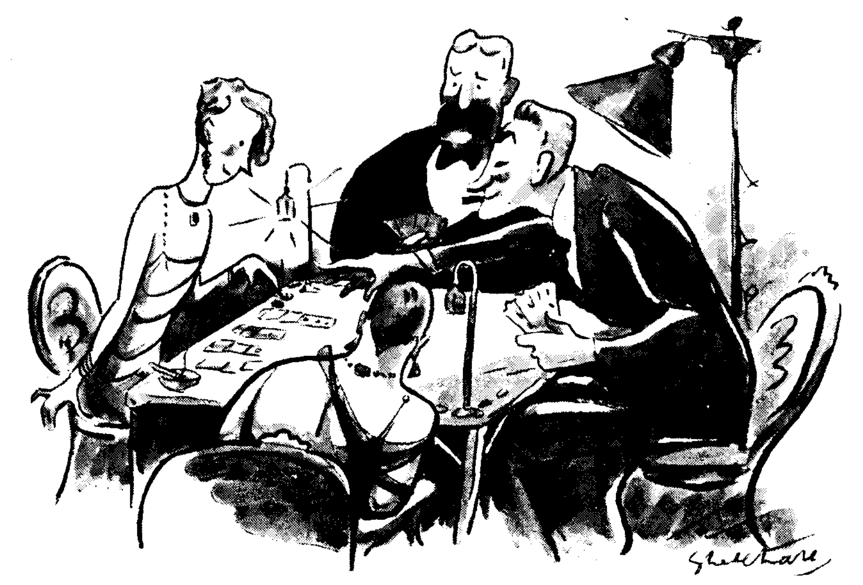


A great little assistant this electrical indicator which lights up the side of the board from which the next play is to be made

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 8-7-6-4
H. 7-5-3-2
D. 9-6-2
C. 8-5

West
S. None
H. K-J-10-8
D. K-Q-J-7-4
C. A-J-4-2

East
S. J-10-9-2
H. A-Q-9-4
D. 5
C. K-Q-10-7

South
S. A-K-Q-5-3
H. 6
D. A-10-8-3
C. 9-6-3

IN THE above hand given in last week's Collier's, the Auction Bridge bidding would not require any unusual degree of skill. South would bid one Spade, and West has an informatory double which is about as obvious as an informatory double of a suit-bid could be. He has the ideal 5-4-4 distribution in the other three suits, and also much more than the minimum high-card strength needed.

North would pass, and East would have more or less sound reason for making any one of four declarations: No Trump, two Hearts, two Clubs and passing.

It is rare that a player has four opportunities so greatly varied. One of the four, however, stands out as distinctly the soundest of the lot.

To bid No Trump with only one stopper in the adverse suit is not inadvisable when answering partner's double if the hand contains a major suit-bid; the doubler is doubtless keenly desirous that the major in question be bid. There also is little question as to the soundness of choosing the major rather than the minor. If both suits were majors, a King-Queen-Ten with an Ace-Queen on the side probably would be a better trump-holding than an Ace-Queen with a King-Queen-Ten on the side; but an informatory double always seeks a major bid in preference to a minor, unless the difference in length is material. A Business Pass probably would result in defeating South's contract; but why give up a sure game to take what at best would be only a small penalty.

After East's two Hearts, South would be justified in bidding two Spades, but that would not affect the result as West would bid three Hearts and there the auction would end.

In Contract the hand would produce some rather spectacular bidding. South would start with two Spades. West could double with propriety, but by bidding three Spades he would use a purely Contract convention which would be more informatory.

In Contract a bid of one more of the adverse suit shows no losing cards in that suit and great strength in all the others—such great strength indeed that if the partner has any help a slam is probable. North would pass and East's question would be, not whether he should bid four Hearts, but whether he should bid five, six or seven. East from West's overbid can be sure that no tricks will be lost at Spades; also that West would fill up his Hearts so that the adverse trumps could be exhausted and, furthermore, he can depend on West to have great strength in both minor suits.

I don't think that East would be justified in bidding a Grand Slam because South probably holds one minor Ace. Six Hearts, however, would be perfectly sound because West's Spade message said "slam" if East has assistance—and East *certainly* has assistance.

The Play

If the hand were played in Auction with a Spade opening by South, West would trump and then put East in to lead a Diamond through the Ace, which South probably has, so as to establish West's Diamonds with the loss of one trick. Played in that way a Small Slam is assured for East.

In Contract, if East had bid a Grand Slam, South would lead his Ace of Diamonds and set the contract. If East had bid a Small Slam, South, fearing that leading his Ace would only set up his opponent's Diamonds, would lead a Spade which would produce the same play as in Auction.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. 9-4
H. 6-5-3-2
D. Q-10-9-8-3
C. K-2

East
S. 7-5-3-2
H. Q-10
D. A-7-4
C. A-6-5-3

West
S. Q-J-10-8-6
H. K-J-9-8
D. 5-2
C. 8-4

South
S. A-K
H. A-7-4
D. K-J-6
C. Q-J-10-9-7

The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 24

been afraid of that. Do you remember years ago how I warned you? You always showed a sympathy for these cantrips of the devil. The Elector," he added, with black gloom, "is very superstitious, the doltish, miserable fool."

Madelon felt invisible terrors gathering round her, yet she was not really afraid. All power, after all, centered in Johann Georg—with Johann Georg she was secure.

"This departure of De Haverbeck, now," demanded von Neitschütz, "have you had any hand in that?"

Here Madelon smiled.

SHE believed that he had gone because of her, to avoid any further encounter—it was a proof of her power that he had had to leave Dresden. Her smile was sweet. Her beauteous bloom glowed with the possible chances of happiness. They were both so young! "I might follow the army in Hungary. I might go to the court at Vienna, in any fantastic guise. I might find a dozen ways of seeing him again."

"Oh, my father, be at ease," she cried, with an airiness almost of gayety in her tones. "I do not like to behold you so distressed. Madame de Rosny and her friends, as I do believe, have gone to her estates in the country—that is what I was told."

"Then," exclaimed her father, turning on her, "you are in touch with her?"

Madelon was startled by his ferocious alarm.

"I have, as you know, visited her. She is our ancient governess—no more. There is nothing wrong."

"You've never had anything from her?" asked her father, with tense eagerness. "Never talked to her of spells and such like trumpery—any trash of potions or amulets?"

"No," replied the Rocklitz, swiftly lying, as she had so often lied of late. "None of that—nothing ever. Just some ancient kindness because of old days."

"There was no need of that," grumbled Marshal von Neitschütz. He was relieved, however, by his daughter's assertions. "She has a foul reputation."

"Yes," said Madelon, in still tones, "and she taught me."

"I did not know this of her then," he retorted, in some confusion. "I took her for a decent gentlewoman—what did I know?"

His lying excuses died on his withered lips as he saw his daughter's light brown eyes fixed on him with a steady look of understanding.

"I don't know why you sulk here," he muttered in a black confusion. "Why don't you get to the Residenzschloss and chase the Electress out of her husband's room?"

"I'll go," said Madelon. "I'll go."

She was not alarmed by this talk of the Elector's illness. She believed he was but feeling the effect of the drug—evidently Madame de Rosny had made it too strong.

"But why are you so uneasy, my father? He is all mine—the Elector is all mine from the moment I see him."

"Why do I look uneasy?" scowled Marshal von Neitschütz. "Do you know that Clement has gone?"

"Clement gone! Where?"

"Across the frontier into Hanover."

"After his bride, I suppose," said Madelon, rising.

"He's fled," answered the Marshal, "openly. A man, a vile fellow, but now stopped me in the street, as, in my haste and something of confusion, I came on foot; and this fellow in a chair thrust his head through the window to tell me that Clement had gone—his bags and his pockets full of spoils. There's something in that—Clement's found out something. He was always long-headed and cautious, and damned selfish."

"Where is Casimir?" asked Madelon, peering at her father.

"Casimir's here. He has ridden off to his estates. Casimir's a treble fool. He drinks, and riots, and rakes, with the police knocking at his door."

"I'll go to the Residenzschloss," said Madelon. "I'll go to the Elector. My father, do you know that I have a fancy to return to Arnsdorf? Nobody's been near Arnsdorf since last summer, and I've a mind to go back there. There's a thing or two I would fetch."

"Arnsdorf!" repeated her father, thinking that she was crazed. "What should you go to Arnsdorf for? And what should you fetch from there? The place is of an ugly memory and of a purpose I have let it go to decay."

"May I not have some time or whim?" smiled Madelon. "I please you so often, my father; and this time I would like to please myself. I thought this afternoon, when I had seen the Elector, I would drive out there and look at the old place again. There are books. You know that Steffani is Master of the Chapel to the Duke of Luneburg-Brunswick? It was Delphicus did that," she smiled tenderly. "Delphicus had a generous heart always. Well, there are some books there in the library that have never been moved, and I would send some to old Steffani—he won't refuse to take them from Madelon, though he cares little to hear of the Countess of Rocklitz, as I suppose."

"What's all this now?" demanded Marshal von Neitschütz, fretful, alarmed. "It is childish in you, Madelon."

"I've had it in mind many a day," replied she, gently, "and I think I will go either this afternoon or tomorrow. There is a certain old virginal, too, which belonged to my great-grandmother, sir, prettily wreathed with flowers though a little cracked."

Marshal von Neitschütz snatched at her arm as she was passing him.

"What do you want with these things, my girl?" he cried angrily. "What is at the bottom of all this? You've got all the Elector's treasures at your command—leave Arnsdorf alone."

"I must have something," smiled Madelon.

HE DID not understand in the least what she meant.

"One cannot contrive without anything, you know." She looked at him so brightly and so defiantly, yet so steadfastly out of her deep-set light gold eyes that he was almost afraid of her, and drew back, muttering a little, as if to excuse some brutality in his behavior toward her.

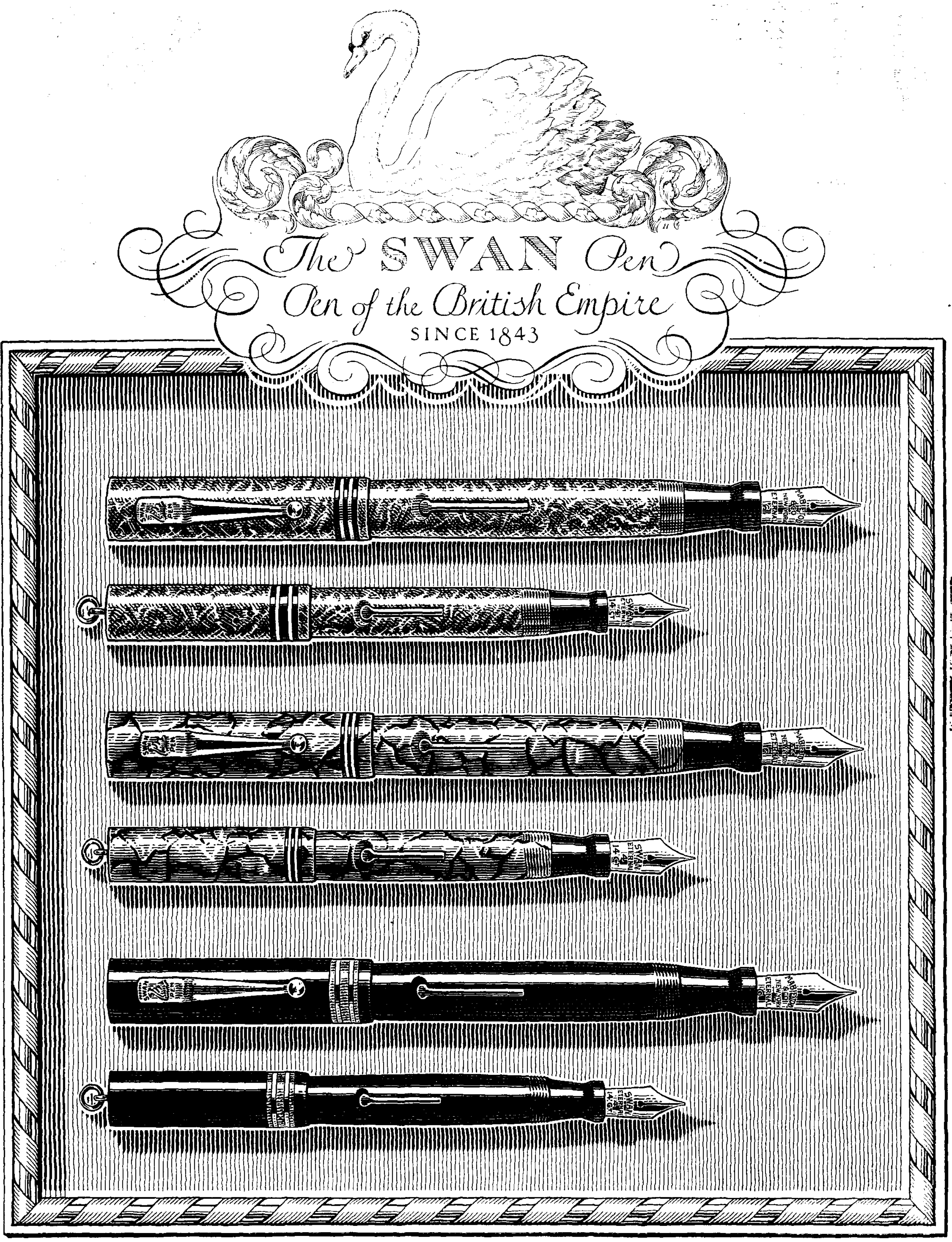
"Well, go to Arnsdorf, if you like, and indulge any other maggot you may have in your head. But hasten, for God's sake, to the Elector and get him away from that other woman—and find out what that sly hound Stürm is up to, eh?"

"I'll go," replied Madelon, gliding away and smiling. "Trust me that I will go."

Her father left her, calmed by her composure and her certainty of her empire over the Elector.

Madelon at once put on her furred mantle and gauntlets, and ordered out her chair; but she did not go to the

(*Continued on page 42*)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LONDON SYDNEY CAPETOWN BRUSSELS BARCELONA PARIS

The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 40

Residenzschloss, but took a longer journey out to the suburbs of Dresden, and stopped the chair by a little wayside church not far from the river Elbe, and went on foot through the streets. It was a pleasant April afternoon, and she noticed that many of the trees were already in bud. She rang the long iron bell at the gate of a modest mansion which stood in its own gardens. The porter denied her admission, but very civilly.

"I have never been refused before," said Madelon, "what is this?"

"It is my order, Fräulein, and I may not go beyond."

But presently the man yielded sufficiently to her importunities to go to the house and fetch his mistress, who came down nervously and hurriedly into the bare, cold garden, and spoke to Madelon at the gate, which had not yet been taken off the chain, so that Madelon stood behind the bars and it seemed as if they spoke together through the gratings of a prison.

"Indeed, you may not see him," said the lady. "It was the last order of the gentleman when he was here only the day before yesterday. He said that no one was to see him without his orders—"

"But I have been before," pleaded Madelon, desperately. "He knows me—he looks forward to seeing me. See, I have brought something for him—a pair of buckles for his shoes." She put this little present through the bars, holding it out steadily in her gloved hand.

"It will not do, Fräulein," replied the lady, sadly; and Madelon remembered that these were the words used by Pastor Knock: "Indeed, it will not do. I may not go beyond my orders."

But she spoke with regret, for it was difficult to resist the lovely face, framed in the shadow of the deep hood, pleading so eagerly, that soft voice, entreating so gently, those golden eyes flushed with tears, those hands clasped through the bars holding out the little gift.

"Could you bring him to the gate?" asked Madelon. "Just to the gate, and I could give him the buckles and shake hands with him? You, perhaps, could hold him up for me to kiss."

"Indeed, Fräulein, it goes to my heart to deny you, but I could not do that."

Madelon moved back from the bars as if something had pulled her violently away, and there was that in her expression that the other's kind heart could not well endure. So she called after her: "I can tell you this, Fräulein, if you are so set on seeing him: if you were to go round the house a little and walk on that path by the river, I would bring him to one of those windows and hold him up, and then you could see him well enough."

"I thank you," said Madelon, in grateful accents. "I thank you, I do, indeed. Will you give him the buckles?"

SHE dropped the little gift through the bars into the other's reluctant hands. "Round the house, did you say? I will go at once."

The other woman looked after her wistfully; she did not know who this stranger was who came at long intervals to see the child who was her charge. "Perhaps his mother, estranged in some dreadful manner from the father. It seems cruel that she has been forbidden to see him."

Madelon hastened round the side of the house, regardless of the mud on her shoes and skirts, and the keen wind blowing from the river. When she reached the other side of the house she glanced eagerly up, her lovely face glowing with pleasure and expectation. The boy was there in the window-place, with a little blue sash, and a grand look about him—a bold, handsome, dark child, with black curls and slanting black eyebrows, fine straight features—a delicate copy of his father.

He was delighted to see Madelon and waved his hand, and called to her to come in and play with him. Madelon shook her head, kissed her fingers in return, and promised to come again, when the trees were out, and they could walk by the river and play ball in the gardens. The child was vexed at the delay, and smiled, beckoned and invited. Madelon stood at the end of the garden and watched him. Then the woman behind pulled him down gently and gently drew the curtains across the window. The house was blank in the gray weather. . . .

Madelon turned and walked through the mud, the rain blowing on her, to where she had left her chair, and was carried to her own house in Dresden, where she changed her dress and was driven to the Residenzschloss.

It was late in the afternoon, and Madelon thought there was an unusual number of people in the palace, gathered together in groups and grimacing. And many of them looked very curiously at her and some with more hostility and menace than she had ever noticed before. She heard the whisper: "The Rocklitz—eh, the Rocklitz." No one spoke to her, not even any of those who were usually most forward to flatter her. One or two of the women even ventured to shrink away from her with an ostentatious air of disgust. Madelon took no heed of any of it, but went directly to the Elector's apartments, which, she was told, the Electress and Herr Knock—unaccountably returned to the palace—had just left. A Negro guarded the half-open door.

"Tell your master that Madame de Rocklitz wishes to see him."

She heard the Elector's thick voice: "Madame de Rocklitz, bring her in."

The Negro pushed open the door wide and she entered.

Johann Georg was alone.

THERE was a book, which she instantly recognized for the Bible, under his hand, and as she entered he thrust into this a folded, blood-stained paper. It was the confession that Françoise de Rosny had signed after torture. He had read it through and through that afternoon, and all his being burned at the insolent indictment, at the foul, vile horrors that had been practiced on him, that had been designed to make him an heirless man and had succeeded in making him a murderer; for he knew now that she had bought a love charm for De Haverbeck.

Madelon paused on the threshold, arrested by his dreadful look.

They gazed at each other, divided by a world of terrors.

"Why," asked Johann Georg, as she sank with an exhausted air in the seat beside him on the low Chinese couch, "did you not come before? I have been expecting you all day."

"I heard that you were not well," whispered Madelon, gravely, "and that the Electress was with you, and you know that I never come at moments of ceremony or when she is here. I waited until you were alone, and you," she added, panting a little, "never sent for me."

Johann Georg had promised them to give her up, yes, he had agreed to part with Madelon. But he had pleaded for tonight—pleaded with himself for that—one more night with Madelon. . . . They had told him, in their separate fashions, that she was vile, that from the first moment he had gone to Arnsdorf and she had given him what tasted like new wine, she had held him in foul spells.

He had listened and shuddered and trembled. Yet he had been frantically glad to hear of this, for it was his excuse for a hideous deed that sat heavily on his mind.

Horrified, distracted, weakened from his recent sickness, Johann Georg had consented to their entreaties. He would part with his mistress. Her father, her brothers (he had always loathed them) should go to the Königsberg. And she, well, he would punish her. But they could not bring him to promise the torture chamber and the stake—Madelon's tender white body that he had covered with kisses, to the executioner and the flames! He had flung out at them, raving at the suggestion. It was enough that he would send her away. Herr Knock said that he was still manifestly under a spell and prayed bitterly for his release.

Shyly and with almost a childish gesture he caressed her frail hand where it lay on his knee. All day long when they had been tormenting him with their denunciations of her, he had been secretly longing for this.

"There must," he thought, in a wild palpitation of regret, anguish and fear, "there must, despite them all, be some way out for Madelon and me."

He was so exhausted after his sickness, and the long arguments, and his wife's tears, and the pastor's preaching, and Stürm's quiet, stern reproaches, and the horror of last night; and with Madelon seemed rest and peace. . . .

MADELON ROCKLITZ felt compassion toward the young man who seemed so uneasy and troubled, so sad and so broken; she thought of him as he had been only six months ago.

"Who has changed him—who has changed us all?" she asked herself. His only fault had been in loving her . . . the only blame was on herself, Madelon knew.

"Don't let anyone else come in," he muttered. "I'll tell the Negro we'll see no one—you and I alone tonight, Madelon. Perhaps we can get it more clear—some way more clear."

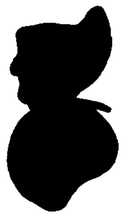
He rose heavily to put these orders into execution—the Negro, the sentry, the gentlemen in waiting were all told he was not to be disturbed. . . . Shuddering on her couch she waited his return, for Madelon Rocklitz was frightened at last—frightened because of what her father had said, which had struck deeply into her mind—because of the flight of Clement—even Casimir was not in the Residenzschloss or even in Dresden—she was quite alone; all her enemies had pressed away from her as she had gone through the corridors and the chambers—they were hatching something, Herr Knock, Stürm, and the Electress had been with him; and she—she had gone, a reckless love-mad fool, to get that potion. What if her ancient governess was arrested and confessed to that?

There was much against her. Why had she always dreaded the thought of

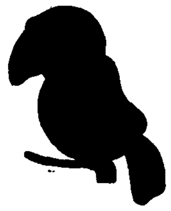
(*Continued on page 44*)

Black Art

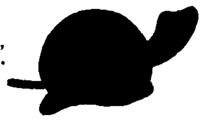
SUCH tricks as you can do with the Five Shadows! You needn't confine yourself to faces when you're juggling Colliergraphs. As you'll see by studying those below. By yourself or for parties Colliergraphs are endless fun. Farther down you'll learn how to make them. And interesting news about $5.



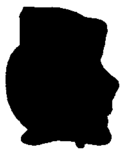
Mrs. Ethel Lounsbery, 320 Perry Court, Flint, Mich.



J. C. Spieler, Cole's Women's Shop, Sedalia, Mo.



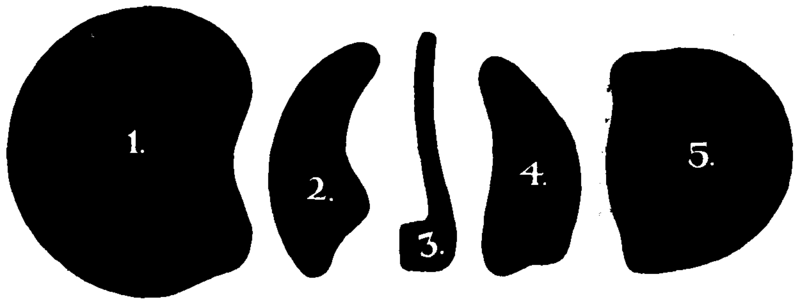
Mrs. M. L. Kiser, Spencer, N. C.



Frances Brennan, R. F. D. 1, Box 338, Downey, Cal.

Here are the pieces-cut them out

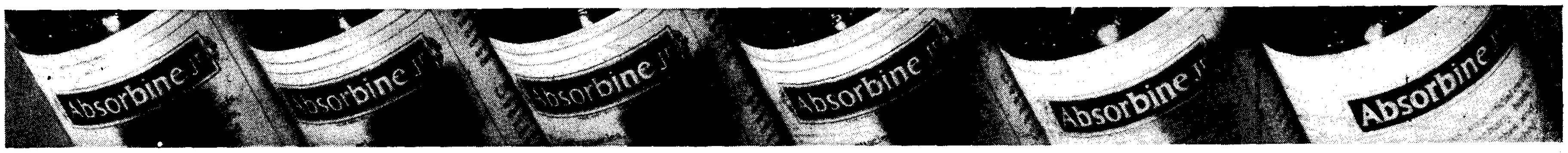
CUT out these five black figures. For greater ease in manipulation, mount each separately on cardboard. Then lay them on top of one another and shift them about until you have achieved a silhouette of the person, animal or plant you have in mind. When you are satisfied with the result, paste the pieces together and mail them to: Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Five dollars each will be paid for those published. None can be returned.



TEN MILLION PEOPLE HAVE "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

WHO'LL KILL TINEA TRICHOPHYTON?

"I" SAYS ABSORBINE JR.



FRIENDS, Absorbine Jr. has news for you. I who have stood by you through many an ache and sprain; I who have soothed your sunburn and bruises, eased your sore muscles and loosened your stiffened necks; I, Absorbine Jr., take up a new crusade in your behalf.

Beware of this tiny monster

A tiny parasite with a big name is on a rampage. Dermatologists call him tinea trichophyton, the parasite that causes a form of ringworm or "Athlete's Foot".

According to a great skin specialist, 10,000,000 men and women are already infected by this upstart parasite. A bulletin of the United States Public Health Service declares that half the adult population now has it or has had it at some time.

Tinea trichophyton lurks in golf shower rooms, gymnasiums, on the wet tiles about swimming pools, on the floor of locker rooms, hotel rooms, and bathing establishments, waiting for the unwary foot. Then it is carried home to breed on carpets and bath mats, to infect the feet of other members of the family. It's getting so a man can't shoot a quiet game of golf without running afoul of this tiny monster.

This outrage must stop.

So I, Absorbine Jr., have declared war on tinea trichophyton.

In a private combat in a laboratory, dermatologists watched while I slew millions of these ringworm parasites. What I did in the laboratory, I am prepared to do for you.

Look for tinea trichophyton tonight

No one is immune from the attacks of tinea trichophyton. It is possible to be infected for weeks without even knowing it.

The first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" usually appear between the toes. Look for these symptoms: if the skin is moist or peeling, cracked or inflamed, or if there are small blisters and itching, or white thickened skin between the toes, you can be almost certain that the ringworm parasite is at work.

Let me at him now before he spreads along the sides and soles of the feet and burrows beneath the skin.

I stop the itching in short order and when I come to grips with tinea trichophyton his game is up.

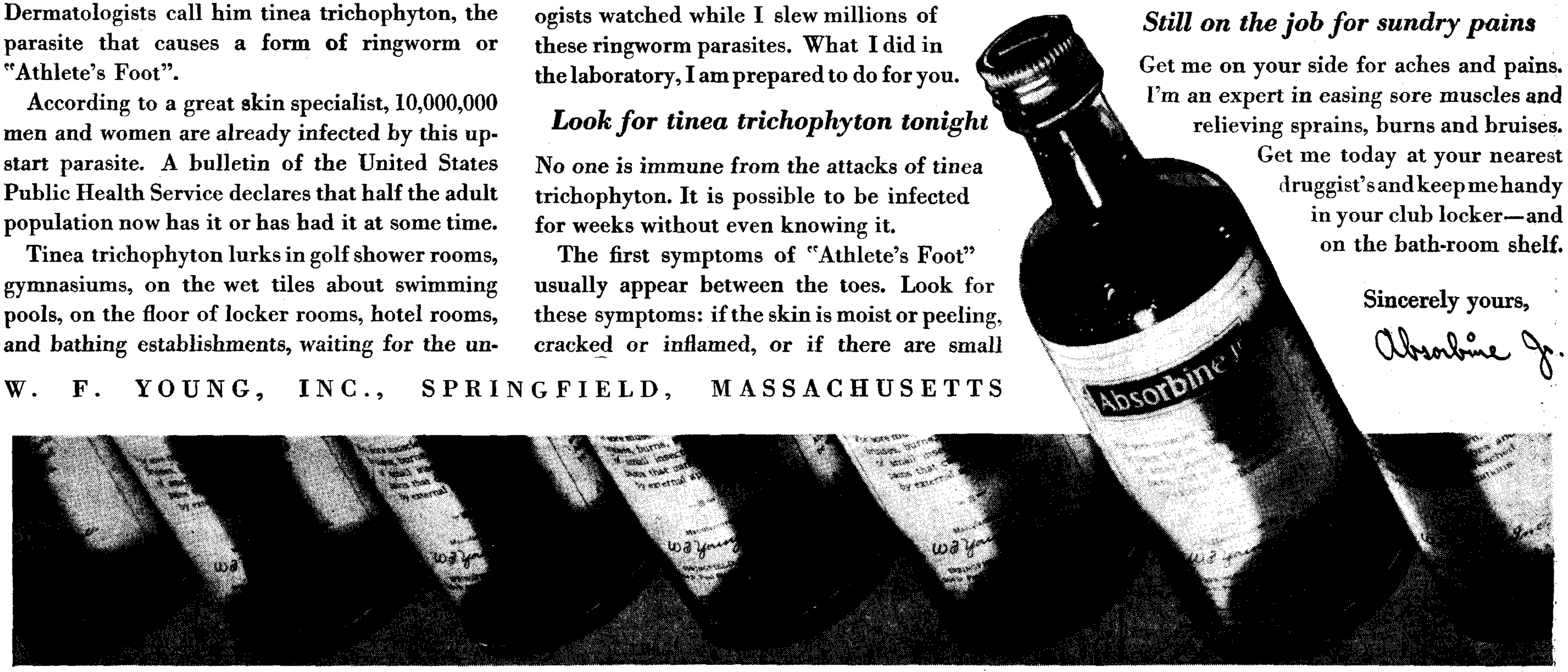
Still on the job for sundry pains

Get me on your side for aches and pains. I'm an expert in easing sore muscles and relieving sprains, burns and bruises. Get me today at your nearest druggist's and keep me handy in your club locker—and on the bath-room shelf.

Sincerely yours,

Absorbine Jr.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



BE SMART
Two Thin Layers—
Light but Warm—

Know the advantages of Duofold's Two-Layer Fabric

DUOFOLD differs from all other underwear, not in minor details of design, but in the *fundamentals of the fabric itself*. Duofold's fabric is made in

Two Very Thin Layers

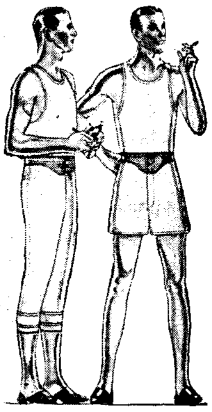
This construction combines health protection with *comfort* to a degree not possible in any but a two-layer fabric.

Duofold fabric is *warm*, yet *light*. The thin *outside* layer contains wool combined with silk, rayon or cotton—for warmth, protection and service. The thin *inside* layer is made of soft cotton only—for comfort. No wool can touch or irritate the skin.

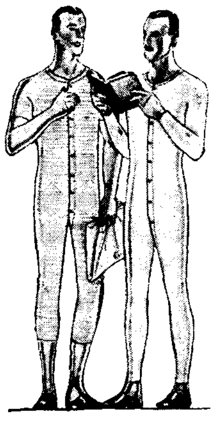
The air space between the two layers acts as an insulator and protects the body from sudden temperature changes.

Duofold is made in all models—from fashionable, colorful "shirts and shorts" to regular three-quarter and full length union suits. It makes no difference which *style* you prefer. You get more freedom from disagreeable chills—more protection to your *health*, combined with more *comfort*, than in a similar style of any other underwear. Be doubly smart—wear Duofold.

Ask us to send you samples of its interesting fabric. Just mail the handy coupon.



Duofold Styles include shirts, shorts, ¾ Sox-Tops, and Athletics.



Also in union suits and two-piece garments in three-quarter and full lengths.

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
Mohawk, N. Y.

Other Duofold Company products—
Duocraft Sweater Coats; Featherknit Shirts and Duocraft Woven Shorts; DuoRib Knit Underwear.

Duofold Health Underwear

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Dept. B-3, Mohawk, N.Y.
Please send, free, samples of Duofold fabric, and descriptions of styles checked.
☐ Men's, Boys', Children's, Women's ☐ Infants'

Name..........
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City..........*State*..........

The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 42

witchcraft and the Königsberg? Of all things she could not endure that. If there was the least suspicion—if they began to talk of torture—she would have to destroy herself instantly.

Perhaps, she thought, her mind darting to and fro over the incidents of the last few days, perhaps that was why she had snatched up and paid for so highly that third bottle in the case that Madame de Rosny had shown her with a malicious leer, telling her that it was the most useful of all, and never failed, although potions and philters might sometimes not do their work. Yes, this could be relied on—poison. . . . She had it in her pocket now.

AS THE Elector returned she tried to put all this out of her mind. After all, it was only a phantasma of a dread, a ghost of a horror, something vague and intangible snatched up out of dreams and whispers and hints.

The Prince, the man who held her fate in his hands, loved her and she must make him love her yet more, blind him to everything he saw, everything he heard against her—that was her only safety and her father's safety and her brothers' safety.

Madelon seated herself beside the Elector and talked to him, lucidly and reasonably, of plans for the future, the spring, the Moritzburg, the war, and the first campaign. She did not mention Marshal de Haverbeck. Through all her pretty talk the Elector listened for that name.

Madelon de Rocklitz's speech was strange and mechanical. She longed to escape. She felt she could not spend the night with this young man. She wanted darkness and solitude—all the candles quenched and the room shuttered against the moon.

But this was not so.

She must sit here with all these candles burning (as it seemed to her) with an insufferable blaze, speak to this man and please him and invite him, because she was afraid of the shadows of the Königsberg.

She heard his voice impinging on her thoughts. She had become slow in her speech, and hardly knew herself what her words were, save that they were a form and a pattern at which she was very clever, woven for his amusement. . . . Breaking into this form and pattern came his voice asking her about her dress, to change her dress—what she wore was heavy and not pleasing to his taste. She had indeed attired herself carelessly in a formal gown and rich, but dark. The Elector reminded her of a flimsy robe she had once worn like that which appears to flutter round the rounded limbs of a classic statue. He told her to put that on, since she had never worn anything that had pleased him more.

"Not tonight," said Madelon Rocklitz. "Not tonight. I am not in the humor for it," rose to her lips. But she realized that she had passed the point where she dare have humors. It was his will henceforth.

She rose to obey him—a slave before her master, fearful of his frown, of the note of impatience in his voice. In the adjoining closet were many of her robes and jewels. As she passed through his room she could not forbear remarking on the Bible, and laying her finger tips on the heavy brass-bound cover, asked:

"Why have you this here? It is not usual."

"Herr Knock brought it," he answered, sharply. "There are terrible things in it."

"I know," smiled Madelon.

"Dreadful threats," murmured the Elector, wildly, "against people like you and me, Madelon! '*I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers and against adulterers.*' "

"Who is God that he must threaten so?" trembled Madelon. "He knows that we must go our ways and sin until there is no longer flesh on our bones, and then that we shall lie under His hand quietly enough."

"Do not touch the Book," muttered the Elector. "Do not touch the Book. I do not know why they left it here. Go and put on that robe, Madelon, and come back to me at once."

Madame de Rocklitz remained by the Bible, staring at the end of paper shut between the leaves. What was it? Why had he got the Book there? Why had he spoken of adulterers and sorcerers?

"Do you dare stand there?" asked the Elector. "What did they read to me, Madelon? '*For behold the Day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the Proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall be stubble*—' burn, Madelon, burn!"

"These are horrible words," shivered Madelon. "Will you not save me from my enemies? Burn! Johann! Burn! What have they said? I know no magic. Johann! You will protect me! Think how often you have loved me utterly—"

"Loved?" he repeated. "Loved? Once, yes, I was afraid to lay flowers at your door—yes, even in my thoughts I did not profane you—a spirit more than a woman to me. But what did you and yours do with that exaltation of mine? You traded it because of what I could give you"—his voice was rough with pain. "*Traded*, eh, that foul bargain, those three who waited—and you ready with the bonds, and I drunk, drugged, damned!"

"Oh," whispered Madelon, leaning against the wall.

"And since then? We have gone down—down—down. Loved you? I have lusted after you, utterly, Madelon—that is what the Book speaks of—sin in bodily shape—lust. I have not loved you since that night, Madelon. And you never loved me at all."

"Are you not, at least," whispered Madelon, very faintly, "sorry for me?"

"Aye, I am sorry for all of us. I hear a howling and crashing in my ears. I believe what you gave me scattered my intellects. Madelon, the time goes, we must try to console one another."

MADELON ROCKLITZ stumbled as she crossed the threshold of the closet, which had been already lit for her reception. She was very tired and frightened. She had only tonight in which to undo the effects of her folly. She did not want to die. She must not be dragged to the Königsberg. Tonight she must win him again. . . . Ah, if only she knew the spells they credited her with knowing. . . .

She steadied herself, staring into the mirror at her own body, white as if frozen, perfect as if immortal.

She put on the fine muslin that was like a veil over her limbs—bare feet and ankles, arms, wrists, neck and bosom, pale and chill in the rich candlelit closet. She let down her hair, then coiled it up, then let it down again, and rearranged it two or three times with pins and combs, glittering, sparkling, and then nervously paused again to listen; surely he was whispering to himself, beating the cushions and sobbing? Madelon de Rocklitz stooped and from

(*Continued on page 46*)

"Air-Way Makes It Unnecessary to Run the Risk of Emptying Infectious Cleaner-Bag Dirt"

Mr. Gregory—Doctor Gray, I can't for the life of me understand where or how she got this illness. She was always so well, and kept our home so clean and tidy that our neighbors used to talk about it.

Doctor Gray—My dear man, somewhere, sometime, your wife came in contact with germs of this disease. You say she is a particular housekeeper which leads me to ask, "How does she dispose of the dust and dirt and refuse collected in the home?"

Mr. Gregory—Why just like everybody else does. She empties it out of the cleaner bag. Sometimes I do it for her.

Doctor Gray—That might easily have been the cause of this illness. Don't you know that the Air-Way Sanitary System makes it unnecessary to run the risk of emptying infectious cleaner-bag dirt? Air-Way is the home-cleaning system which disposes of collected refuse in a safe and sanitary way—there is no bag to empty.

Mr. Gregory—Frankly, I don't pay much attention to such things.

Doctor Gray—Well I would suggest that you look into the Air-Way Sanitary System—they have a branch here—and find out about the home-cleaning system that seals all collected refuse in a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container which is detached bodily and burned or cast away. *No person ever has to empty the infectious cleaner-bag dirt.*

Mr. Gregory—That's certainly news to me. I don't believe I need to tell you that there will be an Air-Way at the house when she comes home.

Air-Way is represented in hundreds of cities and listed in the telephone books under "Air-Way Branch of [your city]." Sold direct—not in any store. A telephone call will bring a gentlemanly, bonded representative to demonstrate Air-Way in your home.

Air-Way
SANITARY SYSTEM

Please send me complete information about the Air-Way Sanitary System.

Name____________________

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No Cleaner Bag or Container to Empty

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BRAKE LININGS
FOR SHORT STOPS AND LONG SERVICE

CONSULT A THERMOID "BRAKE-ANIC"

The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 44

the pocket of the gown she had taken off sought for and found the last of the three bottles Madame de Rosny had sold her. . . . She slipped this into one of her silk stockings, tied this in a knot, and laid it underneath the gown.

From a drawer in one of the marble cabinets she took out a perfume that he had always liked, rubbed it over her hands and ankles—then glided into the bedchamber, soundless, with her bare feet on the thick Chinese carpet.

HE LOOKED at her eagerly, put out his hand and caught hold of her, in a passion of impatience, as one who snatches a precious object from threatened peril or oblivion.

"Ah, that's Madelon—that's my Madelon again—that's how you used to be."

They were interrupted—voices—an altercation—a knocking at the antechamber.

"Your friends and my enemies, I think," said Madelon Rocklitz, rising from his embrace. "They would save you even now."

Despite her fears, her fatigue, and her reluctance for the part she must play tonight, she had struck the right note in what she said, for she had roused his courage and his pride.

The Elector rose in a flaming rage, and in a deep passion lurched across the room, pulled open the door, and shouted to his gentlemen, demanding hoarsely and violently what was this infamous disturbance.

Stürm and Herr Knock had heard from a dozen affrighted tongues that the Rocklitz had gone straight to the Elector's apartments and taken hold of him again, and was, likely enough, weaving her enchantments around him once more. . . . They were there with their several excuses, to—as she had said—save him from the wanton and the witch—Colt was there too, with appalling news.

But they were too late, and their coming at this hour showed that they had been frightened into less than Stürm's usual subtle tact.

Johann Georg stormed at the outrageous intrusion.

When he returned to Madelon, flushed with his quarrel on her behalf, she felt a certain warmth of gratitude toward him, a certain softness and compassion and kindness that came near enough to the love that she was forced to assume. The worst terrors seemed to be over. He was her friend and protector.

JOHANN GEORG lay drowsily back on the couch. He had a sensation of pleasant relief from mental pain and torment. This room—warm, luxurious, closely curtained in, so that it was impossible to know the season of the year or the time of day—seemed to him like a refuge amid all the torture and confusion which had lately been in conflict with him. He drank out of the tall silver-gilt beaker set with topazes, which Madelon had given him, and smiled over the greenish curl of the wine.

His love and passion for Madelon now mingled, for the first time, with the sensation of mastery; never had she been so submissive to his will, his commands, his half-hinted wishes. She was exerting herself to enthrall him. She arranged her hair and headdress with scarves and jewels till she appeared like the Italian picture called "Leda," which he always kept above the bureau in his cabinet. She glanced over her shoulder as her face in the portrait glanced, and he applauded her likeness to the long-dead beauty. She put on a gown lined with ermine, laced tightly about the waist, with spreading skirts of glittering satin and soft heavy velvet. She walked up and down in this like a marionette and he clapped his hands, lounging on the couch, for she seemed a queen indeed.

Then he made her take it off and sit beside him on the couch after she had brought him the casket containing all the jewels he had ever given her—the casket that was almost too heavy for her to carry. She put it on the floor at his feet; he tipped it over with his foot and picked up the spilt contents—necklets, bracelets, chains, collars and stars of Orders, and fastened them round her neck and arms as she sat obedient, as if she had been a doll for his amusement.

Then he became impatient with the glitter of the vivid emeralds, white diamonds, and red rubies, and would have none of these, but decked her in the Saxon pearls, of such deep luster and color. Many of them had belonged to another Magdalena Sibylla, wife of the Elector Johann Georg I; the interlaced cypher "MS" was worked on several of the costly objects. The Elector held them up and watched the sparkle in the light of the fire and the lamps. He rejoiced at them, laughed at them, and threw them into Madelon's lap. She could, at length, endure this play no longer.

"YOU give me too much," she said, in a low voice. She hated all this splendor as much as she had once longed for it. She unclasped the necklaces of coarse pearls and let them slide down her bosom. "Don't put anything more on me; I don't want anything more," she added.

Johann Georg dropped the jewels and stared at her closely.

"I'll tell you a story, Madelon."

She smiled, knowing him to be very fond of relating tales, which he told not unskillfully.

He snatched at her and drew her close to him and spoke over her head, which she had to rest on his breast among his tumbled laces.

"Last night, Madelon, a man was executed in the Königsberg."

"Alas," sighed Madelon. "And what was his offense?"

"He had outraged me, Madelon. He had stolen something that was mine—at least, I thought so. And may not a prince take a swift revenge? That is what power means, Madelon. I said the word and it was done. I gave him a pastor and half an hour. Then it was done."

"I know nothing of these things," whispered Madelon, "and have I not entreated you not to tell me about them? I loathe the Königsberg and all the tales of it."

"To kill a man like that," whispered the Elector, not heeding her interruption, "that is a frightful deed, is it not, Madelon?"

"You know I do not want to hear how it was done, that I dare not ask." Madelon clung tighter to her lover and hid her face in the laces of his bosom.

"What do you mean, 'how it was done'? It sounds as if you speak more of a murder than an execution. Four men went into his room and dispatched him," murmured Johann Georg, in a very low tone, so low that, close as she was, she could scarcely catch the words. "I suppose they strangled him; a strong man would make a fight for it, would he not, Madelon? He was not armed."

(To be concluded next week)

Rough Humor

Continued from page 21

simplest thing to keep one's head in the heat of a football game. Observe even the spectators, for example. Why, then, shouldn't the youngster have an occasional brainstorm?

I was coaching at Washington and Jefferson in 1923 and on my squad was an earnest youth named Lyle. I had occasion to send him in for Thomas and he immediately became excited.

"And don't forget to report," I warned him.

"Report?" he asked, "Report? What shall I report?"

"Report to the referee that you're taking Thomas' place."

"What—what—shall I say?"

"Oh, just say Lyle for Thomas," I said. "And listen: After the first play tell Cap to play 48 quickly."

He raced across the field repeating to himself: "Lyle for Thomas, Lyle for Thomas. Tell Cap to play 48 quick."

Earnest and Flustered

Captain Wiederquist steered him to the referee.

"Who are you?" demanded that official.

"Lyle for Thomas," shouted Lyle.

"All right, Lyleford Thomas," said the referee. "Whose place are you taking?"

"Lyle's—no Thomas'—no Lyle takes Thomas' place and Coach says play 84 right away."

"All right," grinned the referee, "get in there, but you'll have to tell Captain Wiederquist what the coach says, after the first play."

"Sure," gasped Lyle, "but I wanted to tell it straight now because I might get all mixed up in a minute or so."

But if you like a bit of humor in your football you ought to cultivate the game as it is played by Negroes. I should like to say, too, that for earnest football you need go no farther. The colored boy takes it seriously.

Two Negro elevens went at it in Nashville a few years ago and lacking a field of regulation length they agreed upon one sixty-five yards long. Before starting it was agreed that the side scoring a touchdown should keep the ball and from a point forty-five yards from the opponent's goal go at it again. If from this distance they repeated the scoring they would be credited with a touchdown. This was involved but mathematically just.

In due time the Roger Williams team put the ball over the Waiters' line and as the referee took the ball back to the forty-five-yard mark, the captain of the Roger Williams boys boasted that they had scored half a touchdown. The game ended there.

"Whut you mean?" demanded the captain of the Waiters. "Whut you mean half a touchdown? They ain' no sich thing, fool."

"Huccum they ain't no sich?" yelled the Roger Williams leader. "Wuzn't you lookin' or is you just simple? Didn't you ever hear about half nothin'?"

"Sho has. And I is seein' half of that this minute, too. But you all ain't got no half touchdown."

"Who says so? Half a touchdown, half a dollah, half a hour, halfback—"

"Yeah? Well, listen, half-witted, I know sompin' you ain't half of."

"Say it."

"You ain't half a liah, you's two liahs."

About a half hour later the police had the situation well in hand.

No such dissension was possible on that memorable day in 1917 when Georgia Tech, eager to see how far scoring could be carried, defeated Cumberland University 222 to 0. Or is defeat adequate description of that sort of thing?

As you may suspect, Cumberland lost considerable interest in proceedings after Tech had scored her first hundred points and was inclined to let matters take whatever course they might. Among those enjoying it least were the Cumberland backs. All any one of them had to do to be subjected to a thorough going over was to receive the ball; and presently none of the Cumberland men appeared to care where the ball was—as long as it wasn't near them.

Once a Cumberland halfback found himself possessed of it. Instantly he was tackled so hard that he and the ball separated. It rolled toward the other halfback. One of Cumberland's ends yelled:

"Fall on it, Pete, fall on it."

Pete looked at the fellow with infinite scorn.

"Fall on it yourself—I didn't fumble it."

And somehow I never found it easy to misunderstand the disinclination of those Cumberland backs to stand up for sixty minutes of play under the terrific tackling of that Georgia Tech team—one of the best this country has ever known. The Tech men were all ruinous tacklers—loved to tackle—like Mont Weaver of Carson-Newman College at Jefferson City, Tennessee. Weaver would rather tackle a man than find diamonds.

He reported to Carson-Newman huge, powerful, eager and raw. He knew about as much football as a chipmunk, but once introduced to it he and the game became one.

For several days Lake Russell, the coach, drilled Mont in fundamentals and then turned him loose in the scrub line to operate against the varsity. It was a vigorous afternoon, the scrubs being on the defensive most of the time, and Mont wondering that there could be so much fun in one small world.

"Well, Weaver," said Lake when practice had ended, "have a good time?"

"Mr. Lake," sighed Weaver contentedly, "you-all sure are good to a poor boy like me. Yes, sir, and thank you."

Amenities of Football

"Were you able to make many tackles in scrimmage?"

"Hell, yes," said Mont, "I retched out and tackled one of those big boys a passel of times, sir, and thrung them a furlong. And one of them had the ball when I did it too."

It's that sort of spirit that keeps coaches from committing suicide now and then, not to mention murder and the like. You find it everywhere—in schools and colleges. It's what makes the ordinary football player extraordinary. And it takes varied forms.

Lummis, a 120-pound firecracker valiantly playing left end for Duval High School at Jacksonville against a mountainous youth named Crane on Riverside Academy of Gainesville, Georgia, some years ago, was packed with it.

There was the suggestion of the mosquito assaulting the elephant in the onslaught young Lummis made upon the huge Crane that day. With tireless energy and a persistence that annoyed Crane exceedingly, Lummis jumped on the big boy, tripped him, jabbed him, elbowed him, swore at him and chattered

(*Continued on page 48*)

A good picture of your next pair

We men are not shoppers. We know pretty well what we like and want. So this picture and a short description of the Walk-Over WARWICK may save you looking around. It's a blucher, styled in the English manner with comfortable depth from the throat downward. The sole extends with a characteristic flare. Custom-like in workmanship. Black or brown imported calf. See them in the leather at any Walk-Over store $10.

WALK · OVER SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

Switch on summer warmth with a TROPIC-AIRE

WHEN the temperature slips steadily downward, when ears nearly freeze and fingers are numb with cold — that's when you'll most welcome a Tropic-Aire! Just switch it on and you can bask in summer warmth as you drive along.

The Original Fan-Equipped
HOT WATER AUTOMOBILE HEATER

Tropic-Aire circulates plenty of heat throughout the car by means of its electric fan. The heat is supplied directly by your engine's hot water, the greatest, cleanest and most uniform source. No fumes, no carbon-monoxide gas.

Tropic-Aire is installed back of the instrument board, out of the way, and where you can just catch a glimpse of its graceful outlines and chromium finish.

FAN USED ALL SUMMER, TOO! The hot water is easily turned off, so you can use the fan for cooling ventilation and removing the engine-heat in sultry weather. The fan requires no more current than a tail light.

For All Cars

The Senior Model is made for all large sedans and coaches. The Junior Model is made for coupes and smaller cars. A special style is made for Model A Fords.

Use the heater that has a reputation for flawless service in cars, taxicabs and busses. Order a Tropic-Aire Hot Water Heater from your local dealer or garage, or write us for additional facts and name of nearest distributor.

TROPIC-AIRE, Inc.
58 Eleventh Ave. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
In Canada: 14 Breadalbane St., Toronto

Pat. Nos. 1581761, 1668491, RE17131. Others Pending

(*Continued from page 47*)

at him. Yet Crane seemed not to notice it. He went right along messing up Duval plays with his personal pest buzzing and swarming all around and all over him. Now and then he'd pause long enough to brush the gnat off.

Presently, with Crane all set to repel the Duval attack, little Lummis resorted to dishing sand from the field and hurling it as he charged into big, even-tempered Crane's face. Crane deigned to notice.

"Sonny," said he slowly but not unkindly, "I wouldn't do that. It ain't polite."

But the terrible Lummis did it again, this time letting Crane have two heaping handfuls.

Condign Punishment

Crane straightened up. He reached over and picked up Lummis as you would a small child. Carefully he massaged Lummis' soft cheeks with his own rough-bearded chin and then with great ostentation, and fearful deliberation, he kissed Lummis. Then he set the little fellow down gently.

"Now be a good boy," he chided Lummis, "or I'll have to kiss you again."

Then Crane enjoyed peace.

It is not often that humor proceeds from the game's officials, not that they're not capable of it but they're usually too busy. Big Bill Edwards of Princeton was as ready-witted as most of them.

Bill was refereeing a game between Carnegie Tech and the Carlisle Indians under conditions not conducive to football or humor. Snow, rain and hail had made a quagmire of the field. It was nothing for a man, falling, to slide ten feet on whatever portion of him happened to strike the earth first. After two scrimmages all marks of identification were gone. It was impossible to tell who was who—not that anybody seemed to care much.

But presently, after a fumble, there arose the question of who owned the ball. You could tell it was the ball because it had retained something of its original shape although it weighed a ton or so.

Big Bill began yanking layers of mud-coated players off the pile and at last was rewarded by arriving at a deep-sea diver under whom lay the ball.

"Whose ball? Whose ball?" the lads demanded.

"How can I tell?" Bill demanded, hauling the last man to his feet. "Get me a towel—or a trowel. I've got to disinter this man and have him identified."

Holding his man by the arm, Bill scraped mud until he came to flesh. Looking into the man's face, Bill began to mutter:

"By gosh—yes, sir—yes, by gosh—yep, it's human."

Polishing the face with a towel, Bill solved the mystery.

"An Indian, by gosh. Carlisle's ball," he roared.

One day at a southern college, after several years, the coaches had prevailed upon the president of the institution to witness a game. To say the least, he had not been a football fan. He had made it clear that in his opinion young men could do well by themselves without football and for the athletic prestige of the college it was deemed desirable to convert the gentleman.

Eventually he agreed to see a game. More, he consented to sit on the bench beside the coach and among the substitutes. The lads were told to do a bit extra for old Alma Mater that day, that Prexy might not lack for reason to enthuse. They did. But for three quarters of the game he sat there unmoved, solemn, voiceless.

The game, fortunately, was one of those affairs that remain in men's minds to be talked about in years to come. Things happened.

Along toward the end of the game, with the score 0-0, one of the enemy's lads got a good firm grip on the ball and started down the field. Filled with purpose and vigor, the youth sped around, over, under and through home tackler after home tackler until there remained but one player between him and the goal line—the little safety man.

This midget hurled himself at the runner, caught him by the ankle and then wrapped himself around his captive's legs. Down they came, twenty feet from where Prexy stood. Prexy had risen with the rest of them and unconsciously was yelling with the multitude. His voice was high, strident, roar-piercing.

"Kill him, kill him," the old boy screamed.

And then, catching himself, he added, a trifle less savagely:

"But don't hurt him, don't hurt him—any more than you have to."

I once beheld the remarkable spectacle of two teams chasing a Negro water boy into whose galvanized bucket a punt had dropped. The boy had been called on the field but play had started while he was half the distance from the players.

Startled, he stood there long enough to see the ball soar and feel something plop into the bucket. Then beholding a large posse of huskies bearing down upon him he took to his heels. The boy could run and an overwhelming desire for safety assisted him.

Deaf to all entreaties to drop the bucket, the boy took flight for the nearest exit. And he had almost made it when, seeking to unburden himself in the interest of speed, he let go the handle. The referee ordered the ball back; but this time the water boy was not present.

In the good old days two generations gone, football players themselves were quite as elusive (between seasons) as the ball itself. I have in mind the things that happened due to the rivalry of two southern colleges whose alumni saw to it that nothing was left undone to provide their respective colleges with victorious and durable teams.

At this particular time each college possessed a backfield star. And each college spent much energy, time and money to find him a partner.

Variable Stars

And then one of the rivals announced success; when fall practice was called the star of the other college would report to them. What a backfield that would be! What a historic walloping the other team was in for that year!

And the great star of the enemy's squad did appear. There was but one thing to worry about then: What had become of their own mighty fullback? In a few days they found out. The other lads had swiped him. Things happened like that forty years ago—and perhaps since.

Only once did I see Canty Alexander, lineman for Georgia Tech a dozen years ago, get all the football he wanted in one day. Canty was the kind of football player who resented the rule that a man may not go right on playing for his college after he has been graduated. Merely to witness a football game annoyed Canty.

But this day Canty had plenty. In my forty years of football I have not seen a game played in such heat. The thermometer announced eighty degrees in the middle of the afternoon.

We were winning the game nicely and I made frequent substitutions. The men came off in lathers of sweat. Perspiration had soaked through their pants, and helmets had become intolerable. Relays of water boys had been worked to exhaustion.

Because my squad was large and my substitutes numerous and able I had seldom let any one man play an entire game at any time. Canty Alexander had always resented this. Repeatedly he had begged me to let him play through the whole game. And on this blistering day I resolved to let Canty have his way.

As I began sending substitutes in I agreed with all of them that I should not send the water boys in thereafter, that I would relieve them before their own thirst became intolerable. Let Canty pant, we said; he would have his fill of football that day.

By the end of the first half, what with heat and the humidity, Canty was a weltering wreck. The ten minutes' rest revived him and while he made a few comments upon the wearing-down qualities of the weather he did not suggest he be relieved.

"You're doing fine work, Canty," I said. "I'm sending you in as captain this half."

Canty would have played all day in the middle of Hades for an honor like that. But the game dragged and the heat increased and as substitute after substitute was sent in to relieve the weltering men Canty sagged lower and lower.

When one of his own men lay stretched out on the grass, the victim of a savage buck plus the enervating heat, Canty would suggest water.

"Don't you think you need the water boy?" he'd say.

"No, no water. Don't want any water."

Fighting Spirit

And Canty, no longer able to spit, would wag his head wearily and go to it again. He was losing poundage and gradually becoming as dry as tinder.

Presently relieved substitutes began to come out with the news that Canty was getting peevish. And then he asked the referee to halt the game and call me on the field.

"What's the trouble, Cap?" I inquired.

"Well," said Canty weakly, "maybe you better take me out and put in another captain because right after this game I'm going to lick a couple of guys. You see, I never was captain of anything before and there must be something wrong with the way I'm doing it. All our fellows are giving me the laugh and so are the other fellows and maybe I ain't so good as a captain and maybe—"

"Maybe you're right, Canty," I said seriously. "Anything you say. But what's the matter with your captaining? If you say the word I'll keep you in."

"Well, maybe you better try another captain," said Canty. "And maybe as long as you're going to try somebody else in the job maybe I better stop playing today because he might feel funny about it or something."

"All right, Canty," I said.

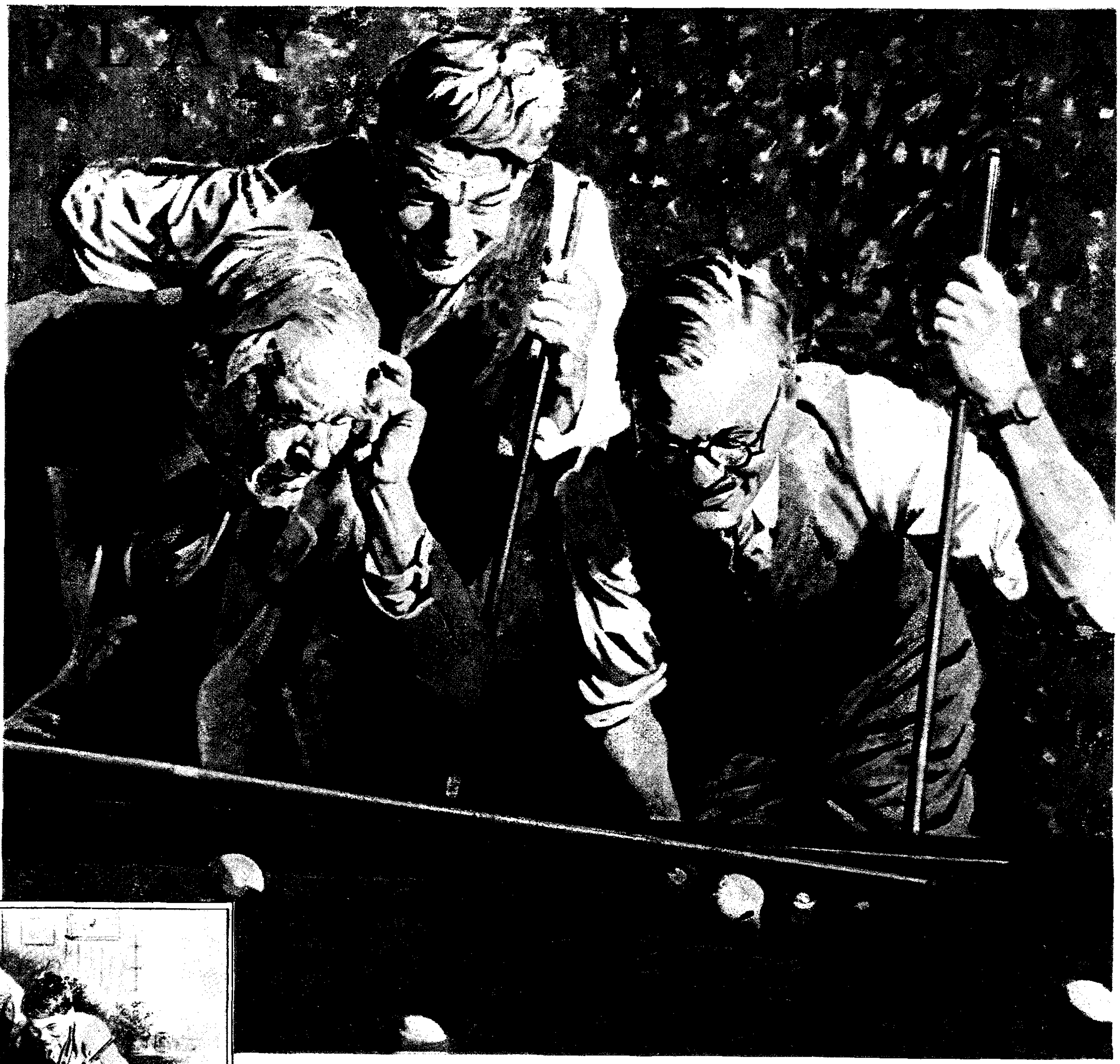
And Canty came out, dragging both feet.

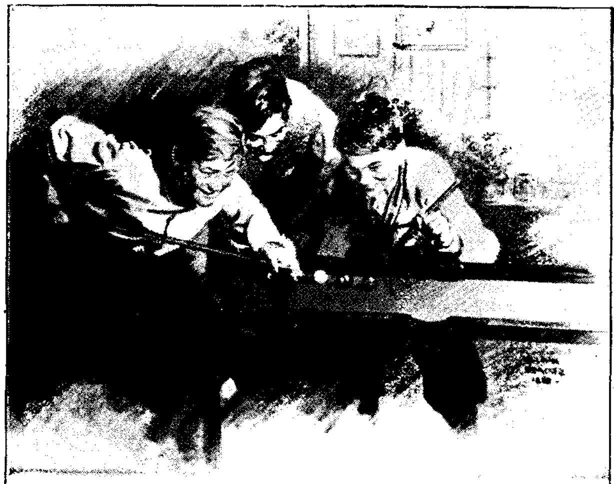
On the following morning—a beautiful Sabbath day—I met Canty walking disconsolately toward the football field, a ball in his arms.

"How are you feeling this morning, Canty?" I inquired.

"Fine, Coach," said Canty. "Say, when did they write this law which says a guy can't play football Sundays? I'm going to be all out of practice by tomorrow."

"Here are Men," another article about football by Mr. Heisman, will appear in next week's Collier's.





A Low Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters

$7.50

The Brunswick Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. It is sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment—available in six sizes, at $7.50, $13.50, $18.50, $37.50, $60.00 and $100.00 (*prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada*) at leading stores everywhere. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark in Gold, which is shown below.

BRUNSWICK
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MFG BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

Ball-ed Up

BILLIARDS, like life, is full of problems, but their solution furnishes a fascination that takes you out of yourself, into the realm of play. Step into a situation like the one pictured above. Pick up a cue. The minute it touches a ball you've said good-bye to boredom. You're playing *billiards!*

Played at home, billiards makes friends of the family and a family of friends. There's laughter and liveliness for grown-ups and growing youngsters—health-building exercise—mental and muscular coordination—and above all, real enjoyable recreation in this game of games.

Billiards is inexpensive. It can be played in the club-like atmosphere of the modern billiard room, recreation center, or at home. Brunswick home tables range in price from $7.50 up. Each model, irrespective of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc. The lower priced models are sold at leading stores everywhere. The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan (*only a modest initial payment required*) from the Brunswick branches located in all principal cities.

Mail the coupon below for the "Home Magnet", a booklet of complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. There is no obligation implied.

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Dept. 200, 623 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet"—a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

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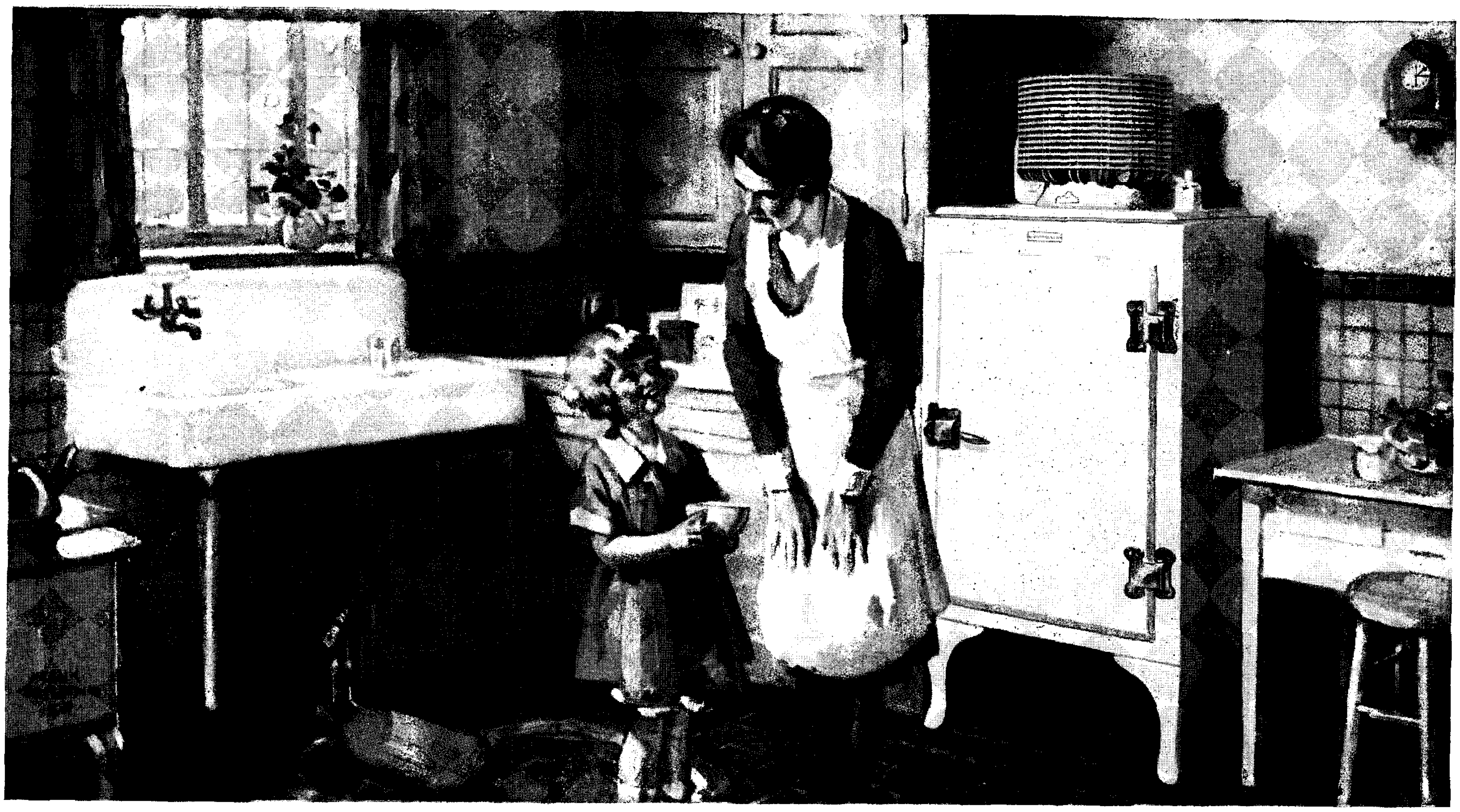


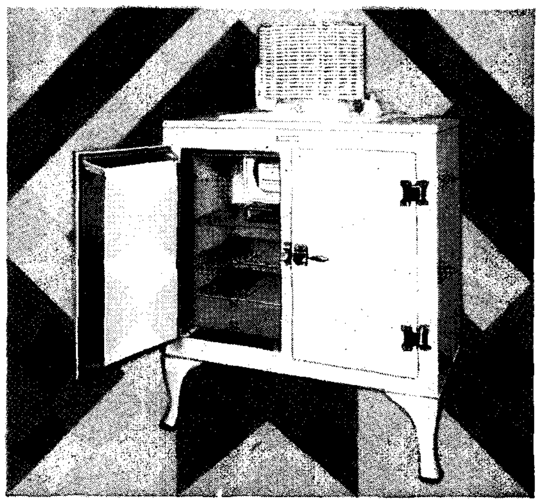
It's always summer-time … in your kitchen

Do you sit back and sigh with relief—now that summer is over? Do you think that your children's food and milk are no longer open to the hot-weather dangers of contamination? Are you, perhaps, lulled by a false sense of security?

It's *always* summer-time in your kitchen. It's never cool where there is a stove. And the dangers of food contamination are always present—so long as it is possible for the temperature in your refrigerator to rise even a degree or two above fifty.

Physicians agree that 50 degrees is the danger point in food preservation. Above that temperature, the bacteria which inhabit all foods multiply alarmingly. Moisture, too, helps them thrive. But the constant dry cold of the General Electric Refrigerator checks their growth most effectively.

Faithfully, quietly, automatically—every hour of the day and night—the General Electric gives you the perfect refrigeration that safeguards health. It makes plenty of ice cubes, operates without ever needing to be oiled, creates no radio interference. And it has an accessible freezing regulator.



Important, too, is the fact that it is the *only* refrigerator which has an all-steel cabinet. It cannot warp . . . its doors cannot sag. It is the perfect cabinet for the simple mechanism which is safely stowed away in an hermetically sealed steel casing. For complete details write Section C-11, Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio, for a descriptive booklet.

An amazing record

There are now more than 350,000 General Electric Refrigerators in use and no owner has ever spent a single dollar for repairs or service. This is an amazing record. Consider it when buying a refrigerator.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

The Shoestring Marriage

Continued from page 15

tonight, so you haven't time to rave. I sold Madge Carrick's place to Mr. Harrison, darling."

"What of it?"

"My, but it was nip and tuck! Two hundred and fifty thousand."

"Well, what of it?"

Sylvia slipped into a lacy negligee and lit a cigarette. "I have a broker's license. The broker's commission on that deal was twelve thousand five hundred. Madge paid it in cash for old time's sake. And Mr. Harrison wants us to live there for a month, while he's in Canada, to supervise the remodeling and landscaping; our salary for the month will be a thousand and expenses. Mr. Harrison's car will stop for us in the morning. It's awfully nice along the Hudson just now."

At the theater that night I leaned closer to Sylvia, and whispered: "You're a terribly wonderful person. But you'll get us into an awful mess if you don't settle down with me and live sensibly like everybody else."

"I will," Sylvia replied, "just as soon as we have our own yacht to settle down on."

OUR life at Ardsley was another sumptuous idyl of golf, riding, dancing, and all those other pleasant recreations that I'd always considered beyond my means. We watched the gardeners transplant spruce trees, and encouraged the carpenters in their attacks on the billiard-room; and that was all the work we had to do for our thousand dollars. No one but Sylvia could have wangled a paradise like that with nothing but a smile and a pair of dark eyes.

She grew lovelier every hour. And her effect upon me was so demoralizing that I thought: "It will have been worth it—even if our marriage goes smash at the end of the month." True, we had over twelve thousand dollars to last us a while, but every day I expected Sylvia to announce that she had spent it on an aëroplane, or a roomful of gowns, or a string of emeralds. And as I told her again and again: "Lucky breaks like this don't happen twice in succession. You'd better hang onto that cash. We'll need it when we leave here."

As a matter of fact she spent no money at all for three weeks, and I began to think that at last she was paying attention to my good advice. But pretty soon I decided that the only reason she wasn't squandering any money was because she hadn't the time.

It seemed to me that every eligible male in Westchester County had dropped in on us, and sighed a little as he went away. Old men, young men, fat men, bond salesmen, explorers, a United States senator; all these and more were constantly hovering around Sylvia, and the fact that she enjoyed it irritated me more than I'm willing to admit.

Old Major Box drove all the way from Philadelphia for the privilege of passing her the caviar; and a young idiot named McPhee swam the Hudson one afternoon to have a highball with us on the lawn. Among the gifts sent in by her admirers were a dozen squabs, three cases of Piper Heidsieck, five pounds of chocolates with her monogram on each chocolate, and thirty-seven varieties of flowers. To me it all spelled danger and divorce and damnation, but to Sylvia it was the normal thing.

"Now don't be jealous, Georgie! Only two out of the whole crowd really love me, and one of them is bald."

She was referring, of course, to those two choice rascals, Horace D. King, the copper baron, and Smedley Helm, the oil man.

They were forever hanging about. Old man King was past eighty, and his pale, wet eyes were the eyes of a bilious fish. Wherever Sylvia went the old fool tottered amiably along behind, a grin on his beefy face and a few drops of perspiration on his naked dome. Smedley Helm was forty-three, pale and long-jawed, with a disagreeable mouth and hard eyes. If you happened to read the story in the papers, it was just at the time that he bought two thirds of the town of Fillmore, Connecticut, telling the enthusiastic inhabitants he wanted to make sure that the beauty of their little village would be preserved.

Generous? Philanthropic? Ha! The town of Fillmore changed its mind when Mr. Smedley Helm installed three huge oil tanks beside their village square; and laughed because he had acquired a snug harbor for practically nothing at all. The town of Fillmore was ruined, and the inhabitants swore they'd tar and feather Mr. Helm if he ever set foot inside the city limits. That's the sort of snake he was, and I was a trifle disappointed in Sylvia for tolerating him. But I didn't lose my temper until three days before Mr. Harrison was scheduled to return from Canada.

I stepped onto the porch one afternoon and heard Mr. Helm say: "Sylvia, if you'll divorce this clown Harrigan and become Mrs. Smedley Helm I'll write you a check for five million."

I went upstairs without a word and ordered our trunks down from the attic. Sylvia joined me in twenty minutes.

"We're getting out of here."

"But, Georgie, I don't want his five million."

"We're getting out of here at once," I repeated. "It's a rotten, parasitical life, and I'm fed up. We're going to France. We can live in France for three years on that money."

"What money?"

"The twelve thousand."

Sylvia curled up on the chaise longue. "But we haven't got it any more."

"What!"

"Dearest, yesterday I took a little flier in Volpone Copper on a ten-point margin. That's why I was nice to Mr. King—so that he'd give me the tip. And we can't sell out now, because we're three thousand behind today."

"Oh, Lord, Lord, Lord!"

"If we hold onto it for six weeks Mr. King promises we'll make a lot of money."

"But in heaven's name how will we live during the six weeks?"

SYLVIA took a list from her pocket. "I've been trying to decide where we'd go next," she drawled. "There are the Smyths at Narragansett, the Bowlers at Hot Springs, and any number of good house parties in Maine. It's been over a year since I've visited the Kennedys at Spring Lake or the Ellwoods at Madison. And dear old Peter Armitage has offered us his fishing preserve in the Adirondacks. Take your choice, George darling."

"I want to go back to the trust company," I replied. "This life is wrecking my nerves."

"On the whole I think the Adirondacks would be best for your nerves," Sylvia said. "And I don't need any clothes for there, either."

"We'll come back dead broke. I'd just as soon play roulette as the stock market. Father always used to say . . ."

"Volpone Copper is seventy-eight and a quarter," replied Sylvia. "Just wait and see what it is by the first of September. Meanwhile we can catch trout for nothing."

IT MAY sound incredible, but for whole hours during that month of August I completely forgot the sword of Damocles hanging over us. Perhaps it was the result of sheer fatalism; because I realized only too vividly that if Volpone Copper decided to go down there was nothing I could do to prevent it. And meanwhile there we were, with I don't know how many square miles of woods and streams to play in, a couple of guides, a cook, and a whole month to ourselves.

Apparently Sylvia had forgotten the existence of Volpone Copper. If I insisted on wondering what the market was doing, she would reply: "Oh, bother the market! We'll know all about it when we get back to New York."

For once I was glad to move when Sylvia decided it was time for a change. On the first Wednesday of September we slipped into the Grand Central Terminal, and I made one lunge for a paper. Volpone Copper was seventy-three.

In the taxi I said: "Told you so. I'll bet your broker's sold you out."

"Oh, no," replied Sylvia. "We went to school together, and he wouldn't do a thing like that."

I said grimly: "We have one hundred and sixty dollars. We're now going to my old boarding house, and I'm definitely looking for a job. That twelve thousand is as good as lost."

"But I told him the Ambassador," replied Sylvia. "The Dwells are away, and I always use their suite when they're away. While you're looking for a job, dearest, I'll be looking for a nice yacht."

In spite of an excellent dinner and a bottle of Mrs. Dwell's champagne there was a coolness between us that night. Sylvia and I had been walking a silver tight rope, and the rope was ready to snap. I was determined to put our life on a sound basis before it was too late.

By an extraordinary freak of luck I got a job in a Fifth Avenue bank the very next day. It paid only thirty-five a week, but the man told me that a steady, reliable, industrious young man could hope for a ten-dollar raise at the end of a year. I hurried home to tell Sylvia the good news. But Sylvia was out. The evening paper lay folded on Mrs. Dwell's pearl-inlaid piano stool. I saw the headlines: "Collapse of Volpone Copper." And turning to the financial page I read that Volpone Copper had fallen from seventy-two and a half to thirty-one in less than four hours. The interests of Horace D. King, it was rumored, had smashed the Volpone Company. I groaned: "The old crook! He's wiped us out! This ought to teach Sylvia a lesson." And when the phone rang I answered it with a bitter heart.

"Hello! George darling? I'm at Southampton."

"Well?"

"I've just bought Mr. Fred Arnold's yacht," replied Sylvia faintly. "I haven't seen it yet because it's at Baltimore. We'll run down tomorrow and have a cruise."

"We'll run no place at all," I said angrily. "From now on our income is thirty-five a week. I don't suppose you

(*Continued on page 52*)

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$5.50
BUCK SKEIN
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JACKET

I KNOW millionaires who can afford to pay twenty-five or forty-five dollars for a leather jacket, but prefer my Buck Skein at $5.50—Because, although Buck Skein costs *less*, it gives a lot *more* in warmth, wear and good looks.

For instance. If you wash a leather jacket it gets stiff, whereas a Buck Skein can and should be washed in soap and water to retain its soft, velvety texture. Tell your wife that if a Buck Skein fades or shrinks, my Gold Bond Certificate guarantees to give you

YOUR MONEY BACK

You will find Buck Skein warmer because its double fabric heft is so tightly woven that the cold is locked out. It wears like saddle-leather. It has the new notched lapel collar that can be reefed up high in the back and buttoned up tight in front, thus making it windproof and rainproof. Made with springy knitted belt of 100% pure worsted wool; two button adjustable cuffs; two big over-size pockets; windproof and rainproof; buckskin tan-color.

The Buck Skein shirt ($3.50) is a great combination with the Buck Skein Jacket: It's a regulation shirt with two large flap pockets, collar attached, coat style, buckskin tan color.

If your dealer hasn't a genuine Buck Skein left, mail coupon below, enclose money, and I'll send you your Buck Skein prepaid.

Buck Skein Joe

BUCK SKEIN JOE
Lustberg, Nast & Co., Inc., ***Makers***
Dept. W-11, 331 Broadway, New York City
See that I get (Check Here)
A Buck Skein Jacket at $5.50 ☐
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Combination of Shirt and Jacket $9.00 ☐
Neck Band Size__________
Here's my check ☐ or money order ☐
Name____________________
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The only
Healthy Way
to smoke all you like!

..with a Drinkless
"TOBACCO YELLO"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
HOLDER

A new, *healthy* way to smoke, with even greater satisfaction from your favorite brand, is now within reach of every smoker. You know how "Tobacco Yello" stains your fingers. The same substance goes into your mouth with the smoke. The Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder protects your mouth, lungs, and stomach, and gives you all the full enjoyment of tobacco. Read how this new holder takes Tobacco Yello (coal-tar) out of your smoke. And enjoy this healthy, pleasanter way of smoking.

Ask for "Healthier Smoking"—a physician's booklet on Tobacco Yello. It's Free.

Send us your name and address—or see your dealer—and get this new evidence about smoking and health. Tobacco smoke contains tar. The Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder takes it out—proved by unbiased laboratory test.

Why It's a Healthy, Pleasanter Smoke—

Use a Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder for one day. Then remove the mouthpiece and look at the Drinkless Attachment. There's the "Tobacco Yello"—a moist, yellowish-brown coating. Ordinarily, this bitter, staining substance goes into your mouth and down your throat with the smoke. The Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder is the only holder that contains the new Drinkless Attachment, which *removes 66.1% of the Tobacco Yellow* from your smoke.

There's a "Tobacco Yello" holder for cigar smokers at the same price—it, too, takes the Tobacco Yello out of your smoke.

Every $1

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(*Continued from page 51*)

know that Volpone Copper is selling at thirty-one?"

"Oh, good!" drawled Sylvia. "Mr. King thought it would happen today."

"I suppose you're delighted at throwing away twelve thousand dollars? Well, hereafter I'm handling all our money. Hereafter . . ."

"But, darling George, we didn't lose. I sold it short; you know—I bet it would go down. And it did. And we made over fifty thousand dollars today. Mr. King is a dear, sweet lamb."

If Sylvia said anything else I didn't hear it. Staggering weakly over to the sideboard I filled a generous tumbler with cognac. I needed something strong.

A DAY later we stood side by side on the deck of the Ballyhoo, and gazed sadly out upon the waters of Baltimore harbor. Captain Lashe, unshaven, his fists jammed in his coat pockets, spat disgustedly into that same water. He said: "Why you paid Mr. Arnold forty-five thousand for this pile of junk is more'n *I* can see. There's been two men at the pumps for the last three months. If you spilled a glass of water in her she'd sink. I wouldn't give you two hundred dollars for her. The engines won't last a week. You got stung, mister."

Sylvia's lip quivered. "Then—we can't cruise to the West Indies on her?"

"I'd rather go in a spittoon," replied Captain Lashe.

Down in the dilapidated saloon I said: "All right. Never ask my advice. Well, I hope you've learned your lesson."

Sylvia bit her lip. "We'll have to sell it to somebody else."

"Even the junkman wouldn't buy it," I replied.

Sylvia's dark eyes crinkled with thought. "George, I'm going back to New York to scare up a customer. If we don't sell the Ballyhoo we won't have our winter cruise. Darling, you're going to bring her around to the New York Yacht Club anchorage at Glen Cove."

"The crew will strike. We'll all be drowned. Sylvia, I won't."

"Yes, you will, Georgie. And I'll fix it with the crew."

The fact remains that Sylvia shipped us all off to sea in that leaky, consumptive boat. Only a spell of calm weather and my frenzied assistance at the pumps kept us from sinking in the very middle of Hell Gate. And when finally we tied up to a dock near Glen Cove I had to hire three extra men to pump her into a navigable condition. When I rang Sylvia up at the Ambassador she said tiredly: "I think we're going to sell the Ballyhoo, George. I'm coming right out with our only prospect to tell you about it."

"Who's the sucker?" I asked.

"Someone you know." And that was all she'd tell me.

I couldn't help feeling that there was something queer about it. And I knew that things weren't as they should be when I saw my wife swinging down the dock on the arm of Smedley Helm. I couldn't be civil to the brute, and I turned him over to Captain Lashe at once. I captured Sylvia on the bridge.

"What's back of all this? Hang it, I won't take favors from Helm!"

Sylvia looked worn out and rather miserable. "Dearest, we're licked. I don't see where I can raise any more money, and I'm afraid I could never live on thirty-five a week. So there's only one thing to do. Georgie, I'm going to divorce you and marry Smedley. If I do, he'll pay us five million for the yacht, and we'll split it. Then in a couple of years he'll get tired of me, and I'll divorce him, and we'll be married again, and we'll be rich. It won't be bad."

"Bad?" I gasped. "Bad? Sylvia, if you weren't tired you wouldn't even think of such a horrible thing! I'll kill myself! I'll kill Helm! If you let his dirty money wreck our marriage . . ."

"But think of afterward, Georgie. No, I've made up my mind. Smedley has suggested that we all go off for a short cruise and get better acquainted, and after that I'm sure you'll see my point. If I don't do it we'll have to separate anyway."

"You're not yourself! That swine is taking advantage of your discouragement! And if he goes out with us on the Ballyhoo I'll prove it before we get back."

I went ashore then in a fit of temper that drove me from one speakeasy to another. I was consuming my seventh dose of Nassau County poison when the inspiration came. I hurried grimly to the telegraph office and sent a wire to the mayor of Fillmore, Connecticut. It read: "Arrive tomorrow on board yacht Ballyhoo. Trust you will provide warm reception." I signed it "Smedley Helm." And when I returned to the yacht, just at sailing time, I had a brief chat with Captain Lashe.

It was a ridiculous yachting party that first evening. I could scarcely hear Sylvia's forced gayety above the sound of the pumps; and besides I was more than half full of bad gin. Only Smedley Helm was enjoying himself. His large eyes followed Sylvia as she moved restlessly around, and there was a cat-like smile at the ends of his mouth. Eventually we went to bed. Neither Sylvia nor I slept well that night, and I was on deck by nine o'clock.

The engines had stopped. Smedley Helm was leaning on the rail, gazing at the shore through a pair of binoculars.

"I say, Harrigan, the old tub's broken down. We're drifting ashore, the skipper tells me. What town do you suppose that is?"

Even without the binoculars I could see three fat oil tanks above a fringe of charming old houses. "We're lucky," I replied. "We'll have a good harbor to drift into. That's Fillmore, Connecticut."

The expression of Helm's face acted on me like a tonic. "But, look here!" he cried. "I can't land at Fillmore!"

"Oh, yes, you can," I replied. "Because as soon as we get the engine going we'll run in for repairs."

"But, hang it, man, you don't know how those silly idiots hate me! If they find out I'm here they'll ride me on a rail, or tar and feather me! I'd be a national joke!"

WHILE Helm was mopping his pale brow I said: "You should have thought of all that before you suggested this cruise." And as we drifted closer: "There seems to be a crowd at the dock to welcome you."

Helm said nastily: "You can't take me in there. I won't allow it."

"On the contrary. You don't own this boat. You'll go where it takes you."

"You know what mobs are, Harrigan. They'll lynch me!"

"You deserve it," I replied. "However, there's one way you can get out of your tar-and-feathering."

"I'll do anything—anything!"

"Then let my wife alone. Clear out. If you give me your word never to speak to her again I'll start the engines and leave Fillmore."

We heard Sylvia's crisp step on the deck. She was wearing something blue and shimmery. Her eyes were bright.

"I heard what you said, Georgie dear. But, really, I have a strong desire to land at Fillmore."

"A bargain's a bargain," snarled Helm. "Harrigan promised he'd take me away if I . . ."

"But it's not his yacht," drawled

Sylvia. "It's my yacht, and I'll land where I please." She smiled pleasantly at Helm. "I've never seen anyone tarred and feathered. And as long as I own the Ballyhoo I think we'll land here. Of course, Smedley dear, if *you* owned the yacht you could drop George and me in the tender, and put out to sea immediately. Had you thought of buying the Ballyhoo, Smedley dear? I mean, without any other conditions tacked on?"

Helm's face was a delight to look at. "How much?"

"A hundred thousand," replied Sylvia. "That will give me a nice profit on the deal. Just write me a check, Smedley, and I'll give you a bill of sale. And hurry, because they'll start coming out in small boats soon."

Helm didn't wait for the sailor to return with his dinghy. We were two hundred yards from the crowded shore when the Ballyhoo headed wildly for the open sound. . . .

"You're wonderful, Georgie," Sylvia drawled. "And now what'll we do?"

"I'm going to work in that Fifth Avenue bank," I replied. "And you're going to settle down with me in a West Side flat. Sylvia, I won't have any more of this catch-as-catch-can existence. All I want is a snug little home, and a safe job, and respectability."

"Yes, darling," replied Sylvia.

AS I write these words the Caribbean moon is like a yellow gauze across the porthole of my cabin on our schooner yacht Bargalong. Sylvia is up on deck, in a white skirt and jumper, learning how to tie a bowline from one of the crew. It is December, and our voyage is a happy one.

I've just calculated our finances. We have enough money to last us for our winter cruise. After that I'm surely going to work. As I told Sylvia a few minutes ago: "We must begin to plan for our old age."

"Our what?" asked Sylvia.

"Our old age."

But I don't think Sylvia heard me. She was staring up with a young, possessive smile at the incredibly gorgeous moon.

The Long and the Short of it

Continued from page 26

things from other houses whose representatives had plunged.

To be smart at the moment, street clothes must have the natural waistline and a skirt variously described as fourteen inches off the floor, four inches below the bend of the knee in back, or three quarters of the way down the leg.

The real difficulty lies in the fact that most of the street things and practically all of those worn for the afternoon are, in the originals, cut to fit the figure, and must be so fitted in the copies. Ladies who have gone uncorseted with a consequent thickening at the waistline, and other ladies who have worn a tight girdle that constricted the hips and produced the disastrous "spare tire" formation above, are now living in what is known as the year of the Great Panic.

Fashions of the Hour

The newest afternoon dresses, as made in Paris for the *élégante* and worn by women of like station in America, are anywhere down to evening length. Which is to say that they sometimes nearly touch the ground, though, in such cases, there is a spot in front or at the sides where slim ankles, for long unnoticed in the national leg display, are discreetly called to attention.

True, not all the smart afternoon dresses go to such lengths. The touch-the-floor sort are for formal occasions only. The average dress of afternoon type may be very little longer than the new street dress in front, but, if so, it is apt to make up for its deficiency at some other point. If it isn't fitted at the waistline, it just doesn't exist.

In the evening, the bouffant dress of last year has wilted out of sight. The dress that showed the knees in front and tagged down at the sides or at the back looks as queer as Queen Mary's hats in the eyes of a convinced Short-Long. The compromise dress has a molded upper part with natural waistline, a skirt much longer in front than those of last year and anything down to a train in back—a streamline dress, however, with nothing of the *robe de style* left.

The new thing, the really fantastically, triumphantly new thing, skims the floor. It doesn't bunch anywhere, nor does it drip unrelated trifles about. It may be long and absolutely round and round. It may be long and tilted slightly like an elongated dinner bell. Or it may have what Patou describes as "high waistline and length of limb, carefully studied fullness which, at the sides, gives the figure the curve of a spindle."

If you listen to the Long-Shorts, all this is a madness that will pass. If you hold your other ear open to the Short-Longs, the new things are younger, lovelier and more flattering than anything we've had in years.

Suppose, dear madam and esteemed reader, that you've so far sat on the fence—dangling a greater length of leg than the smart people now wish to see, and carrying your belt defiantly on the hip. As an open-minded observer, willing to try anything once, may I respectfully suggest that you don't condemn the clothes of the moment without putting them on?

If you're young and slim, your difficulties are purely psychological.

If you're young but not slim, or slim in spots but not all over, you have a hurdle or two to jump—hurdles on your own anatomy. The worst of these is admittedly the "spare tire" previously referred to. If it has come from a girdle that bent all its attention to slenderizing the hips, you can buy one of the new girdles that puts its mind on higher things. If you feel choky with this additional constriction and your resolution isn't sufficient to carry you through despite the knowledge that all Patou's mannequins wore corsets this year, you'll do better for the moment to discard a girdle altogether. Unless the roll is of august proportions, you'll observe that you haven't got it when the pressure below is off, even though you have a bit more hip.

But don't stop there. Exercise of the bending and stretching type will reduce this whole section of the body—not only the roll, but even a too hearty abdomen. Swimming is excellent, and so are all exercises of the lie-on-your-back, kick-the-floor-over-your-head kind.

What if the new fashions don't last beyond this season? What if the Long-Shorts win out over Paris, or we all take the middle road for 1931? What if Paris herself, fickle and feminine, decides to give us nothing but hula fringes for the parties of next year?

Today is today, and tonight is worth a dozen moons we mayn't be here to see. Let's have the fun of being wildly different from our 1928 selves for a while.

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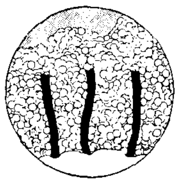

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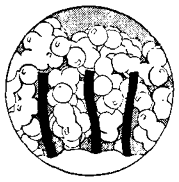
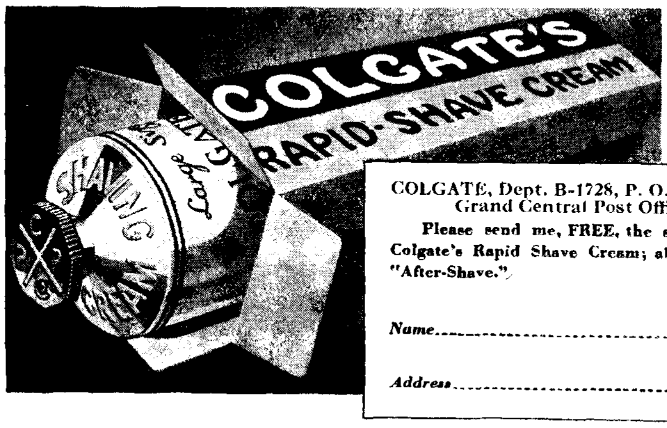


ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



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...in more pipes every day!

Fires of Baal

Continued from page 9

touched me, but a vast radiance which seemed to reach to heaven swept up from the darkness beyond. It resembled a pillar of fire. Drenched in its ruby wonder the great columns assumed an unearthly loveliness. I might have stood at the brink of all horizons, space demolished, on the steps of that secret bed to which Baal, called Ra by the Egyptians, sinks redly at night to rise golden in the morning.

Fear claimed me. But—*What* was this pillar of fire?

To turn back, now, would be to doubt forever. I must press on. The route I knew. But it led me under a mighty wall, through dense shadows into which no light penetrated. I must scramble along a narrow ledge; I must avoid several danger spots.

I began to advance. Presently I reached the corner beyond which lay that commanding angle I had in mind, a mass of fallen masonry. I turned the corner.

And the *heat* struck me.

It was as though I faced a furnace and suddenly the doors had been opened—but such a furnace as man has never contrived. Rather it was as though I stood on the verge of the Pit and a wind from its ultimate depths blew upon me. Such heat I had never known. It seemed to scorch my soul.

I shrank back, slipped, clutched at a projection—too late. I fell—but I fell no great distance. I was uninjured; bruised but grateful. I could not have suffered another ten seconds of that heat.

Now, I lay in protecting shadow. I lay just within a ruined doorway, and in a black darkness—hot, but endurably hot. I could see through. . . .

Before a blaze of light which destroyed its surroundings—an infinite curtain of fire—I watched a drama so dreadful that to this very day it sometimes recurs in my dreams, and I wake, clammy, panic-stricken. . . .

TWO men, resembling bronze statues, stood on either side of a kneeling figure. It was that of a man whose white skin gleamed like silver in the radiance of the fire.

He was manacled. I formed an impression that he had very fair hair cut close to his skull. It was a "square" skull—and I knew that his eyes would be blue.

A fourth figure appeared—a woman. She seemed to come from the fire—to be a creation of fire. Her gleaming body reminded me of amber . . . of amber . . . of Aleppo . . . of *Sheba!*

But this was not Sheba. Yet, I thought, she surely must be of her family—her tribe—her race. For I had never met any woman, East or West, who resembled Sheba. After that final, inexplicable glimpse of Beckford at the high lattice I had sometimes wondered if the girl who called herself Sheba might be a survival of some older civilization.

The bronze figures stooped. As they moved, I knew them. They were the musicians who had played the Pandean pipes in Aleppo!

They lifted the captive. I saw his face. His blue eyes, agonized, turned to the woman.

She linked her hands behind his head and kissed him. One of the men held out a long knife with a jeweled hilt. The woman took it, stepped back, and . . .

I found myself running, falling, staggering to my feet—running again; groping in darkness—clutching at stones. Once, weak, trembling, I clung to a great block and looked up. I saw, towering over me, the six pillars, and I thought that my trembling must bring down upon me that mighty cornice which crowns them. . . .

Of my leaving the temple I retain no memory—nor of the way back. I recall opening the hotel door, but I cannot remember closing it. I may have thrown myself, exhausted, on the bed. It is possible. From that sleep of exhaustion I was awakened by a loud cry—a chorus of many voices.

I tumbled out and ran to the window. . . .

A spear of light touched the top of the furthermost pillar of the temple.

Cocks were crowing.

It was sunrise.

WHEN I met Pfaafer later in the morning, I said nothing about what had happened, or what I imagined had happened, during the night. I realized that I couldn't offer a scrap of evidence. On the face of it I had been dreaming badly.

I had planned to take a final look around the excavation and then to return. I had small faith in Pfaafer's dreams.

An odd fact came home to me. I couldn't imagine why I had so far overlooked a thing so obvious; but Pfaafer's tunnel ran under the spot from which those supernormal fires had sprung! Was he so wrong after all? *What* lay beyond the wall which barred further progress?

Suddenly I spoke—or rather, I thought aloud.

"I should abandon the job," I said. "With the equipment at your disposal, I don't see how you can hope to break through. Dynamite wouldn't be allowed, of course."

Pfaafer stared through his deep-rimmed spectacles.

"This is not the true spirit, my friend," he declared. "Faith works wonders where explosives would fail."

Presently, at a spot which I well remembered, by virtue of certain bruises, I stopped, gazing intently before me.

"Below here"—Pfaafer's voice startled me—"was the altar of sacrifice. In Roman times it was changed. But here it was when the Phœnicians worshiped in Baalbek. . . ."

I walked on, through the ruined doorway—or what had been a doorway. Then I stood still again.

On the stones at my feet were rusty-looking stains.

"What is this?"

I glanced at Pfaafer.

"Some kind of minute fungus," he declared.

"But remarkably like a bloodstain!"

Pfaafer laughed and clapped a huge hand on my shoulder.

"You are too imaginative," he assured me. "The student should *create* nothing: his task is to observe and record."

"I *have* observed," I replied, smiling. "And if I were recording, I should record that I had seen what looked like a bloodstain on the spot formerly occupied by the altar of sacrifice."

Pfaafer laughed more loudly.

"I should be happy to prove to you that you are wrong," he said. "But Steiner, our chemist, has taken French leave. . . ."

Those simple words struck a sudden chill to my heart.

". . . I believe he is making a fool of himself with a young Syrian witch he picked up somewhere. He disappeared yesterday morning. When he returns I shall put a flea in his ear. . . ."

"I rather think I have met Steiner," I heard my voice saying. "Hasn't he very fair hair, worn close-cropped?"

"Yes, yes, it is the same. His blue eyes will always get him into trouble. No doubt you will remember each other. I expect him by the midday train."

But I did *not* expect him by the midday train. I knew that no one would ever see Steiner again—that my eyes had been the last to look upon him alive.

ON MY return to Cairo I found myself let in for a dragoman's job. Some old friends were visiting for the first time, and they seemed to think that it was up to me to conduct them behind the veil of what they were pleased to call "Secret Egypt."

I felt that to do so would be indiscreet; and the native side-shows specially prepared for tourists are pretty uninspiring.

Moreover, I was out of touch with Cairo, which I found greatly changed from the Cairo I had known. I consulted Macalister of the air force, but he confessed himself defeated. At last:

"What about Suleyman's?" he suggested. "It's a pretty good show of its kind, and the audience is amusing if the performance is dull."

We settled on Suleyman's, which I hazily remembered—a tawdry dancing place in that quarter which the Anzacs burned down during the World War.

"It's changed hands," Macalister told me. "A woman runs it now. She calls herself Balkis. She has been a good looker, but she's not much of a dancer."

Balkis? What memory did the name arouse? I couldn't identify it.

"A courtesan of course?"

"No. Probably used to be. But she's settled down. Her husband's blind. They're reported to be a most devoted couple."

That night we found ourselves on the raised platform, at the end of a stuffy, badly lighted room, reserved for distinguished visitors. My party was delighted. When a stout dancer got up and wriggled her person like a dying worm, the women registered shocked disapproval but mentally prepared lurid reports of "Cairo night life" for friends at home.

"The star turn doesn't come on before midnight," said Macalister.

I experienced that odd sensation, which one knows, of having heard those very words spoken before and in almost identical circumstances.

"Balkis?"

Macalister nodded.

"Shall we stay?"

It was unanimously decided that we stay.

AT a few minutes after midnight the dancers left the stage and the members of the orchestra moved farther up into their corner. An old man in a black robe came on . . . carrying an instrument resembling a Pandean pipe!

I sat suddenly bolt upright—staring, staring.

The music began. I knew it. . . .

Sheba appeared!

"Good God!" I whispered.

"What?" Macalister asked.

But I didn't answer him. I was watching the woman. In twelve months she had aged ten years. Her costume was more copious than that she had worn in Aleppo—and it was as well. Then she had been slender. Now, she was thin to the point of emaciation. Her fine eyes still burned with something of their former witch-light—but they burned in a haggard face.

She danced mechanically—without inspiration. Once, those haunted eyes were turned in my direction . . . and I knew that Sheba had seen and had remembered me. Long after she had left the stage I sat there staring, staring.

Then I formed one of my sudden decisions. Turning to Macalister:

"Mac," I said, "will you take over for ten minutes? I know that woman—and there's something I must find out before I leave here."

It was arranged, and I went out at the back of the little gallery and grabbed an Egyptian waiter.

When I told him what I wanted he shook his head.

"See no one," he assured me—"no one! no one!"

But baksheesh solved the difficulty, and, palpably very frightened, he led me along a bare passage to a closed door approached by two steps, and backed away hurriedly.

I rapped on the door.

"Come in," said a woman's voice.

I opened the door and entered a large room—one of the queerest I had ever seen. Partly it was Oriental. Partly it was European. At a table, in an ordinary office chair, a kimono worn over her dancing costume, sat Sheba!

She watched me coolly, and:

"When I saw you I knew you would come," she said. "Won't you sit down?"

Her voice was oddly husky but not unmusical. She spoke almost perfect English. I sat down mechanically.

"Have you come to ask me about—Ralph?"

I nodded.

"Yes. Where is he?"

"If I tell you, you must go away—and never tell another soul. Will you promise this?"

"Why should I?"

"Because I shall tell you nothing otherwise. . . ."

"YOU shall not reproach me . . . I was sworn to what I did. My mother before me—and her mother . . . back, back—beyond the Romans. To this we are consecrated at birth. But now—I finish. . . . Because I loved him, I saved him!"

She stood up, facing me proudly. Her eyes blazed with all their old fire. She was transfigured. It was miraculous. Sheba became beautiful again.

Dropping the kimono, she pressed one long finger upon her breast just above her heart. I saw a small stain—a scar—a brand.

"The mark of Baal! Now, you *know!* Any year—any year—at the feast, they may send for me! But *he* does not know this. He is happy. . . ."

Swiftly, Sheba's expression changed. A slight sound of movement had come from the room beyond. She grasped my arm and dragged me toward a curtained opening. Her features seemed to have grown haggard again.

"You promised! You will not speak—never, never, to anyone!"

I was outside on a bare landing. The curtain fell. But, slightly raising it, I looked back.

A man had entered. In the open doorway he paused. I caught my breath. He wore a rather shabby lounge suit and he held a pipe in his hand. His face I hesitate to describe. It was all but featureless—so seared by burns as to have lost human semblance! His eyes were gone, but his voice, when he spoke, although the language he used was strange to me, removed my last doubt.

He spoke tenderly, asking a question, I thought. Sheba ran to him and held him in her arms.

Beckford!

Almost I cried it aloud—but recalled my promise in time. As though she suspected that I watched, Sheba turned her head. Her lingering appeal I shall never forget.

She led him to the armchair . . . and I tiptoed away.

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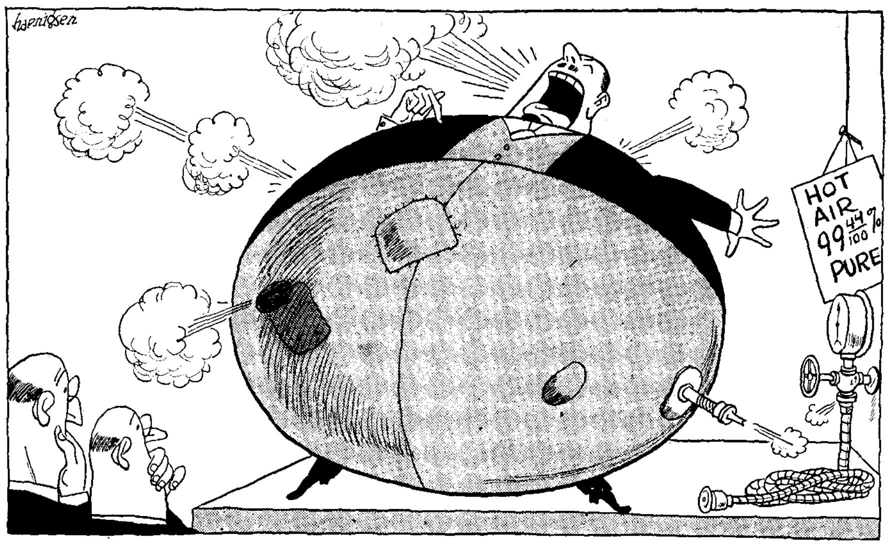

Master Magician

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

As WILLIAM B. SHEARER was finishing his testimony before the Senate investigating committee, he said dramatically, "When the Geneva conference ended, Wm. Blank"—naming a well-known newspaper correspondent who reported that conference for his paper—"said to me, 'Shearer, when you go from here don't go through the Suez Canal. Don't put your foot on British soil. They'll get you the way they got Imbrie.' "

Imbrie was an American representative who was killed in Persia, according to reports, in a native uprising. The correspondent was probably spoofing. But you can't spoof Shearer. He lives, in his own opinion, a life of constant danger. Foreign governments have put a price on his head. Hired foreign assassins are on his trail. Spies follow him everywhere. He lives the life of an E. Phillips Oppenheim hero, a life of plots and counterplots in the exciting atmosphere of international intrigue.

Everything he does is important. "I have been given the credit," he tells the senators impressively of something or other that happened in the international world, "but I don't claim that credit. *I think it should go to Mr. Briand,*" with a sort of gracious acknowledgment that the Premier of France is of almost equal importance with him in the world of international politics. "I have here," he would say, with the air of drawing out of his portfolio at least a secret treaty with the Emir of Afghanistan, and he would produce an old newspaper hand-out prepared by himself, for he is the most prolific writer of newspaper hand-outs in the world. He is possessed by some kind of demoniac energy. He is the world's greatest salesman. In the old days he would have sold patent medicine or lightning rods. Today he sells patriotism, a product with a much higher social status and more profitable to sell. He has a kind of fanatical belief that the British will "get us ef we don't watch out," but fifty years ago he would have believed just as furiously in lightning rods.

Contagious Self-Deception

The investigation of him made the heads of the shipbuilding companies who hired him to look out for their interests at the disarmament conference appear rather silly. And if the investigation had gone into his relations with high officers of the navy and with the senators who are members of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, a number of admirals and senators would look equally silly.

Shearer isn't a lobbyist in the ordinary sense of the word. There is a kind of Holy Roller quality about him that fortunately other lobbyists lack. His self-deception has the contagious quality that the self-deception of founders of queer religious sects has.

If there were a dozen lobbyists like him in Washington, there would be no living in the Capitol.

Pathetic Gullibility

The ordinary lobbyist is either a perfectly reputable lawyer who appears for his client before committees of Congress or before the departments, or exofficeholders who exhibit their wounds before those who knew them in their better days politically and ask for favors on the basis of old friendship. These latter have some of the pathetic quality of beggars about them, even though they may prosper financially. Then there is, too, a smaller and less important group of lobbyists who are just plain impostors, to whose political wounds nobody pays attention, who are in danger of being thrown out of senators' and representatives' offices when they visit them, who prey, as almost all lobbyists do, upon the gullibility of business; for business, as Shearer showed, when it comes to dealing with Washington, is terribly gullible. It ought to have learned something if it read the testimony in the Shearer hearing.

There is just this much justification for the belief of business men that they are getting something when they pay large sums for the service of lobbyists; namely, that in politics kissing does and always will go by favor. Busy officeholders will find time to listen to a man they know, and if he presents a case that has merit in it, he may secure favorable action when otherwise it might not receive attention. And politicians, owing a great deal to favor themselves, will stretch a point in favor of a friend.

But on the whole, lobbying is the biggest humbug in the world. It lives and thrives handsomely by pretending to exercise an influence which it does not have and by claiming the credit of accomplishing things which would have been done in any event.

There may be men who believe that Shearer broke up the Geneva conference, but that conference was bound to fail from the start. And there may be men who believe that the millions spent to get German alien property returned to its owners were wisely and necessarily expended, but the United States returned that money only when it was ashamed to keep it any longer.

The Rambling Rouster

Continued from page 17

you go to de engine-room and beg a bucket er hot water and some soap and wash all er dat dirty smell off. Den, I'm gonter give you my yuther pair er overhalls which I jest buyed for two dollars. And den, quick as dat woman shows up, I'm gonter take her off'n yo' neck. I got to have me some sleep, woman or no woman."

Rag Mouf's face lighted for a moment. Then the light faded into the normal despondency. "Bugaboo," he said, solemnly, "I'd do mighty nigh anything to git away f'm dis stinkin' stuff, and I'd do two times dat much to git Dora off'n my neck. But I likes you. And even did I hate you like a snake I wouldn't wish you to get hard-lucked by dat gal like I been."

BUGABOO was several hours behind in his sleep and he was desperate. "Rag Mouf," he said coldly, "I told you what I'd do ef'n you got shut er dat stuff. Now I'm gonter tell you what I do ef'n you don't. I'm gonter take and chunk you in de river and drown you like a rat."

He meant business and Rag Mouf knew it.

The effect was immediate. The first thing that Bugaboo did was to drop into a restful, peaceful sleep, waking seven hours later when the boat pulled into the landing at Angola. When he got up he was refreshed and in a fine humor.

There were six prisoners from the convict farm, two guards, and one ancient Negro woman at the landing. The old woman had been fishing in a near-by lagoon and had hobbled over to see the excitement of a steamboat landing.

Bugaboo was the first man in line with a sack of sugar on his head, coonjining gayly up the stage. To the prisoners he grinned and sang a verse of the "How Long?" song, and then he turned to the old woman, who stood at the head of the stage, leaning on her fishing pole.

"Well, ef'n hit ain't ole Aunt Dinah!" he exclaimed. "I swear! You gittin' younger lookin' ev'y day!" He had never seen the old woman before, but he felt in a flattering mood. "I bet de mens around hyar devil you jest like you was a young gal!"

The old woman rewarded his gallantry with an appreciative, toothless grin. "Aw, Lawd, son," she said, "bear yo' burden. No mind how de mens might devil me. Jest bear yo' burden!"

Behind Bugaboo was Rag Mouf, barefooted and bareheaded, and all but filling Bugaboo's odd pair of overalls. He had a sack of sugar resting evenly upon the back of his head, his short neck and his broad shoulders. He paced from the stage to the solid ground, and, taking his cue from Bugaboo's remarks, he grinned expansively at the old woman, and sang:

"Old Aunt Dinah, whar you been?
I ain't seen you since I don't know when!
Gums so blue and yo' skin so black!
Ole Aunt Dinah gimme six bits back!
Dinah—Dinah—Dinah—ro—!"

"Shet yo' mouf, son!" chortled the old woman in response to Rag Mouf's gay, senseless song. "Y'all steamboatin' men is too brash for me! I swear! Singin' dat Dinah song at me! Sing me some more, son!"

At sunrise the next morning the boat pulled into Vicksburg. There were very few people at the landing—half a dozen trucksters to haul away the freight, a male idler or two and a woman. She was rather good-looking, this woman, in her tall, bony, well-groomed way. She was, Bugaboo noticed, minding her own business off to one side and watching intently for some specific thing, rather than beholding the general spectacle of a steamboat landing.

Bugaboo grinned at her from beneath a 200-pound sack of fertilizer. "Hy-dy, Good-looking," he greeted. "What you doin' out'n yo' bed so sooner in de mawnin', baby?"

The woman acknowledged the compliment with a sly roll of her eye, and said nothing. But a minute later she was all conversation.

"Hey, Archie, hon," she said, "I didn't hardly know you in dem new overhalls, darlin'. I swear! You didn't hardly expect Mama to come up hyar to see you, did you? I thought you was on de Andes, and hyar you was playin' a joke wid me! Ain't you de beatin'est man to do me like dat!" All honey words, they were, but Bugaboo felt they were only honey-coated. And when he saw Rag Mouf's knees weaken under his load, he knew the truth. It was Dora, who had come to Vicksburg.

"Watch out, Rag Mouf," warned Bugaboo. "Dat long-laigged gal'll tawk patches on de seat er yo' pants, sho's you bawn!"

Rag Mouf looked helplessly from Bugaboo to Dora. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah. I comed up to Vicksburg on de Grace."

"And I comed up on de train," put in Dora. "I jest knowed you was on yo' way up hyar, so I says to myse'f, I says: 'I ain't seen my Archie since—' "

"You ain't seed me since last pay day!" interrupted Archie bitterly.

He dumped his sack of fertilizer viciously and returned to the boat. Dora, obviously, was embarrassed. Bugaboo bent double with laughter.

"Dat was a hot one, Rag Mouf!" he roared. "Got her whar de hair was shawt! She been pay-dayin' you to death, son, and you sho' jest backed up a load er ashes on her dat time!"

While Bugaboo was engaged in his enthusiastic endorsement of his companion's retort, Dora gathered her dignity together and walked away.

THE day wore on. Other people came to watch the loading and unloading process, and Bugaboo, happy in his mind that Rag Mouf had, on the spur of the moment, squelched his "gimme-gimme" wife, found great outlet to his joy of living in his remarks and jokes with the people who watched him work.

By the middle of the afternoon, however, Bugaboo began to have an uneasy feeling. During the day the Stacy, a small packet that ran between Vicksburg and Memphis, had come in and tied up beside the Grace. And although Bugaboo had seen the boat dozens of times its presence worried him.

Presently he saw Dora, too. She had returned to the group on the landing, and she clearly was in some kind of quandary. She started to board the Grace, then changed her mind, apparently, and turned as if to go aboard the Memphis packet. But she stopped again. He noted that Rag Mouf was watching her with considerable amusement, and he was somewhat puzzled at the cryptic song that the woman-ridden rouster sang so gayly:

"Nobody don't know jest whar I'm bound,
'Cause I'm a ramblin' man, ramblin' round and round!
Pay-day mama, git a weary on yo' mind!"

(Continued on page 58)

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(*Continued from page 57*)

It was clear to Bugaboo that the song further confused Dora. And Bugaboo himself was somewhat confused when Rag Mouf spoke to him the next time they passed at the freight pile. "Bugaboo," he said, loud enough for Dora to hear, "I'm gonter pay you for dese overhalls quick as us gits paid, down in New 'Leens."

The announcement seemed to decide the puzzle for Dora, for she came straight to Bugaboo.

"Big Boy," she asked with friendliness, "how much is de fare to New 'Leens?"

"Six dollars." Bugaboo knew because more than once he had treated his feminine friends with a trip to the city by paying their fare out of his wages.

"I wisht I had six dollars, instid er bein' broke," pouted Dora. "I jest mighty nigh got to git back to New 'Leens."

Bugaboo was tempted to ask her why she had left New Orleans if she was so anxious to get back. But he was too full of sleep and geniality to say it, no matter how much he disliked Dora. So he agreed to pay her fare down, arranging with the clerk to deduct six dollars from his pay.

PRESENTLY the boat was loaded and ready to pull out. The lines were cast off and the gangplank hoisted. It was not by accident that Rag Mouf untied the last line, nor was it by an accident that he failed to leap upon the plank as the boat's nose swung into the limpid river. He had talked with the mate about that! He stood on shore waving and grinning as the stage went higher and higher and the boat pushed its way from shore. "Happy days!" he called. "I might see y'all in hell, some time, maybe!"

Bugaboo grinned in appreciation. Old Rag Mouf surely had out-smarted Dora that time! He recalled how he had thrown her off the scent by reference to paying for the overalls in New Orleans! Now, Dora was on the Grace, headed for New Orleans, and Rag Mouf, unquestionably, would get a job on the Stacy, Memphis bound! That his "yuther" suit of overalls and six dollars of his wages for Dora's fare were part of the scheme did not occur to him. And if it had, it would have been worth it. He liked Rag Mouf and he was happy to see him free for once!

The boat got under way. Presently she was out in the river and her nose turned toward New Orleans. Bugaboo found a comfortable spot and sprawled out. Rag Mouf certainly had out-tricked old Dora!

"Doggone my ole rusty hide!" he exclaimed. "I b'lieve I'm gonter go git me a ten-cent cigar and smoke some, jest cause he tricked her so good!" He went to the boat's saloon on the boiler deck and, egged on by the feeling of exultation, ordered not only a ten-cent cigar but a bottle of red soda pop as well!

"That about cleans you up, boy," the little barkeeper announced, passing out the pop and cigar.

"Which?" Bugaboo had never been told that his credit was near the point of exhaustion before.

"Yep," reiterated the clerk. "Here it is." And he read the items that had been charged to Bugaboo's account:

"Tobacco, ten; tobacco, ten; pop, five; tobacco, ten; bananas, five—that was for yourself, I reckon—snuff, for them women at Bayou Sara, thirty-five; plug—for the old woman at Angola—a dollar twenty; snuff for that Natchez gal, ten; bananas for that bunch of niggers at Vicksburg, thirty; fare for your woman, six dollars; candy, bananas and pop for her, three thirty-five; cigar and pop for you, fifteen. That makes eleven eighty-five. You've got fifteen cents to go."

Bugaboo did not quite understand. "What was hit comed after dem six dollars for Dora?" he asked.

"Candy, pop and bananas. She bought a three-dollar box of candy, a dozen bananas and a bottle—"

"She bought a three-dollar box er which?" demanded Bugaboo.

"Candy," replied the clerk. "One of them big boxes—"

"Aw, Lawdy, Mister Henry!" groaned Bugaboo. "You didn't sell her dat, did you?"

But the clerk was in no mood to argue with a rouster. "The trouble with you, boy," he stated, "you let the women work you for all of your money."

Bugaboo was stunned. He pushed the cigar and pop back through the window and wandered down to the main deck. He had troubles and he knew it. He lay down to try to sleep off his worries, but sleep was far away. Then slowly and certainly his mind pieced the situation together and laid it upon his consciousness in the brutal, awful truth.

Dora was a pay-day woman. She had pay-dayed Rag Mouf all over the country. And then Rag Mouf, upon the advice of a white man who knew about such things, had worn an iodoform charm to drive Dora away from him. The charm had worked. He had driven Dora away. All of which Bugaboo was glad for.

But—and there was where the worry came in—Rag Mouf had, unwillingly but none the less certainly, passed Dora on to Bugaboo.

"And now I got her," he moaned.

In his mind he recalled the terrible odor of the iodoform, but in his heart he knew it was less objectionable than to have Dora on him. He scrambled to his feet and went back to the bar.

"Mister Henry," he asked, "how much credik is I got now?"

The barkeeper looked at the sheet. "You didn't take that cigar and pop, did you?—thirty cents."

"Well, sir," said Bugaboo, "gimme thirty cents' worth er some iodofoam."

"This ain't no drug store," the barkeeper told him. "I don't keep that stuff."

Bugaboo started back to the main deck, and then he halted. He had done his best to buy some iodoform to wear, and he had failed. He knew there was no need of returning to the main deck with Dora on his mind, because he knew sleep would be impossible.

Quietly, determinedly, he went up to the hurricane deck. Dora, he knew, was quartered in one of the after Texas cabins with the maids up there.

THE minute he poked his head above the hurricane deck he spotted her. She was sitting on a box on the tarred deck. In her lap was a big box of candy, opened and not more than half full. Her purse was on top of it, and her hands rested limply upon her purse. About her were scattered banana peels and paper trays that had once held individual pieces of the candy. Her head was thrown back and her mouth was open.

"Jest like a dam' snake!" Bugaboo growled. "Got her belly full, and den went to sleep!"

He walked up, took her shoulder roughly and shook her. "Wake up, you," he commanded, "whilst I tell you somethin' you don't know!"

Dora woke up, startled, but Bugaboo silenced her with a warning: "Now listen at me! I ought to break you up in little bitty pieces and chunk you in de river. But I ain'a gonter tech you onless you smart tawks—"

Dora hastily realized her position and she whimpered: "Aw, Big Man, don't do me—"

"Don't Big Man me, gal!" he broke in. "You can't ju-ju tawk me now. You try to sweet-tawk me and I'll smack you off'n dis boat. Now open up dat purse and pay me my money back!"

"Aw, Mister—"

"Shet up, woman!" thundered Bugaboo. "You open yo' yip one more time and I'll smack you plum' over yonder on de yuther side er dat levee. Now gimme my six dollars for dis boat ride! You got money, gal. You been livin' on Rag Mouf's wages too long—"

Dora opened her purse and revealed a dollar bill and a few stray pieces of change. "Dat's all—"

"Git in yo' sock, woman," ordered Bugaboo. "I ain't playin' wid you. Git in dat sock and pay me my six dollars!"

Dora modestly worked her hand into the top of her stocking and took out a handkerchief which was wrapped neatly around a roll of bills. She took out a five and a one and handed them to Bugaboo. Then started to return the roll.

"You ain't done yit, baby," Bugaboo interrupted. "Three dollars more for dat candy!"

SHE paid it without protest, and volunteered thirty-five cents from her purse for the bananas and pop. And then, as if her last obligation in the world had been met, she confidently began wrapping the handkerchief about her roll again.

"Whoa-p! Not so fast, gal!" Bugaboo told her. "Two more dollars for dem overhalls."

Dora was surprised and indignant. "Which overhalls?" she demanded.

"Dem overhalls which yo' husband wored off!" Bugaboo explained. "You know which overhalls!"

"I ain't buyin' my husband's overhalls—"

"I know you ain't been," Bugaboo admitted, "but dis is one pair you gonter buy him. Two dollars for dem overhalls, gal, before I smacks you off'n dis boat!"

Dora paid. And not with bad grace, either. As a matter of fact, she gave Bugaboo a grin of genuine admiration.

"Big'n," she said familiarly, "you sho' knows how to handle yo'se'f around a lady."

She counted the few remaining bills in her roll, and then returned them to her stocking top. "Dat's all you wants, hunh, Big'n?" she asked. "Hit ain't left me much, but I reckon hit's enough to buy me a ticket up to Memphis."

"You goin' to Memphis to plague dat man some more?" Bugaboo demanded.

"I'm gittin' off de boat at Natchez and ketch me a train," confirmed Dora. "I got jest enough to buy me a ticket. I sho' would like to ride on down to New 'Leens wid you and fun around some, but I ain't got enough money left hardly to do dat and git to Memphis too."

Bugaboo tried to say something pleasant, but he couldn't. He left her without so much as a grunt. He wished she hadn't said that. He hated to be left with the feeling in his mind that Rag Mouf—good, hard-working, friendly, song-singing Rag Mouf, who had outsmarted Dora with the aid of that awful smelling iodoform—should again be subjected to her.

Finally the boat got to Natchez and there were a dozen chicken coops to be toted ashore. But before these started up the plank Dora, with her black traveling bag and her purse, walked off the boat.

"Memphis bound, hunh?" Bugaboo asked in a friendly farewell.

She beamed upon him. "You said hit, Big Thing. I'm gonter go and collect for dat pair er overhalls I bought a certain party."

She disappeared up the hill, and Bugaboo tried to smile after her. It was a relief to see her go, but at the same time he did feel sorry for Rag Mouf.

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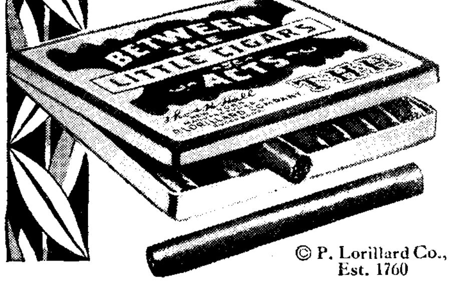

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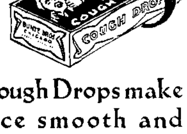
Hoarseness



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The work of unloading was quickly accomplished, and the boat soon got under way again. Bugaboo went to his favorite sleeping place for some sleep. But there was somebody in his bed! Rag Mouf! Sitting there, grinning at him!

"Boy!" exclaimed Bugaboo. "Whar'd you come f'm? I thought you'd be mighty nigh up to Memphis—"

Rag Mouf grinned all over his face. "Not me, son," he exclaimed. "I wored dat stinkin' iodofoam too long to git tangled up wid dat gal any more! Hit sho' did stink but hit sho' did make me smart!"

BUGABOO demanded details and got them. Rag Mouf had talked it over with the mate. He pretended to quit the boat at Vicksburg, but when the nose pushed out and the stern swung landward, he leaped aboard and kept hidden until Dora left.

"I tole de mate," he explained, "dat she'd about leave at Natchez when she thought I tuck de Stacy to Memphis, and he say I'm too good a rouster not to he'p out some. So he he'ped me like dat. And hyar I'm is! New 'Leens bound wid a pay day all to myse'f! Dat white man sho' he'ped me a heap wid dat stinkin' stuff. I bet I'm gonter buy him a present!"

Bugaboo recounted modestly how he had "handled" Dora and obtained the money, and Rag Mouf was delighted. "Dat'll make hit more better yit!" he declared. "Dat stinkin' stuff made you smart too! Now, she gonter hit Memphis about broke. And I tole one er my friends on de Stacy to watch out for her and set de po-leece on her for bein' a vag'ancy. And ef'n she ain't got no money, dey'll vag'ancy her for sixty days!"

He grinned happily. "And ef'n she come back I'll handle her like—"

But Bugaboo was sound asleep, peaceful, happy, with not a worry on his mind!

The Rickard I Knew

Continued from page 28

needs to have his head examined."

Shortly after that Terry learned of my mistake in letting Tex Rickard's offer go by. Rickard's gate at Goldfield had gone over $100,000, setting a new mark in gate receipts for a fight.

At that, he had let everybody in free who couldn't pay his high prices.

Originally he had come to New York under Bat Masterson's wing, to get a close-up on Richard Canfield's and other gaming houses. He wanted to reproduce their high-profit rackets in the West, beginning with the casino-saloon he ran in Goldfield.

The prize-fight gates he saw in the East gave him a new idea—that boxing was the coming racket. Terry McGovern, a shrewd little business man, was downright sore at me for having passed up Rickard. It took him a long time to accept my explanation. Months later, in 1909, when Rickard came East to sign up Jack Johnson for the Jeffries-Johnson fight, I learned the truth.

Signing champions was always the occasion for a ceremony as pretentious as launching a battleship. Wine agents paid for the privilege of supplying the bottles for the occasion. This time the room at the Albany café was filled with reporters and cameramen, who, tired of waiting for Johnson, drank up all the wine, so that later a second signing had to be staged to get the particular brand of bottles in the picture.

Johnson strode into the crowded room, a grinning black giant. One of the boys, standing ready with a flash-light gun, shouted to another: "Throw up the window and let out the smoke."

Johnson made a pass at him.

"No blankety-blank can call me a smoke and get away with it," he growled.

I explained what the photographer meant, and Johnson grinned happily all around.

That was the first bit of big business I saw Rickard pull off. His cold, still-faced manner was the same then as when I saw him two weeks before his death, fixing papers for his last Madison Square Garden scrap.

Rickard never said much. The longest speech I heard him make without using up a cigar was that afternoon.

"Humphreys," he said, "Terry was a great little man; but why did you turn down thirty thousand dollars for that Goldfield fight?"

"Why did you send the wire collect?" I asked.

Rickard grinned.

"Funny," he said, "one of my porters—we called him Honest Peter Rooney—took all them wires I sent East. I give him five dollars to pay for each. Must have been he kept the money."

"He's got four-ninety of mine, Tex," I said.

Rickard's first success was considered a fluke. Smart chaps like Jim Coffroth, veteran fight promoters, rubbed their eyes at Rickard's first gate of more than a hundred thousand dollars. Some of them cracked about it being stage money, until the principals to the fight took affidavits, oaths and asseverations that they had collected the jack.

When Rickard actually tied Jeffries and Johnson down to articles for the world's heavyweight championship, the boys not only rubbed their eyes: they rubbed their names off the scroll of fame. This slow-spoken stranger with the still face had calmly outbid a San Francisco showman by more than $40,000 when he tossed $110,000 in bills on a table and bought the title scrap.

"And, gentlemen," he remarked when the deal was closed, "I was ready to go twice as far."

I got Rickard alone for a few minutes that day and asked him an impertinent question with the object of warning him that no matter how rich he was the boxing racket would take him if he wasn't careful.

"I'm not rich," he drawled in his slow way. "I'm just an ex-cattle puncher from Texas. But I've got good backing and I'll get along."

The New York Campaign

Reformers got boxing kicked out of nearly every state in the Union except New York. For some reason Rickard seemed afraid to enter New York. The next heavyweight championship fight he staged—between Jess Willard and Frank Moran—he wanted to put on in the West. But the West had had more boxing than it could stand. Even in California they limited all bouts to four rounds, which was ridiculously short for a heavyweight championship. Tex took the plunge and brought his title scrap to New York the winter of 1916.

This was his first big job here. He had huddles with all of us old-timers and adopted my suggestion of inviting the living ex-champions to appear in the ring. John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons all showed up, and old Charley White refereed.

(*Continued on page 60*)

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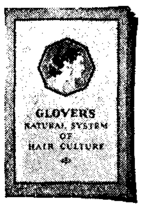

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(Continued from page 59)

Rickard was the haloed hero that night at the old Garden. I stood beside him as he sat at the ringside watching Charley White make his theatrical entry between the ropes. Charley got in the ring as usual, fully dressed. He bowed gravely to the mob, then—as was his custom—skimmed his iron derby out of the ring, took off his coat and tossed that out, then his vest. That was White's ritual and he never varied it. A friend caught the clothes and cared for them. But once he had a shock. At a West Side club he threw his coat from the ring and a thug grabbed it and beat it from the building, with Charley's fifty-dollar fee in an inside pocket.

The first time Rickard's name was cheered by a Garden fight crowd was when I introduced him at the Willard-Moran fight. Did I say fight? The Man Mountain and the owner of Mary Ann split some $150,000 between them; but they couldn't have earned it with fifty of the waltzes they gave that night.

An Honest Opinion

At a little dinner party held afterwards to celebrate the event Tex called on old John L. Sullivan to make a speech in honor of the champion, Willard, and the challenger, Moran. John L. rocked on his heels and tugged his mustache, glared about the table to where his old conqueror, Jim Corbett, sat, then roared deep in his throat:

"Mister Rickard, if them two tramps I saw fight is champion and challenger, I here and now challenge both the bums!"

And he sat down.

Rickard was a made man after that financially successful invasion of New York. But something quickly unmade him. Not the fight. Fans were willing to pay any prices to see a heavyweight champion in action or even asleep. Rickard was surrounded by all known and unknown pugs. Pete Maher and Jim Coffee—two lads as thick as the walls around a Good Shepherd Home—wanted him to stage a battle for the championship of Ireland.

But Governor Whitman put the kibosh on all Rickard's plans. He stopped boxing and Rickard had to lie low and mark time. He was a shrewd marker.

"The war will nullify Whitman's move," he told me one day. "Them millions of fellers going to war like boxing and want it."

He was right, but for a while he vamoosed to his old, romantic haunts in South America. In those days he cherished an ambition to set up a great cattle-raising empire, and he roamed over thousands of miles of pampas in Brazil and the Argentine. Tex could get rich friends to invest millions in big fights—but not a dime in ranching.

In 1918 Al Smith was elected governor and it seemed probable that boxing would be restored in New York State just as it had been legalized in New Jersey and elsewhere. If those of us connected with the business gave any thought to Rickard it was because we wished he'd remain wherever he was long enough for us to get a jump on him in the promotion field which New York opened up.

A big insurance company held old Madison Square Garden on mortgage. I saw my opportunity, so did others. There was a race for possession of the Garden—with Rickard thousands of miles away. I quietly secured an option on the place when the Walker law restored boxing to the Empire State. Charles F. Murphy, Tammany boss, and Tom Foley, the boss behind the boss, assured me that they were with me, that they'd like to see boxing in the Garden in a New Yorker's hands. That gave me one-up on Rickard, who was on his way to New York, I knew, to make a bid on the Garden. To clinch the matter, I went to Al Smith. He and I had been boys together.

Al welcomed me, heard my story to the end, including my plea for his support, of which I felt assured.

"How are you going to run the Garden, Joe?" he said.

"Easy; have fights once a week, just $1,500 a night rent."

"That's for one night, Joe," said Al. "How about the other six?"

That stumped me. Al went on to explain that he had signed the boxing law because it had met his demand that only clubs that owned or leased on a long term the premises in which bouts were held would be licensed.

"I'm afraid you don't come under that head, Joe," he said.

Al saw me reddening with anger.

"See here," he said. "Rent and taxes on the Garden will cost $450,000 a year. How'll you raise that amount, Joe?"

I left Al sorer than a boil. The next day, on which my option faded, I went to the Garden and an old watchman called John the Baptist led a chorus of attendants shouting: "Hail to the new boss!"

Just as I took a bow a newspaper man back of me uttered a hearty razz.

"He ain't the boss," he said. "Tex Rickard is."

So it was. Hot-footing it to the insurance company, I learned that shrewd Tex had landed in town and, with John Ringling to back him, had slipped into this office, guaranteed four hundred thousand a year and grabbed it out of the hands of New Yorkers. Smart. Ringling's Circus packed the old place for weeks every spring and made it easy, with a minimum income, to scheme for the balance on boxing, hockey and swimming.

Tex figured there was ground for me to be sore at him; but you couldn't bear him a grudge very long. The first time we met after he'd taken the Garden from under my nose our real friendship began.

"You'll work for me, Joe," he said, "as announcer."

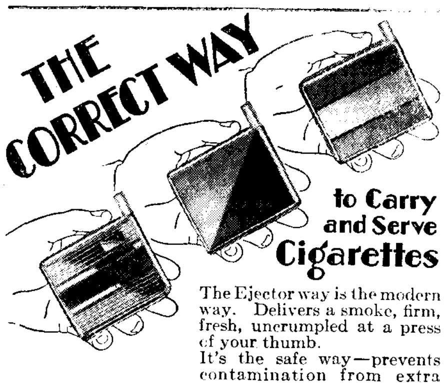
For a long time going at the Garden was not altogether smooth. I used to see him nearly every day, and I know he was greatly worried at times and on the verge of kicking the whole thing out of the window and hiking back to his precious prairies. Only the huge success of the Dempsey fights solaced him. No wonder he developed an admiration amounting to hero-worship for Jack the Jolter.

"Pleasant Entertainment"

A little incident almost lost him political support. He had ordered choice seats sent to Tom Foley and other political magnates. About two thousand seats per fight were "on the cuff" for the politicians.

A careless clerk sent the wrong pair to old Tom Foley for a championship match. When Tom came to the Garden an usher did an Indian-guide act and hauled Tom over hills and dales to the top of the house. Tom called him, chased him to the box office with money for better tickets and fired the Annie Oakleys back at Rickard. It took the thrill of the Dempsey-Firpo scrap to wipe out Foley's resentment.

And it was on that night that I saw two stone-faced men crumple like the rest of us humans at the thunderbolt of crashing fight-drama. Charles F. Murphy, Tom Foley and Rickard sat side by side just before the crucial moment of that fight. I crouched before them, eyes peeled to the ring, where Dempsey was battering the huge Ar-



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gentinian to his knees. Suddenly Firpo straightened, his black head shook defiantly, his huge fists flailed. Murphy was up roaring at Dempsey, who took one on the jaw and dived head-first out of the ring. Rickard swallowed his cigar up to the last inch. When it was all over with, Firpo felled and writhing on the floor, Tex asked Murphy:

"How'd you like the fight, Commissioner?"

"Pleasant entertainment, Mr. Rickard," said the boss with a cold smile that made him resemble an oversized Cupid.

That was the high moment of Rickard's career, no matter what is said about the various battles of the century or the two- or three-million-dollar gates in the Tunney-Dempsey fights. Tex relished, most of all, international contests—Carpentier-Dempsey, Firpo-Dempsey. He knew they meant big gates. So he was terribly disappointed when the Tunney-Heeney thing was a financial flop; both were colorless fighters and Rickard, to his friends, made no bones about admitting it.

Direct Methods

"Jack Sharkey's the best of the bunch—bar Dempsey," he once told me. "If Sharkey ever gets Tunney in a ring he'll knock him stupid."

All the evidence was against that estimate, but Tex rated Sharkey higher than any other heavyweight in his heart. He had sham battles with the sailor in print; but really he had planned to put Sharkey over as the next heavyweight champion.

I've heard all sorts of stories about Rickard being a subtle operator in money. Some of the wise boys say he connived at ticket-speculating and gambling in the Garden. Maybe he winked at the gamblers; but Tex wasn't as smart as many thought. He couldn't lay an elaborate scheme for ticket-grafting.

When Federal officers stormed his office after the Maloney-Delaney fight, to make a clean-up investigation, Rickard pointed to a mountain of letters.

"That's all I know," he said. "That's all I've got. If any of us goes to jail over those, it's for carelessness, not crookedness."

Tex was a sucker in his day for wise stock-jobbers. But he took his trimmings philosophically.

"I always forget what I haven't got," he used to say.

I only knew of one real money row in Rickard's career as a big promoter—and that wasn't one of the customary ballyhoo battles with fighters over coin. John Armstrong, a New York sport follower, claimed to have been gypped in some way by Rickard out of $10,000 or so. I don't know anything about the deal; but I was present when Armstrong stopped Rickard in the Garden one fight night and called Tex a thief. He started at Rickard and Tex lifted his cane and smacked Armstrong; then Johnny Broderick and his two assistants—Tex's smooth-tongued, hard-hitting bouncers—rushed Armstrong from the Garden on the charge of smoking! And Rickard there, wearing his usual ten-inch panatella!

One night somebody swiped from Rickard's office the gloves Bat Nelson sent him. The Battler had used the gloves in his historic fight against Gans. They were missing and Rickard was mad. He suspected everybody, even me. We learned that an obscure lightweight had borrowed them for luck, and been knocked out for his pains. Nelson had had the gloves restuffed with straw—which wasn't worth a lick, compared with the regulation felt stuffing.

I never knew Rickard had sentiment until I saw the way in which he preserved those gloves. He had a special case made for them with a gold plate. Surely recognition of the old and battered Battler, whose last exploit had cost Rickard grief and cost him cash. At the Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo the Battler slept in the arena the night before the contest, and in the morning awoke and took a bath in the big tank of lemonade made to refresh the customers. Rickard had to make good to the concessionaire.

Tex always considered himself a son of luck. He was. His biggest open-air shots were blessed with fine weather—save one. To my knowledge he never bet on a fight. He had as much worry as he could stand managing a fight to its climax and settling bills afterwards. I never saw a man as harassed as he was during the Dempsey-Wills uproar. But when he got word that even political powers wouldn't stand for a mixed heavyweight championship bout, he drew the color line forever.

"At least eleven people were killed after the Johnson-Jeffries go," he told me. "I'll not be responsible for that again."

A premonition that his luck had turned came to him during final arrangements for the lightweight championship fight between Mandell and McLarnin. For the first time Tex had to postpone a bout on account of rain.

"Looks as if the deal was against me," he remarked that night.

And sure enough he seemed to fail in health. An old appendix trouble, which he feared to have probed with a surgeon's scalpel, bothered him at intervals, and finally finished him.

Before he left for Florida he had the newspaper men in his office, telling them about arrangements for the Sharkey-Stribling bout.

"Nothing newsy about that, Tex," said one young man.

"Well," said Rickard, "there'll be front-page stuff out of Florida before I'm there very long."

There was.

Strong-Arm Measures

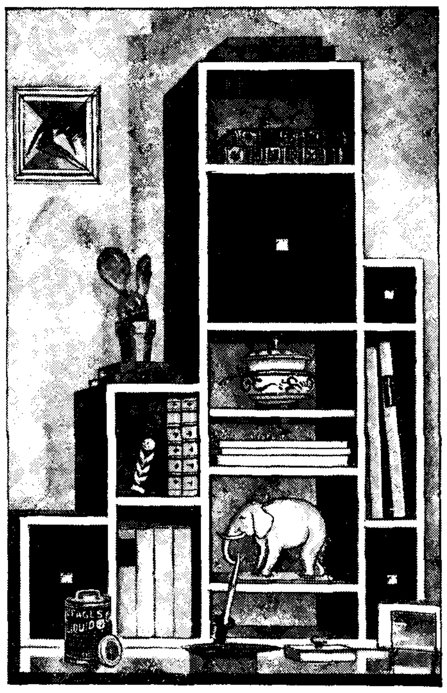
Sizing up his meteoric ten-year kingship of the sport of boxing, I'd say Rickard balanced evenly. He got much out of the sport, but he gave much to it. He made boxing respectable. Before he appeared on the scene it was a rowdy game and your ticket to a fight didn't mean that you were entitled to a seat. First come, first grabbed, was the old rule. Rickard had learned his lesson in gold rushes and gambling houses; that order was heaven's first law, and a good rule to follow on earth.

"When folks are het up to see a fight they've got the herd instinct and are to be handled like a herd," he told me once. "Act firmly with the rowdies and you'll get compliance with rules."

His strong-arm ushers were only rough with the roughs. They made you take the seat your ticket called for. Other promoters staged big bouts and there was trouble—yeggs stealing seats, mobs battling for admission, mounted police trampling crowds outside the gates. Rickard's shows drew as many as 150,000 people at a time, and everything went off smoothly because he'd drilled his ushers to be gentle with the orderly and hard-fisted with the hoodlums. He even made it safe to take an overcoat with you to the six-day bike race, and that was some achievement!

Beneath Rickard's still face and poker smile there was a fatalistic streak. His cane, his cigar, his slow swing down the aisle of his arena or a ball park will be missed. But he knew it was coming.

"I had fun with Dempsey in the ring," he said the night of the Tunney-Heeney go. "With Dempsey out, this is just a business."



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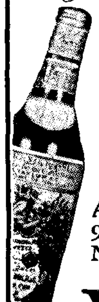

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MARTINI & ROSSI Vermouth

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 18

even break with Croak—if I did—would be just to see if he could beat me to a gun."

"I savvy. I had the same itch. It's the one weakness of a gunman. It's plain vanity, Jed. Don't be a damn fool. Come away with me now."

STONE thought for a long moment. "No, not yet. I'm broke. I want thet money from Bambridge. An' I want to—" His pause and the checking of his thought suggested an ominous uncertainty of himself rather than meaning not to confide in the Texan. "But, Pecos, I'll promise you, barrin' ordinary accidents, thet I'll meet you at the haid of the Little Colorado sometime before the summer's over."

"Thet shore sounds good," replied Pecos, rising to his lofty stature. "Shake on thet."

Stone gripped his lieutenant's hand, and their eyes locked as well. It was one of the moments that counted with men of the open. Then Pecos strode out to his horse, and, while he mounted, Stone untied the halter of the pack mule.

"Reckon you'd better work out through the woods," he said casually. "If Croak happened to meet you on the trail he'd be curious. He took Anderson's desertion as a slap in the face. . . . Good luck, Pecos."

"Same to you, Jed. I'll shore be countin' the days."

Pecos rode out from under the shadow of the great cliff, keeping to the grass, and soon headed into the fringe of timber below. Stone watched him go with mingled regret and relief. Pecos was the last of the old Hash Knife, except himself. Malloy represented a development of a later type of Arizona rustler. There was such a thing as straight rustling, about which the ranchers had never made any great hullabaloo. But these new fellows, who had corrupted some of the old, stealing cattle barefaced and wholesale, were marked for a bullet or a rope. Of course Malloy would get a bullet.

And that thought focused Stone's plodding mind on the hint he had given Pecos. The Texan had admitted as much. That was a strange coincidence, and it shamed Stone a little. Pecos, no doubt, was as good a man with a gun as Malloy. But he rode away and now he would never be certain. The outlaw leader acknowledged to himself that he was not built that way. He hated Malloy, the same as every square shooter in the Tonto. Likewise he shared their fear of the notorious gunman.

Stone sat down on the rude seat which had been fashioned by Malloy, and where he sat so often, to smoke and watch the sunset over the Mazatzals. What a grand wild view it was out and down over the black brakes to the purple ranges! But did the crooked-faced little murderer really care anything about the beauty and grandeur of that scene? Stone, inquiring into the intricacies of his own habits, was constrained to admit that most probably Croak Malloy loved Arizona and particularly this wild and lonely and colorful corner of the Tonto. It was an amazing conviction to dawn upon Stone.

MALLOY had certainly selected this site for a cabin with more than its superb view in mind. It stood high up, above a long fan-shaped bare slope of grass, and had been built in a notch of the great wall of rock. It could only be approached from the front, facing downhill. The spruce logs, of which it had been constructed, had been cut right on the spot. They were heavy, too green to burn for a long time, and significant indeed were the narrow chinks left open between the logs, some close to the floor, others breast high, and not a few in the loft. A spring of clear cold water ran from under the cliff, and the cabin had been erected right over it. The wall above bulged far out, so far that neither avalanche nor bullets from any point above could reach the cabin.

With a store of meat and provisions, a few vigilant and hardened outlaws could hold that cabin fort indefinitely. Stone conceded Malloy's sagacity. But it was a futile move, simply because he and his new accomplices would spend very little time there. They had made three cattle drives already this spring, one of which was as bold and as preposterous as the raiding of the last of the Diamond stock on Yellowjacket. Bambridge, with his new man, Darnell, was back of these. Stone had not needed to meet Darnell more than once to get his status. Darnell would hardly bother the Hash Knife long. He was too sharp a gambler. Presently if he won too much from Croak Malloy, very suddenly he would turn up his toes.

But it was Malloy who stuck in Jed Stone's craw. Jed had never before admitted even to himself that he meant to kill the gun-thrower. When, however, he had intimated so much to Pecos, he realized the grim thing that gripped him. He did mean to kill Malloy. It had been in his dreams, in that part of his mind which worked when he was asleep, and now it possessed him. How and when to do the deed were matters of conjecture; the important thing was the decision, and Stone imagined he had arrived at it. Nevertheless conscience awakened a still small voice. Bad as Malloy was he trusted Stone, had fought for him, would do so again at the drop of a card, and that meant, of course, he stood ready to die for him. Stone faced the issue uneasily.

"An' the little cuss likes to set here fer the view," soliloquized the outlaw.

Stone did not blame him. Where in Arizona was there a more wonderful scene for a fugitive from justice? The black expanse of tangled rock and timber sloped many miles down, and on each side the high unscalable walls stood up with bold protection. Four days' hard riding from Winslow or Flagerstown, and more from points south, Malloy's cabin retreat seemed safe from intrusion. Moreover, it would have to be found, which task would be no slight one. Slinger Dunn probably knew of it already, and perhaps more of the backwoodsmen and hunters of the Cibeque. Stone took satisfaction in convincing himself that the Hash Knife had no more need of concern about the Diamond.

STILL, an afterthought was that he no longer controlled the Hash Knife. Suppose that doughty old cattleman, Jim Traft, did throw a few thousand head of steers down into Yellowjacket! He was fool enough, and bull-headed enough, to do it. And if he did, nothing but death could ever prevent Croak Malloy from stealing them. Wherefore the ghastly idea of death for Malloy again held sway over Jed Stone.

It was May. Any day now Malloy would return with his new men; and Madden, who had taken a message to Winslow for Stone, ought to be back. Sonora rode to and fro over the trails of the brakes, in accordance with Malloy's orders, which for once coincided with Stone's judgment.

This section of Arizona, so long a refuge, would be hard to leave. Jed Stone loved it.

Stone's quick eye, ever roving from habit, detected movement down in the foliage. Horses! Probably Malloy was returning. But Stone took no chances with suppositions, and his hand went to the rifle leaning against the bench.

When three horses emerged from the green below he recognized the first rider to be Madden, but they were halfway up the hill before he made out that the second was Bambridge. The outlaw's thought changed, and conjecture that was not friendly to this visit took the place of hard vigilance. Bambridge riding down into the Black Brakes must certainly have something to do with Malloy. It was unwise, especially for this pseudo-rancher. Stone arose and walked to the high step.

"Hullo, Boss. I fetched a visitor," called out Madden, busy with saddle packs.

"So I see. . . . Howdy, Mr. Bambridge," replied Stone, coolly.

"Mornin', Stone. I expect you're surprised to see me," said Bambridge, bluntly.

"Shore am. Glad, though, for more'n one reason," answered the rustler.

BAMBRIDGE unstrapped a coat from his saddle and mounted to the porch, heavy of step and dark of eye. He packed a gun, which Stone had taken note of first.

"Malloy failed to show up," he said, sourly.

"Ahuh. It's a way Croak has. But he'll show up when you least expect him, an' don't want him. Where'd you go to meet him?"

"Tanner's out of Winslow," returned Bambridge shortly, his dull gray eyes studying the outlaw, as if he were weighing that remark about Malloy.

"Tanner's. So Malloy meets you there, eh? Wal, I reckon he might as well go into Winslow or Flag," said Stone, dryly.

Bambridge seemed uncertain of his ground here, but was indifferent to it. Stone grasped the fact that the cattle dealer did not take him for the dominant factor in the Hash Knife.

"You can bet I'd rather he had. Eighty miles' ride, without a bed, an' practically nothin' to eat, is enough to make a man bite nails."

"What's the reason you undertook it?"

"It concerns me an' Malloy," said the other.

Whatever sense of fair play Jed Stone felt toward this man—and he confessed to himself that it was little—departed here.

"Any deals you make with Malloy concern me. I'm boss of this Hash Knife Outfit."

"Not so anyone would notice it," rejoined Bambridge, with scant civility.

The man was on dangerous ground and had no intimation of it. Steeped in his absorption of his greedy, sordid plans, if he had the wit to understand Jed Stone, he did not exercise it.

"Wal, mebbe you're right about Croak bossin' the outfit pretty generally," Stone said, at length. "But only in late deals thet I had little to do with. What I don't advise I shore don't do. Thet deal of Diamond cattle last winter—thet was an exception. I've kicked myself often enough. . . . By the way, you can fork over thet ten thousand you've owed me on thet deal. I sent Madden in to get it."

"Man alive! I gave the money to Darnell, with instructions to hand it to Malloy for you," ejaculated Bambridge, in genuine surprise.

"You did. When?"

"Weeks ago. Let's see. It was the ninth of April that I drew that ten thousand. Next day Darnell was to ride out to Tanner's. He met Malloy there and delivered your money."

"Not to me," declared Stone.

"Why, the man is reliable!" replied Bambridge, in exasperation. "Are you quite—honest about it? . . . Have you seen Malloy since?"

"Wal, Bambridge, I've seen Malloy several times since then. He never mentioned no money—for me. Appeared to be pretty flush himself, though. . . . An' much obliged for the hint about my honesty."

"Honesty is not your trade, Stone. I'll say, though, you've kept your word to me, which is more than Malloy has. . . . You suspect this new man of mine, Darnell?"

"Wal, I saw him right here after the tenth of April—along about the twentieth, I reckon, for it was after Malloy made a raid on Blodgett's range. . . . Darnell did not give me any money. He had a big roll, for I saw him flash it when he was gamblin' with the men. . . . Thet was the day Croak shot young Reed."

"Aw, I'd want more proof than thet," returned Bambridge. "You might have been drunk when Darnell gave it to you."

"Shore. I might have been anythin'. Us outlaws are pretty low-down, I reckon. But I, for one, am not as low-down as some who call themselves cattlemen. . . . Bambridge, am I to hold you or Darnell responsible fer thet ten thousand?"

"Not me, you can bet. Or Darnell either. Malloy is your man. He seems to be runnin' your outfit now, an' no doubt appropriated your money."

"Wal, we needn't argue aboot it," replied Stone. A Westerner would have gauged something from the cool quality of his voice and the averting of his eyes. "I've served your turn. An' now thet Malloy is doin' it, why, you've no call to get nasty. What I'd like to know is—how'd you come to ride out here? Shore is a long ride fer anyone."

"I want action. Thet's why I came," almost yelled Bambridge, red in the face. "Malloy has failed me twice, both times because I didn't pay first. Here I have a chance to sell ten thousand head of cattle—to the government buyer in Kansas City—an' I haven't the cattle."

"CHANCE to sell quick an' get out of Arizony, huh?"

"You've hit it, Stone. An' thet's why I'm here. I want cattle. Old Traft lately drove a big herd down into Yellowjacket. I'm after it. Malloy agreed to drive it. I've built a corral along the railroad, halfway between Winslow an' Holbrook. Short-cut idea, see? An' I can load there. He also agreed to make away with this damned young smart Alec, Jim Traft. Took the money quick enough, by damn."

"Took what money?" queried Stone, with no apparent interest.

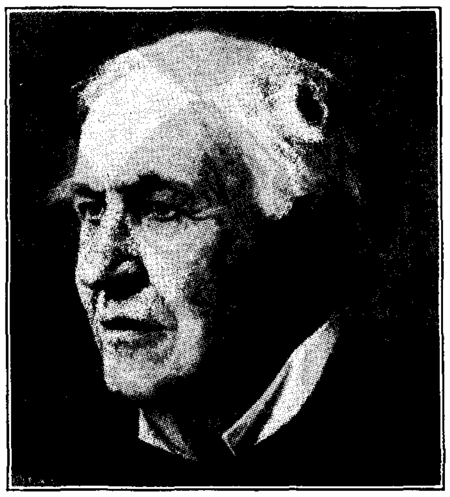
"What I offered for the job," fumed the cattleman. "Then afterward he said it was the kind of job Croak Malloy couldn't do. But he'd put his man Sonora on it. A Mexican."

"Job to do away with young Jim Traft," mused Stone, drumming the bench with his fingers. "Wal, I reckon thet's a fine idea—fer *you*. I'll tell you somethin' though. Sonora will never do it."

"More double-crossin', eh?"

"No. The greaser is straight. Funny fer a greaser, ain't it? But he simply won't because Slinger Dunn will kill him. I wouldn't go prowlin' around Yellowjacket for anythin', an' you can gamble Malloy wouldn't, either."

(*Continued on page 64*)



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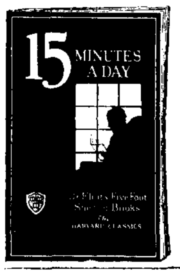

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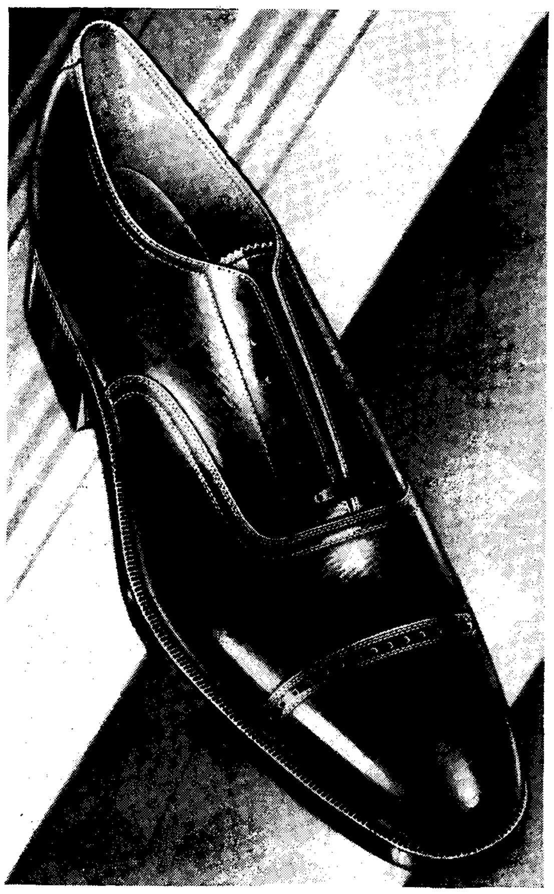

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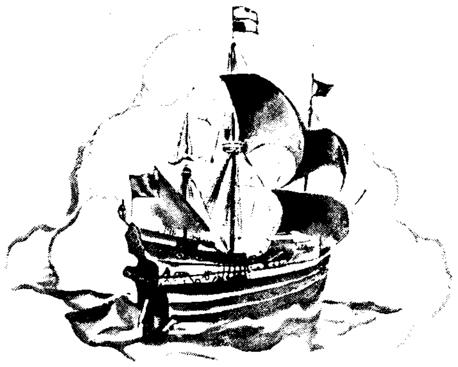

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Collier's Radio Hour
Every Sunday Evening

(*Continued from page 63*)

"So that's why he's slow about drivin' the Diamond cattle. Damn his crooked mug! . . . Stone, did you know Malloy was in with thet Tanner Outfit an' has been workin' on Blodgett's stock?"

"No. Thet's news to me. Who told you?"

"Darnell. In fact he made the deal. This was against my orders, I'm bound to admit. I am pretty sore at him, an' I'm through with him. But Malloy has got to square himself with me."

"Your man is playin' both ends against the middle," observed the outlaw, thoughtfully. "He's smart enough to try to use Malloy—same as you—an' get a big raid off. Then he, too, can jump Arizony. Wal, my advice is to be jumpin' quick. We decent rustlers don't work thet way. We never rob any cattleman of enough stock to ruin him. Thet's why the Hash Knife has lasted twenty years."

"My daughter married a cowboy in Flag last winter," said Bambridge. "An' I'm ready to get out quick, without any advice from you. Can you jack up Malloy on this job?"

"Shore I can if I like," replied the outlaw, easily. "I can handle Croak on any deal, providin' I give him the big share. I'm not keen, though, to egg him along—for nothin'."

BAMBRIDGE was no match for Stone in subtlety. He had been led on to tell his business with Malloy; now all the outlaw leader wanted to know was whether or not he had brought the money.

"Malloy wanted twenty thousand dollars," said Bambridge. "Thet was out of all reason. He can't deliver cattle enough. So we jawed about it. He came down to fifteen—an' I've got ten thousand with me. Suppose you persuade Malloy to make the drive—with as few men as can possibly be needed. An' the day you land the cattle at my corral I'll fork over the other five thousand."

"How many cattle?" asked Stone, tremendously interested, but not in any case in the query he made.

"I don't stipulate any number. Only as many as can be rounded up quick an' driven out quick."

"Ahuh. . . . Suppose you let me see the color of thet ten thousand," suggested the rustler, as if he needed a little more material persuasion.

Bambridge unbuttoned his bulging vest, and from an inside pocket drew forth a packet of clean new greenbacks, with the bank wrapper still round them.

"You've as much right to doubt me as I have you," he said, blandly. "There you are! Nice fresh green color!"

"Wal, it ain't so much money, after all, considerin'," reflected Stone.

The cattleman's face fell. He had calculated upon this last card.

"I've got about five hundred more in gold. I'll throw thet in. Will you pull off the deal?" And he jingled the heavy coins, which evidently were what had made his vest bulge.

Stone's veins leaped as the released blood gushed hot and bursting along them. All his talk had been pretense, except wherein he had wanted to find out if Bambridge really carried the money with him.

"Let me see thet, too. . . . The gold! The good old yellow stuff with the music—an' the hell hid in it."

Bambridge reacted slowly to that suggestion. Something wedged into his eager one-ideaed mind. Instead of complying with Stone's request he ceased jangling the gold and snatched up the packet of bills, which he returned to his pocket. Then he buttoned up his vest.

"Fork it all over!" suddenly called the outlaw, and in a single second such a remarkable transformation occurred in him that Bambridge's eyes popped wide.

"Wha-at?" he stammered.

"Hand me thet money."

"I will not. No pay in advance. Malloy—"

"Pay hell! I wouldn't drive a steer fer you. But I want the ten thousand. You owe it to me."

"See you in hell first," burst out Bambridge, furiously. He stood up, and stepped out as if to go off the porch.

Stone gave him a sudden hard shove, which staggered him backward. "You —— fool! You will brace me on my own ground? Fork over thet money or—"

"You're a low-down thief! No wonder Malloy's quit standin' for you. . . . An' if you want to know it—there's talk of collectin' the reward on your head."

Bambridge's ignorance of such men as Jed Stone could not have been better expressed. For years that price on Stone's head had been a thorn in his flesh. There were still a mother and a father living, not to forget a sacrificed sweetheart; and the thought of them hearing of this reward was torture.

Stone drew his gun and struck Bambridge over the forehead. Not a violent blow, though it brought blood! The cattleman fell over the bench, against the wall.

"Get thet through your thick skull?" demanded Stone, as he menacingly straddled the bench. "*Hyar!* Don't pull—"

But Bambridge, like a madman, his face ablaze, reached back toward his hip.

"Take it then!" hissed the outlaw. His shot broke Bambridge's draw. The gun slipped out on the floor and spun round. Bambridge uttered a horrible groan, sagged back, his huge face going out, like an extinguished light.

Stone stood an instant. Then with swift movement he picked up the gun from the floor, fired it into the wall, and dropped it again. Then, bending over the dead man he ripped open his vest and extracted the money, which he transferred to his own pocket. That done he stepped to the porch. The gun in his hand still smoked. Sheathing it he glanced along the wall of the cliff to see Madden coming on a run. His next move was to light a cigarette, and his fingers were as steady as a rock. He had shot Bambridge as he would have a hydrophobia skunk, than which there was no more despised beast of the wilderness.

MADDEN thumped up to the cabin, breathless and alarmed. "Boss, I heerd—shootin'," he panted.

"Reckon you did," replied Stone, removing his cigarette to puff a cloud of smoke.

The right-hand man of Croak Malloy took his cue from that—no need for concern!

"What come—off?"

"Wal, you can see fer yourself."

Madden stamped up the high porch steps, his beady eyes working as if on points until suddenly they fixed on the dead man, the little stream of red blood running out toward the gun lying on the floor. It seemed to be an accusing finger.

"— —! Throwed on you?" ejaculated Madden, in amaze.

Stone nodded.

"What's thet cut on his haid?" asked the other, curiously.

"Wal, he fell all over the place," replied Stone, casually. "I reckon he hit the bench. . . . Better search him, Madden."

The outlaw picked up the gun, took a look at the chamber, and laid it on the bench. Then he extracted watch, papers, and a handful of gold coins from the pockets, which he placed beside the gun. His next move was to look for a money belt.

"Wasn't well heeled," he remarked, in disgust. "I recollect he an' Croak had a hell of a row at Tanner's. There was a game on. An' Bambridge lost. Swore he'd never fetch any more money where there was a lot of robbers. Haw! Haw!

"You're welcome to thet, Madden. I shore don't want it."

"Thanks, Boss. An' what about all these papers?"

"Wal, I reckon you can keep them for Croak," said Stone, with humor. "By the way, Madden, when do you expect him?"

"Today, sure. Thet's why I near rode Bambridge off his laigs gettin' hyar. . . . What did you an' Bambridge fight aboot?"

"Wait till Croak comes," replied the rustler leader. "I don't want to tell it all over again."

"Shall we drag Bambridge an' bury him, or wait fer thet, too?"

"Reckon we'd better wait. Put thet gun back on the floor, where you found it. An' cover him over."

"Haw! Haw! Pertickler on Croak seein' the evidence, huh. . . . Don't blame you. Croak will be a-rarin'. But at thet he wasn't so fond of Bambridge, an' don't you overlook it."

STONE sat down on the porch steps and smoked a cigarette, while Madden fetched a tarpaulin from the canyon corral where the horses were fenced in. The tight cold tension within Stone slowly relaxed its grip, but did not disappear. He felt that he might as well make a day of it, if opportunity afforded. Malloy would undoubtedly be rancorous at the killing of Bambridge. Stone did not concern himself even to think out an explanation. What did he care what the little rattlesnake thought? The hard fierce creed of outlaws had not been transgressed—that Stone knew in his heart. It might be, presently, but that was another matter. He would wait to see how Malloy took the situation.

But the afternoon wore on, and the croaking Nemesis of the Hash Knife did not appear. Stone sat for hours on Malloy's seat on the porch waiting and watching. Gloom settled down over the wilderness, and silence, and soon night. Malloy would not come up that rough trail in the dark.

Call to supper at last brought the outlaw leader inside the cabin, where bright fire and smoking pans and pots attested to Madden's practical application to duties surely neglected by others of the Hash Knife.

"No sign of Croak?" he asked.

"Nary. An' mebbe it's jest as well," replied Stone.

"Shore. Tomorrow you'll feel less testy. . . . Wal, Croak's been in a fight, you can lay to thet. Else he'd been hyar. I seen him at Tanner's about a week ago—yep, jest seven days, an' we set the day for me to get hyar with Bambridge. . . . Thet fellar Darnell has messed things up again, I reckon."

"Madden, I appreciate your cookin', if not your company," said Stone.

"Shore kind of you, Boss," replied the other, sarcastically. "But when the final row between you an' Croak comes don't take any of it out on me. I was Croak's pard before we come to the Hash Knife. An' if I do see some queer deals I hardly approve of, I can't do nothin'."

"I'll remember thet, Madden," rejoined Stone, in a surprise he did not show. "Thet's straight talk. I didn't think it was in you."

They finished the meal, after which Stone smoked in front of the fire, where Madden presently joined him.

"Forgot aboot thet dead hombre out there," he said. "We ought to have planted him."

"Maddy, you've slept before where there was a dead man lyin' around."

"Shore. But I ain't crazy aboot it."

NEXT morning Stone was up with the sun, and something, as black and uncanny as the vanished night, had left him. Stone walked along the wall as far as the intersecting canyon which the rustlers used as a corral for the horses. He reminded himself that he did this quite often. There seemed no sense in deceiving himself—he would soon be riding away from the rendezvous and the brakes. Which presupposed that he did not mean to give Malloy a chance to kill him!

On his return he heard a halloa, and quickening his step soon turned a corner of wall to see riders coming up the slope. Three—with pack animals!

Madden hailed him from the door. "Croak comin' with Blacky, an' some feller I cain't make out yet."

Stone, in action of which he was unaware, hitched his heavy belt as if about to mount a horse or undertake something physical. As he went up the porch steps his quick eye took in the tarpaulin that hid the body of Bambridge. The body looked like some covered packs.

"Maddy, no hurry aboot tellin' Croak," said Stone, indicating the dead man.

"All right, Boss. I'd jest as lief see Croak cheerful as long as possible."

Then they both went into the cabin, Madden to bustle around the fire, and Stone to watch through one of the chinks between the logs. The three rustlers came very slowly up the slope, to halt before the cabin. A lean dark rider, the stranger, sagged in his saddle. A bloody bandage showed from under his sombrero. He was the last to dismount, but they were all ridden out. Without speaking they threw saddles and packs, and left the weary horses standing.

"Wal, if thar's anybody home they shore ain't powerful glad to see us," said Malloy, gruffly.

Madden ran out, his hands white with flour. "Howdy, men. We seen you comin', but didn't think it no call fer a brass band."

"Haw! I should smile not. . . . Anybody hyar?" returned Malloy.

"Only the boss."

WHEREUPON Stone stalked out, and a singularly incomprehensible fact was that he was glad to see the gunman. Croak radiated the raw hard force of the range. He was, at best, an ally to depend upon in times that tried men. On the other hand Stone certainly had a wavering thought—this was the moment! Nevertheless he did not take advantage of it.

"Mornin', Croak. How's tricks?" he said, cheerfully.

"Hullo there, you old son-of-a-gun," replied Malloy. "Got news fer you—an' somethin' else."

Malloy limped. Something beside sweat and dust had caked on his worn yellow chaps—something dark and sinister. Stone's sharp eye caught a bullet hole in the leather. Malloy carried a rifle, saddlebag and an extra gunbelt, minus shells. His leather jacket looked as if he had slept in wet clay that had hardened. His crooked face somehow appeared wonderful to look at, or else Stone's mind at the moment was steeped in strong feeling. Malloy might have been wearing a death mask, yet his eyes were alight, and it seemed that in them was a smile. His boots dragged across the floor, his spurs jangled, as he went into the cabin, to deposit wearily what he carried.

(*To be continued next week*)

Measure Yourself
for the Job Ahead

AN EMPLOYER cannot very well go to any man and say: "One year from today I am likely to need a new department head or a branch manager." He hasn't the gift of prophecy to announce: "In probably two years our superintendent or our sales manager will leave and we will need you for the position."

These possibilities must be left to the vision of the men in the ranks—to your own vision, for instance. It is a very common thing, when a responsible post is to be filled, for many men hastily to put in their applications or to beseech friends to "speak a good word to the Boss." It is altogether too uncommon for some man in the organization to have quietly demonstrated for a year or two, to the powers that be, that he is sincerely schooling himself for the larger opportunity.

Ask yourself these questions

Analyze yourself and your reasons for not getting ahead faster. Why haven't you been promoted? Why do your employers see fit to keep you where you are, and select others for jobs higher up? Don't lull your conscience with the cheap consolation that Bill Smith and Eddie Jones are "lucky" or have some strange "pull" or "influence." It is ability that counts in every worthwhile promotion. Employers cannot afford to guess in choosing men.

You know you have the required loyalty, industry and determination. What is it that you lack? Are you trained in personnel work—the handling of men? Do you understand the financial side of business organization? Are you familiar with accounting systems, production records and costs? Have you studied markets, selling methods, sales management, advertising?

Isn't it a fact that a sound training in any one of these subjects would lift you out of the crowd and make you a real candidate for a well-paid, responsible position?

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The Way of Freedom

DO YOU remember the "monkey" trial held a few years ago at Dayton, Tennessee?

William J. Bryan, Clarence Darrow and a host of other lawyers waged a merry battle over a young man named Scopes who was charged with teaching evolution to high school students.

Scopes was convicted but the wave of anti-scientific legislation seemed to fade out with the Tennessee fiasco. Other legislatures had the power to pass laws forbidding teachers to talk about Charles Darwin and his ideas but they decided to leave well enough alone. The Tennessee victory was too costly.

The election of November 5th in Virginia is the latest chapter of the same story. The fight in Virginia involves a similar curious mixture of religion and politics.

Bishop Cannon, a free-lance Democrat, has lugged "Raskobism" into the campaign. "Raskobism" is a word invented by the Cannonites to describe what they disliked in Alfred E. Smith's Presidential campaign.

So "Raskobism" now takes its place in politics alongside Darwinism. It is the new terror and the new shibboleth of the fundamentalists.

Essentially the battle is religious. Prohibition is not seriously involved since both Democrats and Republicans profess bone-dry opinions in Virginia.

Bishop Cannon and his cohorts announce their intention of purging Virginia of "Raskobism." Other states will naturally come in for purging should the preacher see signs of success.

Obviously religion has no proper place in American politics. The very first amendment to the Constitution forbade Congress to make any law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

The men who wrote our Constitution, however, were wiser and more generous than many who came after them and often enough attempts have been made to impose religious tests on candidates for office. This is precisely what is going on in Virginia.

Whatever the temporary results, such an effort cannot permanently succeed. It violates the finest traditions of our history and it runs counter to the strongest tendencies of our own time.

America is preëminently the land of individual freedom. Our country was settled by men and women who sought escape from the fetters and the animosities of the Old World.

In every department of our life this is true. Economic freedom has been fundamental. Out of this liberty came personal initiative. Personal initiative created our national prosperity. We are the richest of nations because every man, woman and child has been allowed the widest opportunity to develop native talents.

Bad Soil for Prejudice

Our public school system in general has been free. Every effort to combine religious instruction with secular teaching has been stoutly resisted. Schools are for the education of children of all churches and of no church.

Wherever Americans have had the opportunity to face the issue clearly, religious freedom has been upheld. Not since colonial days has there been a state church anywhere in this country.

The tendency of our national life is toward religious freedom because industry and science are the groundwork of our civilization. Science governs our work and our ideas. Science is not sectarian.

Men may fear science and pass laws forbidding the teaching of evolution but the same voters ride in automobiles, use telephones, bring up their children on pasteurized milk, amuse themselves with radios and motion pictures. The fight against science never lasts because the fruits of scientific discovery are too desirable.

People who depend on science for their living are not seriously opposed to scientific teaching.

Neither is it possible permanently to maintain sectarian prejudices in this country. In the regions in which Protestants, Catholics and Jews live together in the largest numbers there is least prejudice.

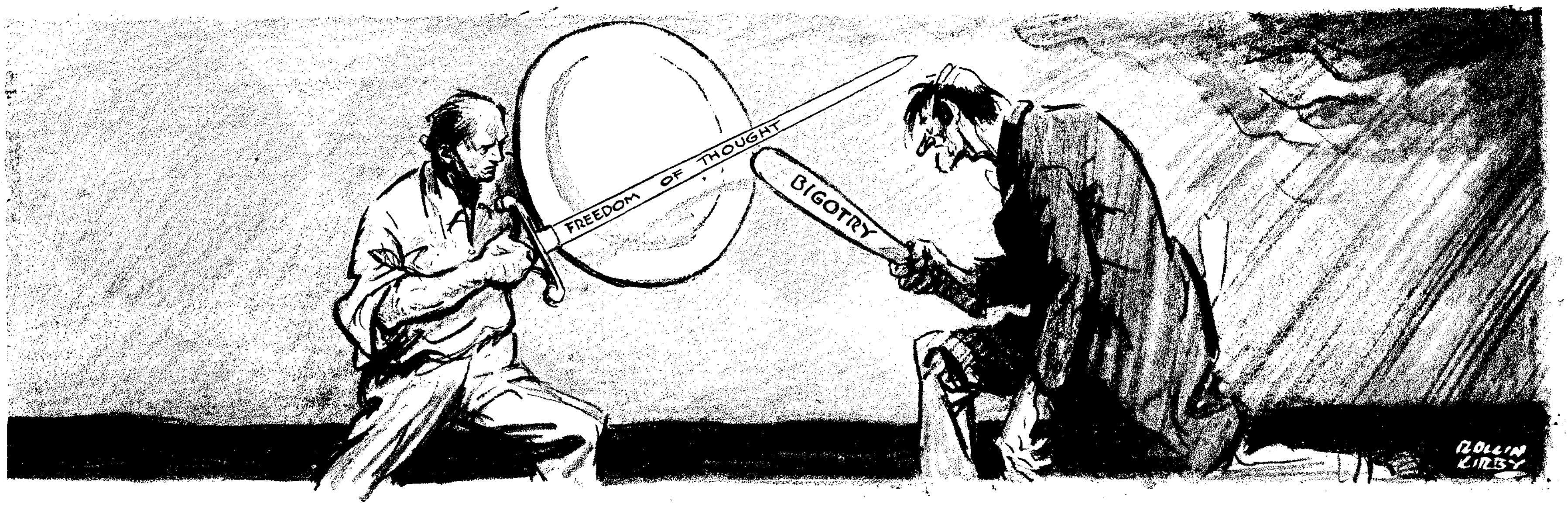
The most popular play in America since Uncle Tom's Cabin was Abie's Irish Rose. The appeal of that play was the reconciliation of Jew and Catholic. Critics of the theater said that as a play it was appallingly bad, but it appealed to a deep instinct in the American people.

That instinct is to recognize the humanity of the other man however different his habits or his religion may be. When people of different faiths live side by side in the great cities it is not difficult to recognize the human qualities of a neighbor even though he belongs to another church or springs from another racial stock.

In the country districts there is less intermingling of races and religions and consequently there is more prejudice. Woodrow Wilson used to delight to quote Charles Lamb's remark that you can't hate a man you know.

The farmer's automobile has made him the city man's neighbor. The gasoline engine is destroying the isolation of the country man and is making the path of those who would cling to religious and racial prejudices increasingly difficult.

"Raskobism" in the long run can neither win nor lose. It can only be forgotten.



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	70	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
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	95, 96, 120	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
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Gardner	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Graham-Paige	612	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
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	621, 827, 837	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
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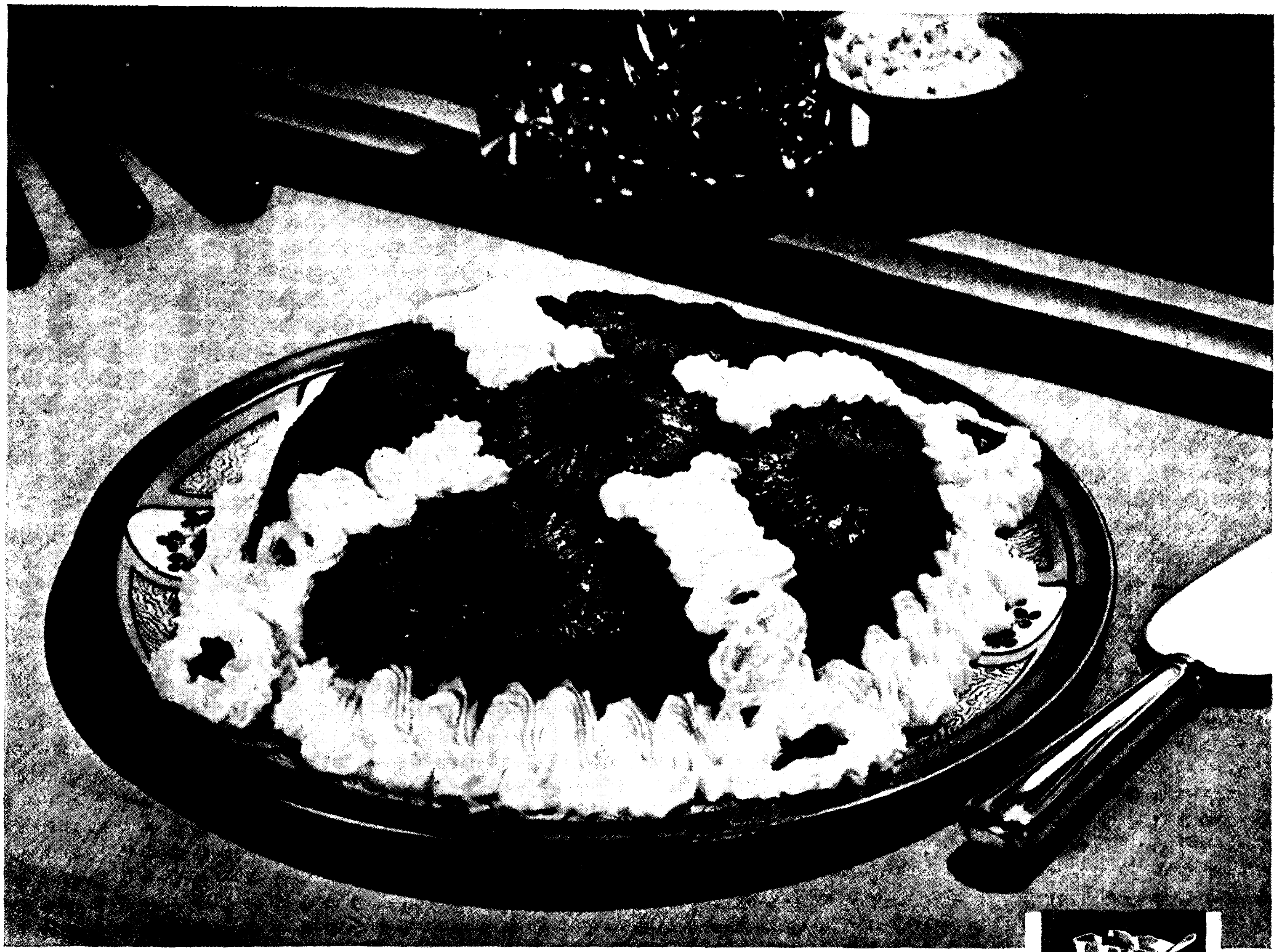

To women who want to do better than ordinary baking!

There are two kinds of baking success — usual, and unusual. One consists of avoiding baking failures — the other, of creating baking masterpieces.

Of course, you must be insured against failure before you can produce a masterpiece. This is so important that Pillsbury spends thousands of dollars testing Pillsbury's Best Flour — testing it by baking, by every scientific method known, to make sure that it will never fail you — that every sack will work perfectly for any baking purpose, bread, biscuits or pastry.

But there's something more than that. When a friend tells you, "The things I bake look just as good as yours, but yours always *taste* better," you have achieved the higher kind of success. Perfect flavor—it's the mark of the baking artist. Women who know the secret always choose their ingredients (flavoring, shortening, etc.) with greatest care—and they use a flour that is *rich* as well as dependable—Pillsbury's Best. The Pillsbury baking chemists have discovered one secret of finer flavor. They have found that there are certain blends of wheat which make a richer flour — and that foods made from this richer flour have a better flavor.

Pillsbury's Best Flour is made only from this carefully selected, plump, full-flavored wheat. It is truly a double value flour — it gives you dependability, plus better flavor. This is worth having—the knowledge that your flour will never cause a baking failure — and more than that, the knowledge that all your foods will have that delicate, unmistakably richer flavor that is the mark of finest baking. Ask for Pillsbury's Best by name — all good grocers have it!

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PINEAPPLE UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

- ⅓ cup butter
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg
- 1¾ cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon orange extract
- ½ cup milk
- 3 tablespoons butter
- ¾ cup brown sugar
- 5 or 6 slices canned pineapple

Cream the butter and sugar together; add the egg, well beaten, and flavoring. Sift together the dry ingredients; and add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Cream together the three tablespoons butter and brown sugar. Rub the bottom and sides of a heavy frying pan with the mixture; and place the slices of canned pineapple on the bottom and sides of the pan. Pour the cake mixture in; and bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees F., for about forty minutes. Turn onto a round dish; serve hot. The butter and brown sugar mixture furnishes sufficient sauce or add whipped cream if desired.

Recipe furnished by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home-Makers' Club. Hear Mrs. Allen every Wednesday morning over the Columbia chain; 10:00 a. m. Eastern Standard time.

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